THE MAN SAYS "*Yes*" –A Short Novel by Margaret Widdemer

JUNE 3,
1939

★ Liberty

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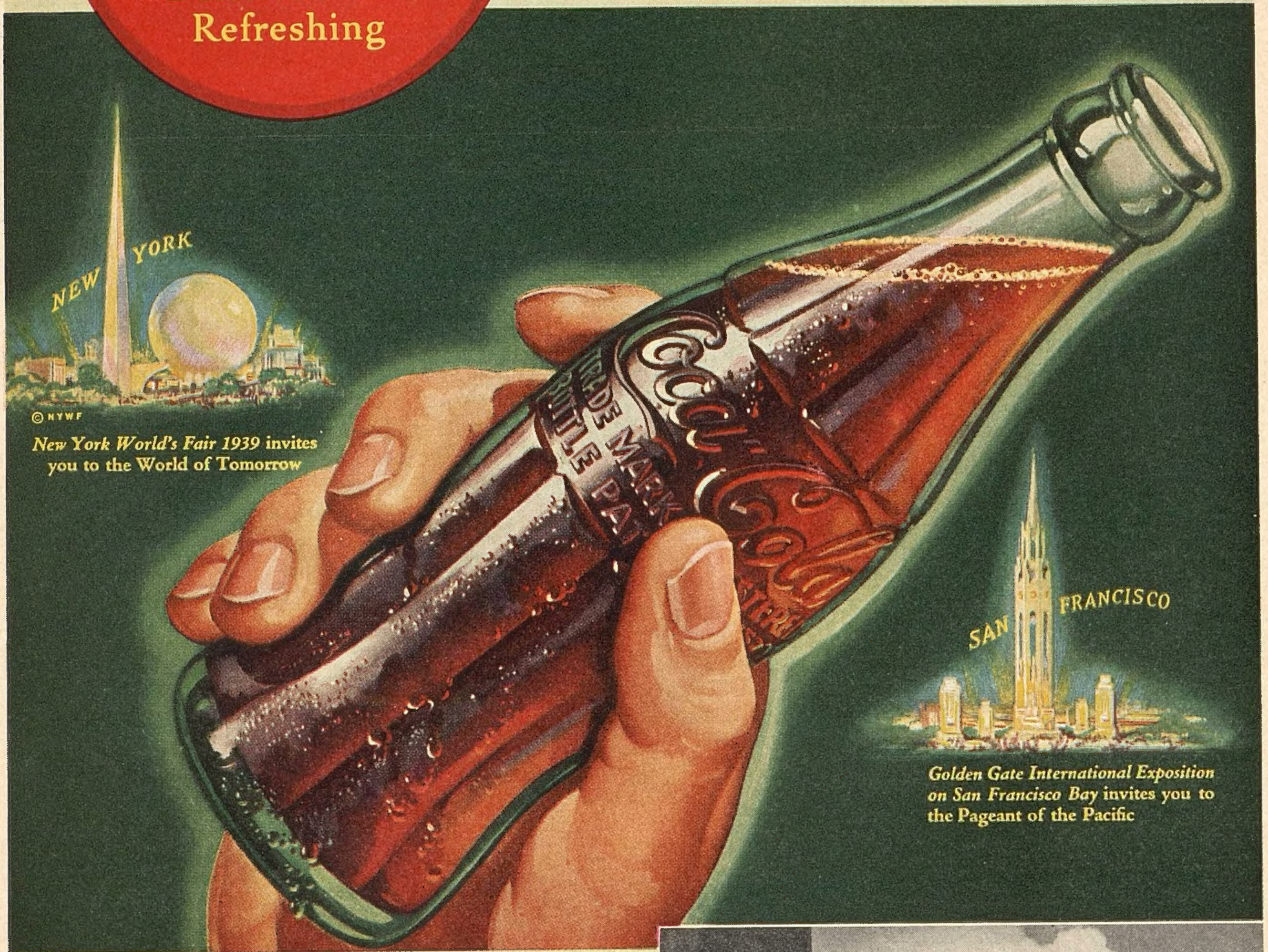
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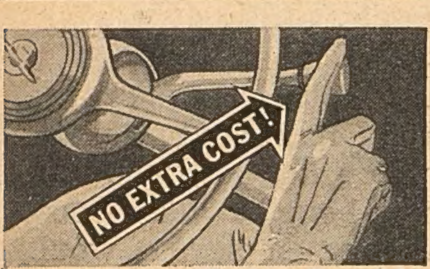
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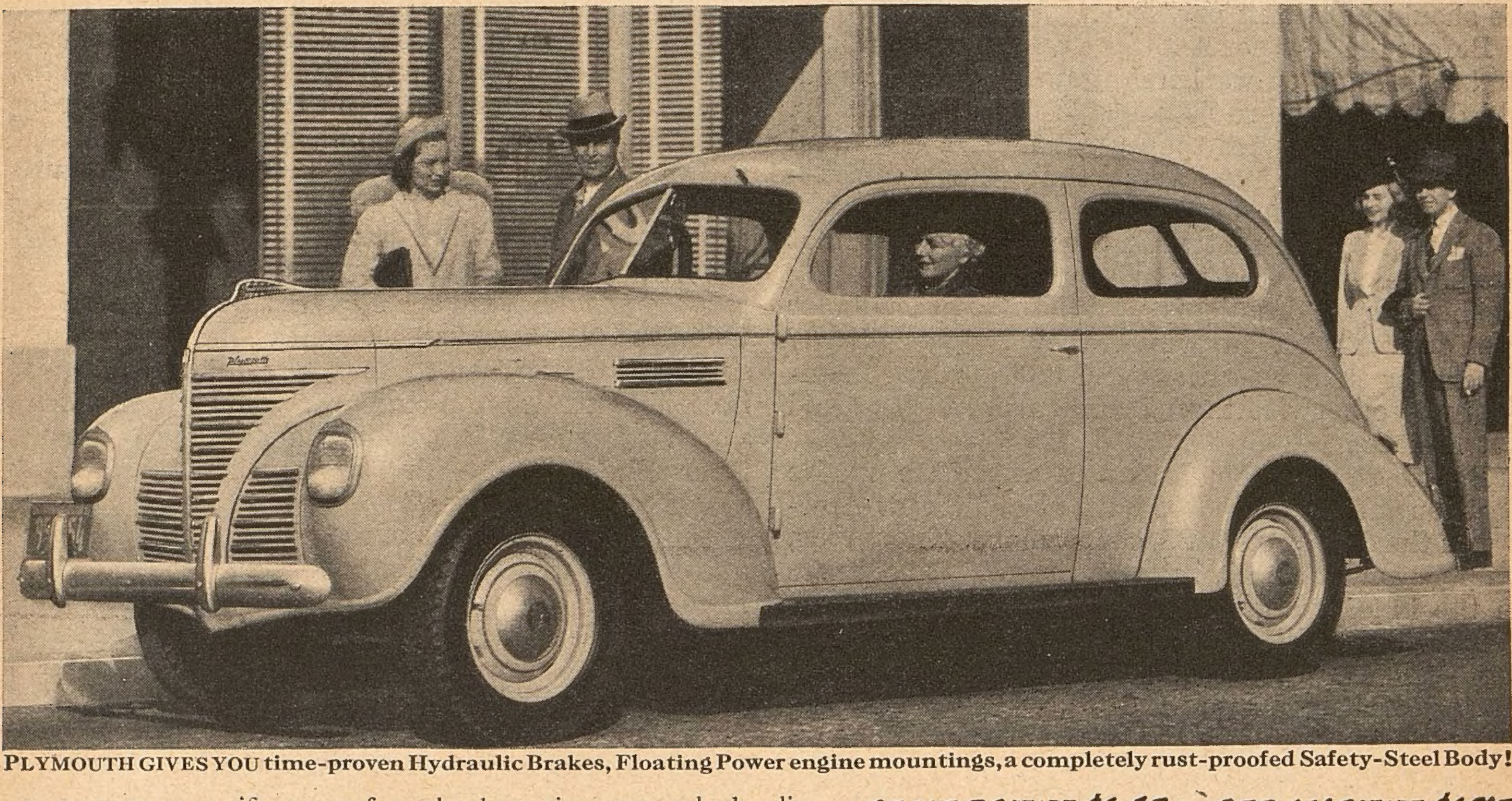

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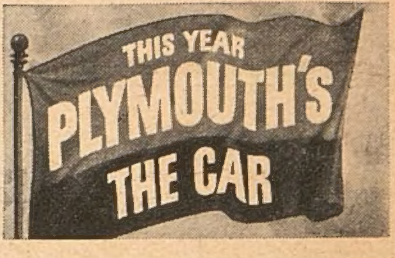

JUNE 3, 1939

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

UNIONISM—GAINS and LOSSES

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Because of my frank and sympathetic criticism of labor, publications devoted to union interests have declared I am an enemy of unions.

This statement is false, absolutely!

But I believe in Americanism to the *n*th degree. That means, if a worker wants to join a union he should have that right; but if he desires to depend on his own efforts and does not want to join a union, he should have that privilege.

Before the Wagner Act there were less than three and a half million workers organized. This law enabled unions to more than double their membership. There now are more than eight million organized workers. But two and a half times that number—twenty million—are still unorganized.

There are other factors besides higher wages that should be considered when workers are pondering the binding tie of unionism. Will it assist or hinder the organization in which they are employed? Whenever their conditions can be improved financially or otherwise through unionism, they should not hesitate.

But there are many instances where the unwise decisions of union leaders have placed their followers on the dole or on WPA charity jobs. Thousands, millions undoubtedly, have had to accept that fate in the innumerable strikes during the depression.

Take the coal strikes. Oil was not used for heating until strikes made it difficult to secure coal. Lack of heat in winter becomes a tragedy in cities, and oil-burning furnaces were contrived. Now oil is a keen competitor of coal, and if the coal supply continues to be unstable, a still larger number of miners may have to look for other jobs.

I called attention previously to a personal experience in which unionism in our own organization caused five hundred employees to lose their jobs.

They had been employed by us for seven years. A wage reduction would have kept their jobs, and even with such a reduction they would have been paid three times what they would have received on the dole or for WPA work.

Looking back to the beginning of the depression, the Macfadden Publications officials were compelled to make one 10-per-cent wage reduction and shortly thereafter a 25-per-cent reduction. If our offices had been nationally unionized we would not have been able to make this reduction and our business would have become bankrupt. All our employees would have looked for other jobs.

The main fault with some union leaders is their failure to differentiate between employers. There are employers who give workers every consideration—pay them wages as high as they can and still conduct a stable business. But there are others who squeeze employees to the limit, who are greedy and grasping. For employers of this type unions are absolutely essential. They should be forced to pay a fair wage. But why hamper and restrict employers who are dealing fairly with their workers?

Why should Ford's employees be compelled to unionize? Their working conditions and wages are said to be better than those of any unionized organization. Ford was the employer who created a sensation by paying five dollars a day for ordinary labor when the prevailing wage was one dollar and a half to two dollars.

Unionism, when it is sympathetic and intelligent and really strives for the interests of the workers, is certainly commendable. That kind of unionism has increased wages and raised the living standard. But unionism that ruthlessly destroys jobs of the workers, that attacks and wrecks the business in which the workers are employed, that is controlled by leadership that cares nothing about the future stability of the business, is a foul blot upon the name of unionism.

And the difficulties with which business has had to struggle in recent years and in which the employer is made the goat in a fight between opposing unions has made that kind of unionism smell to high heaven.

Bernarr Macfadden

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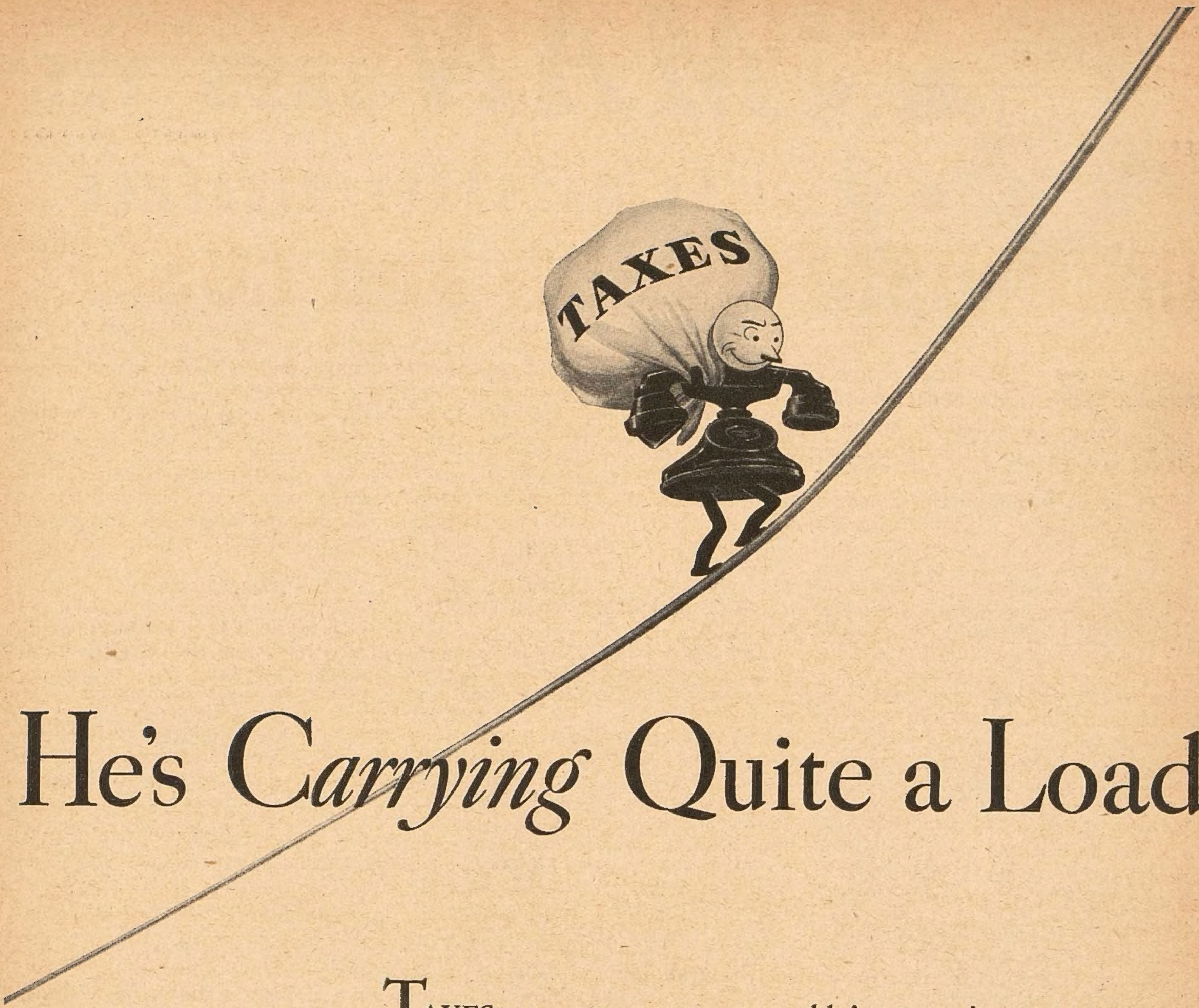

He's *Carrying* Quite a Load

TAXES are necessary—you couldn't run a city, state or government without them. But they do mount up.

Fact is, a considerable part of the money you pay us for telephone service goes right out in taxes.

Bell System taxes for 1938 were $147,400,000—an increase of 56% in three years. In 1938 taxes were:

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THE MAN SAYS "YES"

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART ONE—
MILADY GOES A-COURTING

THE scent of too many gardenias came up into Eileen Gardner's face. It was past eleven at night, and the snow was falling crisply fresh outside. Aristides' little Third Avenue florist shop was of course hot and damp and sweet, as florist shops must be. Some fool had knocked over a growing bush, so Ris was making up small thrifty bargain corsages, his sleek amiable black head bent over the zinc counter.

As Eileen jerked herself upright, Ris tiptoed over with his wide, ingratiating smile. He laid a corsage on her desk. He said, " Now you look happy at me, Eileen, eh? So like the gardenias yourself—so tiny, so slender, so creamy the skin, so sweet! "

She made herself smile. She said, " Thank you, Ris; you're a dear." She went on with her accounts, with the hateful spray pinned as far off her nose as she could manage.

Oh, *gosh.* Just a mess. Ris in love with her. Molly Flanagan, her roommate, the one who got her here, crazy about Ris. Molly trying to be decent and not always succeeding. And this little cashier's job all that stood between Eileen and relief. And even if Molly hadn't been a grand girl, Eileen hadn't one thing in common with nice, gentle, persistent Ris except that they both walked on their hind legs and worked in a florist shop. She *couldn't* marry him. It looked like good-by job. Her foot would be pushed off the bottom rung of the ladder she'd been pretty high on—so few years back!

It wasn't her fault. She was recession generation.

Eileen had come from a Colorado town to New York on the first depression's upwave. Town's prize girl. Four years in two at State College. Good secretary. Made good on a local network with her songs. Dashed into New York with flags flying and everything it took. Slim tiny big-eyed good looks. Swell singing voice. Seven hundred dollars savings.

They'd been awfully decent at NBC and Columbia. They'd told her there wasn't a reason why she shouldn't get somewhere. She did get on one sustaining, actually. But not for long.

They'd been awfully decent, too, at the big office where she landed a job while she was trying for radio. Liked her work. Liked her. Just a steppingstone job, but she'd done it well. And then the recession. And the radio chances, they told her frankly, were nothing at all—not this week, not this month, not this year. And the steppingstone job slid out from under like a very wet steppingstone indeed. Laying people off—latest comers first—

And back in her home town there was only Aunt Louise, and her teaching job was on the edge of folding, too.

And then sturdy, stocky Molly Flanagan, with her red cheeks and her loud cheerful Irish voice, had met her again on the street. Molly'd been let out of her switchboard around the time Eileen lost the stenography. Molly had a job, cashier at the little delicatessen next Ris, with his brother Nick. She got a cheap room for the two of them, and the stopgap with Aristides for Eileen. Eileen owed a lot to Molly. And things were horrible now when the girls were together.

Eileen's hand tightened on the fountain pen. She couldn't get it into Molly's head that she *couldn't* want Ris. She had always known the kind of man she wanted. From head to foot, she'd known him, she'd seen him in her mind, all her life. She'd never seen him anywhere else. If he walked in this minute he'd have been the most intimate friend she had.

SHE'D given up her hope of being a singing star. She'd given up her hope of a big-business career. But there is one dream no girl ever gives up. The kind of man she wants.

Not any of the nice small-town boys who liked her. Not eager, sleek Aristides. Not any of the quick-talking radio men, nor the smooth-groomed, smiling, anxious business men she had contacted in the city. She had hoped he would be one of these, but he was not.

Easier, gayer—more casual, more sophisticated. Slim, tall, thick fair hair; an athlete who loved music; a man whose smiles flashed over you warmly; and—of late—a man who took you to dinner and never needed to look on the price side of the card. Who had time and desire and knowledge of how to play, and loved to have you as his playmate.

A man you might run into, stepping in your wide-skirted, low-dropping satins away from a night-club mike. A man you might pass in the boss's office, fresh from dictation in your smart office frock. But not here. Not sitting, small and shabby and desperate, with your inked slippers wound round Aristides' high cashier's stool.

And the doorbell tinkled. And the man walked in. Her man! He was in topper and tails, the tall hat a little pushed back on the ruffled thick fair hair. He was laughing. And his arm was around another girl.

WITH them came a gust of winter air and cigarette smoke and night gaiety. They were in the middle of a crazy argument. She was mink-cloaked and tall and white, and groomed in a way that meant all the money in the world. He was saying through his laughter, " Nonsense, Caroline—I mean it. I mean it, word of honor! A girl has a right to do and ask anything a man can. And she darn well does, and he takes it. Take him on a party—propose to him—why not? The other thing's silly. Not fair."

They both began to laugh again. The shop and its occupants might have been a backdrop, for all they cared.

" You boob! Making you get me orchids—that's Victorian stuff. Rest's eyewash. You wouldn't stick to that. If a girl asked you—marry her—you'd be sick. That's how much equality. Us poor females got to creep on you by wiles. You demand wiles. Wiles, Martin! " She shook back her blonde curve of hair and laughed louder.

Martin was apparently quite sober. He came over and paid for a spray of orchids. He said over his shoulder, " You should know by now that when I say word of honor I'm not kidding. Happens to be my little pet virtue—only one, likely. You know perfectly well—"

" How your mammy reared you. Sure. Prominent feminist. Never missed a parade. Votes for women in South America now."

He grinned. " Here, Car, you're lit as a movie sign. Sure she is, and the swellest mother anybody wants—lay off her."

" Answer me. You mean it? "

She was not quite as lit, Eileen thought, as she seemed.

He said, " All right, then. I do mean it. I *was* brought up like that. A girl's as good as a man. She has a right to as much respect as a man, whether she proposes or turns steeplejack. Hey,

An enchanting short novel of the way of a maid in 1939 . . . The chronicle of an astonishing romance

you nitwit, we have no use for a bushel of gladioli!"

She dropped them on the floor and said, "Back to the Stork, then."

The door tinkled behind them.

Eileen sprang up. He was alive. She'd seen him. He had a dame. And she'd never see him again! Desperation swept her.

And suddenly she was on her feet, frantically sweeping up the sheaf of gladioli. She knew perfectly well that they did not want it. She also knew just what she was going to do.

She ran out across the slippery pavement. She caught Martin's arm. She said breathlessly, "Here, you forgot these." Before he could answer she deliberately fell, deliberately screamed: "Oh, my ankle!" It was one of the oldest tricks in the world.

It worked as well as ever. He had her up— her heart pounded at the feel of his arm around her.

"Oh, f'r'eavensake," Caroline called crossly from the taxi.

Martin said, as Eileen had hoped he would, "Here, Caroline. You go along. I'll be with you in a minute." And steered Eileen toward the shop to get her wraps. "I'll take her home."

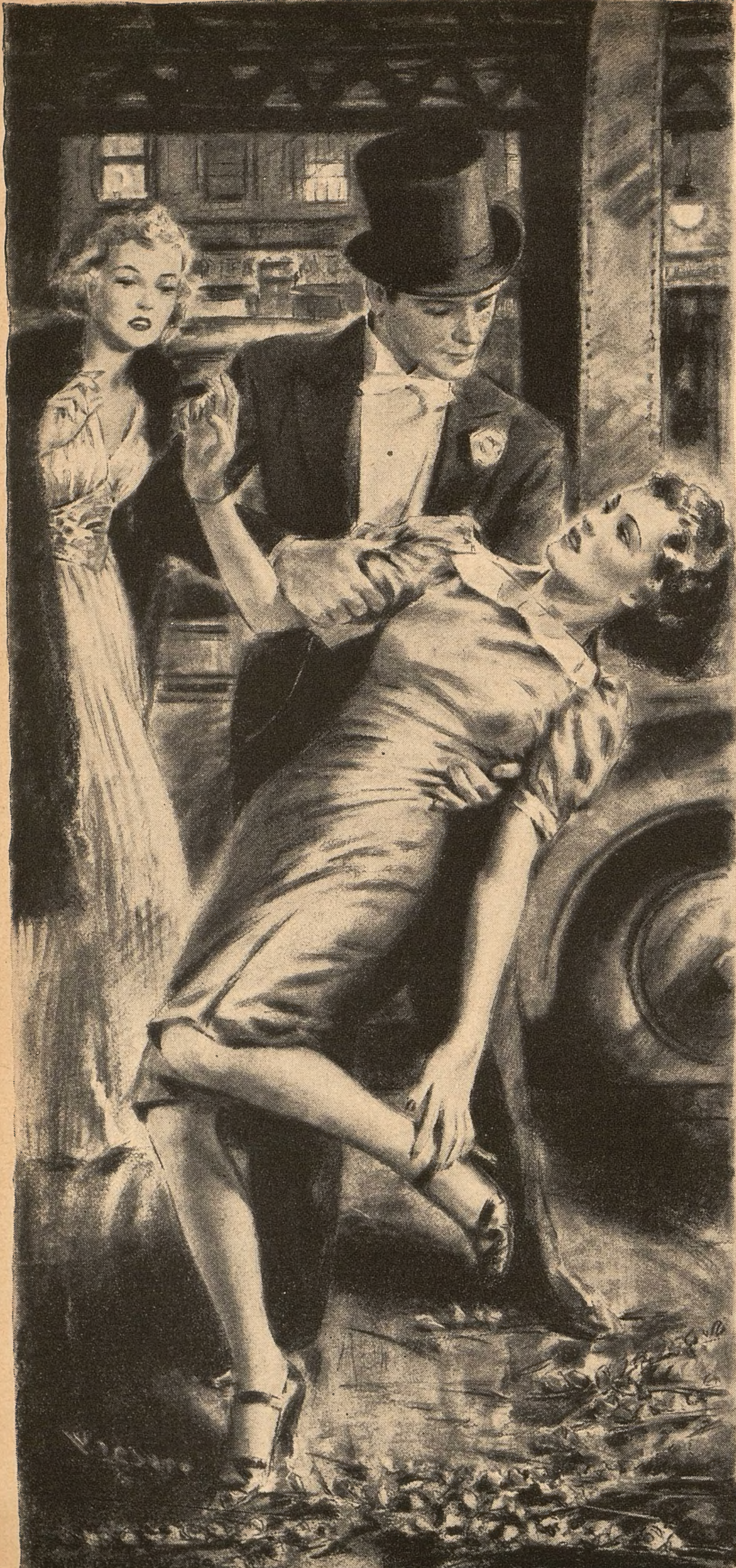
. . . In the taxi, she spoke quickly with him. She knew she couldn't waste time—or courage. The desperation of grasping the last thing in the world, a world that had snatched everything else, was in her voice. She said: "Listen. You said—word of honor—you thought a girl had as much right to court a man, ask him to marry her, and be—taken the right way—as a man with a girl. Was that cocktails, or do you mean it?"

"I happened to mean it," he said. His voice was light but he spoke definitely.

She said: "Listen. I fooled you about the ankle. It was the only way I could get to speak to you. . . . No, you *must* listen. I haven't any chance to make you care—the way I care—like Caroline, like girls that can know you and go around with you. By wiles, as she said."

He glanced down at her. "Why, you crazy little thing!" he said, amused.

"It isn't crazy. You're what I've always known was somewhere. And now—you just came and went away. I couldn't let you go, never see you," she said quickly and passionately. "I'm decent. My people fought in the



Eileen screamed: "Oh, my ankle!" It was one of the oldest tricks in the world. It worked as well as ever.

Revolution. One was a colonial governor. Dad was a druggist out West; he never made much money. But my people were fine, and good citizens. I'm well educated, I've good manners, you wouldn't be ashamed of me. Look me up—of course you must—" She rapidly gave him her old firm's name, the name of the people she knew in radio. She wrote them down with shaking hands. Her own name, her old home. "Will you keep your word of honor?" she said. "Will you give me the chance to see you—to make you care enough to marry me, just as if things were reversed—as if you'd seen a girl you wanted and had to go into a different world to tell her so?"

He looked down at the small lovely face and said quietly, "You don't know a thing about me—or do you?"

"No; only that you're everything I always knew I wanted, and I know it." She still spoke with desperate sincerity.

He looked at her a long minute longer. He said again: "Crazy kid. I get you. Honest kid, too, I think. All right. I *have* always believed it. I didn't know what it would sound like, I admit, brought down to brass tacks. I warn you, you'll probably steer into a lot of masculine instincts that'll block the whole thing. Instincts that don't like it. But I'll take cards." He held out his hand for the slip of paper. "So what?"

"So tell me where you're going to be—help me see you somehow."

"That's up to you. You start with just what I would. My telephone numbers and house address." He was laughing as he handed them to her, scribbled on his card. "I'll be there around ten tomorrow."

The reaction hit her as she climbed the long stairs to her room. What had she done—what was she up against?

She and Molly had been talking very little of late. She couldn't help that. She poured it all out to Molly. Molly sat up in her couch, a hand bracing her each side against the cracked wall, her face more blank at each sentence. When Eileen was done, she only said in a less sharp voice than she had used lately, "What's his name?"

"Martin— Wait." She took the card over under the little wall bulb. "Mr. Martin—McClure—Dane."

Molly screamed. "Martin McClure Dane! Well, you did a good job while you were at it! And the girl Caroline?" She clawed for a tabloid under the bed among a pile of papers, opened it, and threw it. "These them?"

Eilen stared down at the man and girl, snapped with balloons at a night-club table.

"Yes."

Molly threw herself back and screamed again.

"Holy cats! The season's top glamour deb and the most eligible café-society younger-set millionaire this year! The playboy . . . ski champion . . . runner-up for amateur tennis. Mama had millions and practically forced suffrage on a waiting world—pop was a philanthropist after he grabbed his own— Martin *Dane!* You little goof! Call him up tomorrow and you'll get the razzberry from an ice-voiced secretary."

Eileen felt cold inside. But she only said, "I met his mother once."

That tall easy-smiling blonde woman; the lecture at the State University she couldn't cut. Professor Mumford saying, "Here's a girl we think is going places, Mrs. Dane." And Mrs. Dane's warm "Ah, these girls are worth what we went through. I hope you go far, my dear. . . ."

Eileen giggled hysterically at the memory. "Go far!"

"Here," Molly said. "You're all in. Shut up and go to sleep and forget it."

BUT at ten next day Eileen telephoned.

It was Martin's voice. He was keeping the word of honor. He spoke as if it were nothing at all. "Hello, pirate! How are the methods of capture coming on?" It was easier that way. You could laugh. She laughed too. She said, "How about a walk in Central Park?"

"Just a bit chilly. See here. We have to postpone this a bit. When I got back to the Stork last night the gang had doped out a plan for a week of winter sports up at my place in the Adirondacks. Driving up tomorrow."

Molly was right. . . . But Eileen said obstinately, hanging on to the last, "Take me along."

There was a pause. Her palms were wet and her throat choked. Then Martin's voice: "Well . . . all right. But I can't just drop you into the middle of them. Any lie ready?"

She thought fast. She told him about meeting his mother. "Call me a protégée—you found it out in the taxi."

"Neat as wax. Most apposite. Nine tomorrow, my place, then."

He didn't believe her. . . . Well, why should he? Never mind. Nine tomorrow!

HER last hundred in the bank got her bargain-basement sports clothes. The girls would be too rich to know the difference. The scene with Ris brought on a proposal, as she had been afraid it would. He cried. He said, "Always here is my love . . . always here is a job for you." But the problem which had loomed so big wasn't much now. Later, likely. . . . No time to think about burned bridges.

Martin's low, spacious, enormous living room seemed to Eileen's tense eyes filled with shouting, scuffling young giants as she stood in the door at nine next morning. She saw Martin at the far end, in sweater and ski trousers. He was rounding up bundles of skis and ski sticks and rugs, laughing as usual, and shouting answers to questions. He yelled, "Hi, Eileen!" across the room to her. "Hi, Lewis—that's Eileen Gardner. Hot coffee for the little stranger!"

Somebody pulled her into the room. A manservant brought her coffee. The somebody, steadying her in an unoccupied corner, said in a warm, deliberate trained-sounding voice, "I'm Lewis Delevan. Drink your coffee; you haven't much time. You need an extra sweater." He signaled the manservant, sent him for a sweater as if he had rights in the place, and said, "Get into this."

She looked up at him. Tall, awkwardly built without any air of awkwardness, sallow, craggy-featured, a manner of authority. Older than the rest. Deep-set, unusual eyes. The name registered in her mind; she tried to place it, and did. Oh, yes—the Something Institute. Brilliant, radical young director. Courageous and forward-looking, one paper had said. Unscrupulous as to methods, another. "Our hope for a better state" . . . "a deliberate wrecker . . ." Somebody who could be a formidable enemy.

Lewis was saying in that rather speech-sounding voice, smiling, "I'm an old friend of Martin's grandfather; was his secretary, in fact. Now I run the Willesdon Institute. I have no business to take time off for this party, but Martin S O S'd yesterday. You and I are the surprise—the outsiders."

She faced his hard fine eyes, and realized what that deliberate emphasis meant. Of course. She had told Martin to check on her. This man—well, better of course than a detective bureau—had been turned to for checking. Whistled up as a sort of private guard.

"Public enemies numbers one and two, in fact?" she said coolly. "Tell me who these people are." Hands in pockets, small face tipped up to him far above her, she defied him silently.

He introduced her without more words to those nearest. A big healthy black-browed girl giving a last wax to her skis, kneeling beside them. A bigger red-faced, black-browed man pawing records from a high cabinet—Bill and Lolly Grant, obviously brother and sister, obviously rather dumb and friendly to everybody. They grinned at her without prejudice.

The married couple, the Roland Perrines, were too much in love to bother one way or the other about outsiders or insiders. She was a round, cheerful, bright-eyed child in a furry-collared jacket and trousers. He was lank and collegiate and taffy-colored. They held hands and sang most of the time, she was to find. Eileen was relaxing when Caroline burst in. She was swathed in a big white woolly coat that set off her fair flare of hair and her exquisite high-cheeked face. She waved ski sticks and shouted and descended on every one indiscriminately with an attack of embraces and kisses. She stopped short, an arm still around Robina Perrine, and said, "Hello! Quick work, Martin. If it isn't little Gardenia!"

Eileen said, "The name's Gardner. You got it a little wrong."

Caroline wasn't giving quarter. Her voice rose gaily: "Can you beat it, children? This is the one Martin found in the flower shop when he didn't get back for an hour! The girl with the trained ankle coming right along with the party!"

Roly Perrine stopped singing and pulled his wife closer. The friendly big Grant boy sobered, his hands stopping above the records. There were limits even to what Martin the playboy could hand to their womenfolk, the silence said.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

was born in Philadelphia, and wrote both prose and poetry at an early age. Her first novel was a best seller. Her second volume of poetry won the Pulitzer Prize. So she is a lady with laurels. She spends her winters in New York.

Then Martin said casually, amused, over his shoulder from among the pile of luggage, "Should have told you I was picking a pair of guests for my own party, Car. I found Eileen knew my mother. Met her, on mom's last lecture tour, at Eileen's college. Little protégée and all that."

The tension dropped. Little Robina Perrine said, "Oo-oo—a flower shop—what fun!" She edged nearer. "Going to start a dress shop next year if I can bully the brutal bridegroom."

And that was over, and Eileen was streaming down with them into the big heated limousine. She found herself squeezed between the little bride and Lewis Delevan under the big furry rugs. Robina went on chattering in a friendly fashion; Lewis talked brief commonplaces. She relaxed into the novel pleasure of the big swift car, the good cigarettes, the easy laughter and plans. She didn't force herself, but she put everything she had into getting along with the crowd. Show Martin that she could fit in with his friends.

By the time they piled out for luncheon at an upstate inn Bill Grant turned out to be friends with a man she'd known at college, and Robina Perrine, as they did their faces in the ladies' room, was telling her excitedly how she came to fall for Roly. Careful, though—it wouldn't all be as easy as this.

That night, in sparkling moonlight, they bundled out, laughing, swearing, into a sweep of snow-filled landscape. They were racing up a shoveled path between snow piles to a long low lodge, bursting into a long pine-paneled room where a big fire roared in the middle. A couple of roughly clad men who yelled greetings to Martin by his first name were efficiently bringing in luggage and passing drinks and coffee and sandwiches. And presently Eileen was alone, deep in a soft narrow bed, staring at a fire crackling, and at a moonlit snow-covered hill beyond a window.

LATE as she rose, she found, coming into the living room, that only the men were up. Bill, in a corner, was working on his skis; the other two, lounging on low upholstered couches, were razzing Lewis for his energy.

"I'm a workingman," Lewis was saying unmoved, shrugging himself into his leather windbreaker. "Got to make use of holidays."

He stopped as the others rose at Eileen's entrance, but only to say, "Here's another worker. Put your things on, Eileen; we'll skate till luncheon."

Probably a showdown. Well, as good first as last. She laughed at the others and followed him. There was a small lake about a meadow's length from the house, with a little wood black above it. It was freshly swept. They changed to skates in silence, and as silently took two runs round the tiny sheet.

"You have something to say. Get it over," Eileen said.

He took her at her word.

"What will you take to stop this?" he demanded.

She did not pretend to misunderstand him.

"Nothing can make me," she said. "Except Martin, of course. I'm here with his consent. I can't see where you come in."

"I can't let my best friend marry an adventuress."

She wrenched away from him at this, furious and scarlet. Then she got hold of herself, made herself answer quietly: "I'm not an adventuress. You know that if you looked me up. If Martin told you anything, he must have told you that I'm doing this because I care."

"Martin's a playboy, but he's an easygoing idiot too. Passes for a sophisticate because he has no social inhibitions and knows a lot of swing leaders and all that. But he started off wrong with women. Brought up to believe that women are as honest as men. Which they are not. Yes, he believes you're here because you love him—with his nine millions—for himself alone. You *said* so!"

He made a scornful sound. "Look here—won't you cut this out? I can understand desperation for financial safety. I understand ambition. I know a girl's quickest way's through a man. I don't want to be hard on you. Cut this out. Live for others instead of yourself, for once. I'll get you work to do."

"Live like others—like Caroline Dempster—or Lewis Delevan? 'Unscrupulous as to methods,' according to a magazine I read?"

"Caroline—I can handle her," he said. "As for me, yes, I'm working for power any way I can. Because I can push this fool country the way it ought to go, when I'm a step or two higher up." His eyes blazed. "And Martin has to marry a woman who won't help him throw his millions away as he's doing now. Not you, nor Caroline. I won't see him ruined—"

A HAND came down on Eileen's shoulder. Martin's voice, laughing, said, "You two playing statues? Your feet will freeze off, Lew." He caught Eileen's hands and swung off with her. He grinned down. "Mind's not on your work, Eileen. I'm it, not Lewis!"

He skated like heaven—they were flying. Presently she heard music. He had turned on a radio amplifier wired out to the pond. The waltz music carried them. The dry cold sparkled and excited her. The sun glittered on Martin's bare bright head. Eileen was back in the enchantment Martin's presence meant.

"Lewis plucking you like a brand from the burning?" he said presently. She almost lost step. She had forgotten Lewis. She had forgotten Martin's trick of walking into the middle of a situation and making it seem not painful, merely because nothing mattered a lot and most things were amusing.

"Wants me to go home. Must I?" she smiled back.

"Certainly not. The party's just beginning. Don't mind old Lewis. He bossed me when he was my tutor. Terribly important guy—but much better for the world at large than the likes of me. And was the only one I dared trust to check you through . . . I did have to, you know."

"I know. But you believe I'm honest. He doesn't."

"Why didn't you slap him down? You could. He's a rotten skater."

She laughed with him, swinging to the music round the circle in the glittering noon. "Maybe I'm showing you I can keep my temper and get on with your friends. Even make them want to skate with me. Be a lady under all circumstances"—she was half in earnest—"be a good sport—"

"You little idiot! I don't want a social secretary. To be perfectly frank, as far as I know I don't want any kind of wife at the moment. But you knew that when you took the sporting chance."

He wasn't tied up to Caroline yet, then! She said, "Sure I knew that! I'm selling you the idea!"

"You *are* a good sport!"

"Oh, if you'll just believe that—just believe I didn't know you from Adam's house cat when you came into that terrible gardenia-smelling place like something out of all the wonderful dreams I ever had—"

"Sure I believe it. You're a sweet kid."

He bent, without losing the rhythm of their waltzing, and kissed her lightly. . . . And then, of course, the rest were scrambling down the bank, clinking on to the ice. Bill Grant had seen the sort of skater she was. He took her over.

And presently she found he was talking—which was odd, because so far he hadn't except to indicate needs.

"Swell skater," he said. "Thought Caroline said you were a cashier from the lower East Side. Good dancer, are you?"

Eileen said, " I come from a mountain state. I've skated and skied all my life. Yes, I dance all right, too."

" I like athletic girls," Bill went on. " But mostly they look like horses. Or they aren't stayers. You're little and cute. But I've watched you. Stayer."

She'd made a friend of Bill Grant. She hadn't known how she wanted a friend. More warmth than she knew was in her manner as she looked up and laughed and said, " Thanks a lot, Bill."

Stayer! You had to be a stayer to earn a living, girl alone in New York. You had to go on and take it; poverty and monotony, and head up under rebuff. Smile, no matter what people said and did to you—good work, no matter how your body ached and revolted. And this big kind fellow called her a stayer because she wasn't too tired to skate the day after an all-day drive!

" I'm a stayer, too," he was saying. " When I say things I mean 'em."

She answered she didn't know what, her eyes on Martin and Caroline, swinging past them to When I Grow Too Old to Dream. Her heart turned unbearably inside her. She'd have him to remember—hunting work, living hungrily and shabbily and lovelessly—for years after this . . .

Bill said, " We'll get a swing band and dance tonight. O. K.? "

" O. K."

So they danced that night. She was a novelty. She was a good dancer. The men snatched her one from the other. Martin was nearly professional. He'd have been heaven to dance with if he'd been bad. As it was, she forgot everything but happiness. For all the difference in their heights, they danced like one person. They were in a far corner as the band swung into an old thing: " Kiss me—kiss me—again! " She tightened her hold. She tipped up her face to his, smiling down. She sang the words. He laughed. " Sweet kid! " he said, as he had that afternoon. As he stooped to kiss her, she clung to him. For a long moment they kissed like lovers. . . . And the dizzy minute was past: they were down the room again. He was flushed and stirred. But it might be kissing any warm excited girl. Caroline. Any one.

And then Bill took her over.

She discovered next morning that her temporary queendom had done two things. It had fastened Bill to her heels for good. He *was* a stayer. And it had decided the girls to gang up against her.

It was reasonable enough. She herself was a little outsider, as Lewis had said. But it hurt. She'd been fool enough to think Robin, at least, was her friend. But Robin was on guard like a furious plump kitten. And Martin, after that one moment, seemed to have withdrawn himself. His changeless mask of amused courtesy was all she could touch.

Lewis said to her coolly next day: " What about Bill? He's sunk. He's well-to-do—and, to make up for being not as rich as Martin, a lot steadier. Bird in the hand."

THEY were standing on a slope, taking breath. She did not answer. She pulled away and, poising, darted down—away. Bill was waiting at the bottom.

" Like a bird! " he said. " Bet you could ski on the rottenest snow there is."

A root caught her ankle, and she went flat in the snow. Martin stood behind her. She reached up a hand. He shook his head. " Not this time. Bill's turn with the trained ankle," he said, and struck off up the hill again. He overtook Caroline.

Eileen, her eyes filled with angry tears, felt Bill pulling her up.

" Hurt yourself? " he asked tenderly.

" No! " she said. " Leave me alone! " But he only laughed admiringly and steered her back up the hill.

She had nearly decided to swallow her pride, throw in her hand, borrow money of Lewis and go back home, after two days of this.

And then Caroline, with the girls clinging about her as usual, the men rounded up, made the plans for the next day, round the fire late at night.

" We'll sleigh up the mountain. It's just a nice ride. Then we'll ski down the other side and across the little lake. And we'll telephone from the road call box for as many reservations at Gillam's roadhouse as have guts left to take it. Have a livery sleigh meet us. Jingle bells all the way. Take along evening stuff—one night of civilization. Right, boys and girls? "

Caroline thought Eileen hadn't a decent evening dress. Caroline had something up her sleeve always. Eileen's fighting spirit rose to meet it—that and the continued deliberate, cleverly done exclusion. And—it sounded like a swell party. There was Bill, her friend anyway. And the men would dance with her, ski with her. She'd take it—she'd stay one more day, though Lewis despised her and Martin was tired of his whim.

BUT they came down—even Eileen stayed in her room till noon that day—to find dripping eaves, snowfalls thundering off the roof, and dazzling sunlight picking out pools of slush and black water on their own small skating pond.

" Nothing doing," Martin said to the girls' outcry, provokingly at ease on his spine. " Better get a good book and read."

" Nonsense," Caroline said. " It won't be thawed up the mountain. And that lake's sheltered. I'm going."

Roland Perrine drew Robina to the window and argued in a low voice. Robina's voice went up sharply. " I'm not dating that fool stork yet awhile. I'm going too."

So was Lolly. Martin stretched and shrugged. " Better let you sleigh up Loon Mountain and see for yourselves."

Eileen, lingering behind the others in their rush for outdoor clothes, came slowly over to Martin. She said gently, " Martin, I won't go if you think I'd better not."

He did not look at her. He said shortly, " Suit yourself." He walked out, leaving her alone with Lewis, who had been working obliviously at a paper-strewn card table. Lewis was her enemy, but a frank enemy. They could have it out.

" What have I done to them all? What's happened to Martin? " she asked.

He said, " Nobody knows the answer to Martin Dane's whims. As for the others, if you didn't know how insiders treat outsiders, now's your time to learn. I've been through it in my day."

His voice was grim; yet in a way he was allying himself with her. He added more gently, " Quit it, Eileen. Stay home today. You'll get hurt some more. You've no more chance than a kitten with the dogs against her. I—I sort of hate to see it." He began repacking his briefcase, not looking at her.

" Alley cat, you mean," she said. " I can take it. I'm going! "

She let Caroline slip quickly into the seat by Martin. She got up by the driver. Ike liked her.

" Thought you'd have more sense. Fool trip. Wears out the hosses," he grunted.

She said cheerfully, " Not enough of me to wear out a horse."

Nobody could have enjoyed the ride itself. It varied between icy spots, slush, and bare ground. As they neared the top, even Caroline abandoned the idea of skiing down the other, unwooded side. The snow was obviously rotten. They could see the pools where the lake sank, when the first turn showed it to them from above.

" Blast you, Martin, right as usual," said Caroline. " Hey, Ike, turn round—this going's vile! "

" 'Tain't no safe place to turn yet," Ike drawled.

" Nonsense! I'm fed up with being bumped."

" Can't," and, " Hey, you can't," Ike and Martin said together.

" We can too! " She was laughing. She flung herself forward and snatched the reins over Ike's shoulder.

" You durn little fool, stop it! " Ike began. She had wrenched the sleigh and horses halfway round on a glare of ice. Eileen heard a horse's shrill scream as the sleigh went over.

What trick has Fate up its sleeve in this suddenly upset sleigh? How will it affect the ladies' duel for the heart of a golden playboy? There is excitement ahead, and the thinnest of ice to skate on! Be sure not to miss next week's Liberty—and the upshot.

NO MORE *One-way* APPEASEMENT!

An eminent Briton bluntly reveals the iron hand that has emerged from the velvet glove of moderation at Munich

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

IT must be the ideal of every Foreign Secretary to secure united national support for the foreign policy he is striving to conduct. Such a state is desirable not only for his sake, so that he and the Prime Minister can be relieved of the additional strain which the day-to-day parliamentary battle inevitably imposes, but also because unity in foreign policy is itself a great source of strength in the daily conduct of international affairs.

BY ANTHONY EDEN

In a democracy such unity can only be spontaneous; it cannot be compelled. It can grow from below; it cannot be imposed from above. But if once it be attained, the strength of that unity is all the greater because its growth has been natural and not forced.

So it is that successive efforts have been made to secure unity upon foreign policy. There are some good judges who believe that we are now nearer to realizing that goal than we have been for some considerable time past. How far is that claim justified, what are the obstacles that still divide us, how formidable are they, and can they be removed? If we could find the answers to these questions we should at least understand the nature and extent of the problem that has to be met in any effort to attain national unity on foreign policy.

We must first realize that to reach agreement on foreign policy it is not enough to proclaim an aim and to ignore methods, to call upon others to agree, and to label those who do not "warmongers." For the truth is that no individual and no party wants war.

The real difference as to the conduct of foreign policy cannot be so summarily distorted and dismissed, and it is best to recognize that diverse views can be held with equal good faith. For the same reason, it will not suffice for any of us merely to proclaim the sincerity of our intention to pursue peace; we have to show that the methods we advocate are those best calculated to bring about that universally desired result.

If the events of last year enforce one lesson clearly, it is surely that no country is going to enjoy lasting peace merely because its intentions are excellent. Nor are we going to usher in a new era of peaceful collaboration in Europe if the concessions are to be limited to those made by ourselves or by our friends. No one, surely, is prepared to make such a mistake a second time.

It is not surprising, therefore, to note that government spokesmen have from time to time been frank in the expression of their disappointment at the absence of reciprocity in the attitude of certain Powers since the Munich agreement was signed. This, in its turn, has no doubt been responsible for the stronger note which can be clearly recognized in several recent declarations of ministers both in England and in France, and there is no doubt the ministers expressed the well-nigh unanimous feeling of their fellow countrymen.

Further contributions from us or from France, it has been made clear, must depend upon others being prepared to make their contribution also. There can be no more one-way traffic down Appeasement Avenue.

But the measure of agreement is even wider than this. There are times in the conduct of international relations when clarity amounting almost to bluntness is the best contribution that can be made to peace. This is especially true when any third Power shows a persistent tendency to misunderstand the relationship of two friendly countries, however often and however clearly defined. So it was that the Prime Minister's unequivocal declaration in the House of Commons of the attitude of this country toward any threat to the vital interests of France was cheered in all parts of the House. None could fail to recognize both the need for such a declaration and the contribution made to peace by its terms.

No attempt, however, to review the chances of securing national unity on foreign policy could be complete unless it took count of what until recently could have been called the most anxious of all existing problems—Spain. It is in respect of the course which we pursued throughout the length of the war in that country that differences have been most deep.

Yet the divergence is by no means clear-cut. There are those who were opposed to nonintervention from the first. There are others who supported nonintervention in its early stages but wished to abandon the policy when, in their judgment, it was not being observed with equal impartiality by all the Great Powers. There are those, again, who would have wished, despite disappointments, to make further efforts to preserve the policy of nonintervention while making it plain that friendship with Great Britain and concessions from her could only be gained by the strict observance of engagements entered into with us not to intervene in the Spanish war. Finally, there were those who maintained that the extent of intervention on either side was difficult to estimate, and that even proclaimed violations of nonintervention should not stand in the way of appeasement.

These divergent points of view had varied origins, but, in the main, two motives, apart from sympathies, actuated most of those who concerned themselves with the Spanish issue. First, a conviction that, having ourselves assumed responsibility for nonintervention in the early stages of the conflict, it was an obligation on us to do our best to hold the balance even. The second may be described as one of imperial interest. No one, it is presumed, will dispute the concern which Great Britain has felt throughout the history of the last two hundred years for the political independence and the territorial integrity of Spain. Here is a vital British interest; and M. Bonnet's recent speech to the Senate makes it plain that the French government also has no intention of allowing France's equal interest to be ignored.

It was inevitable that the end of the war should have brought these anxieties into sharper relief. Yet these anxieties have their counterpart. In this sphere, too, the march of events appears to be narrowing differences.

In maintaining with unshaken firmness the vital interests of Britain and France in the true independence of Spain, and in any steps the two governments may be called upon to take to make that independence a reality, they can be confident of the united support of all sections of their peoples. It is now of little avail to recriminate further about the past. It is imperative, so far as still lies in our power, to safeguard the future.

THE END

WRONG-WAY HOLLYWOOD

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ON the day I completed a nonstop flight from New York by landing at Dublin, Ireland, the agents of three picture studios approached me with offers to enter the movies. Being in a slight daze from the popping of flashlight bulbs and news reporters' questions in front of my face for eight hours immediately after the flight, I asked them if they would kindly get in touch with me on my return to New York, by which time things would be back to normal—I thought. Also by that time I might have a good offer in aviation, I hoped. Back in the United States, two of the studios forgot or something, and number three just about had me convinced to enact the story of my life and flight, when a fourth studio asked for the screen story only—so they got it, and immediately put two writers on the story to convert it to a scenario. Some thirty-three days later I was in California, having just completed a tour of fifty-six cities with my flying crate, when the studio asked me to help their writers with a few details of the screen play.

The writers said they were getting along fine on the scenario and would soon have it finished. Then one of them mentioned that the only thing that worried them was whether to start the story at the end of the flight or at the start of my life in Texas. They would like to start when I was a little boy, but wanted to keep the picture focused on aviation, and as I had never seen an airplane till I was eighteen and never built a model plane, they changed the facts to fit their idea of how it should be. During the next few days, while helping with the details of the story, the studio persuaded me to act in the picture —" to make it more authentic."

While the studio writers were putting in the " drama " that a picture needs, I went back to New York and wrote some magazine articles and a book.

Five weeks later there came a wire: " Ready to start shooting, be in Hollywood tomorrow." I thought, Well, it's lucky the Airline goes coast to coast overnight. So I was there the next morning, and they started shooting twenty-nine days later. The studio had put on two new writers who decided to throw away what the other writers had finished and start on their own version. But the twenty-nine days weren't wasted. The publicity department brought a different newspaper writer in every day and steered the conversation around to some new angle that would make news. This went on for days and days. Of course in my spare time they took dozens of publicity still pictures all around the lot.

Several times every day the script writers would come in with a new gag, like, " Say, kid, I got a swell idea for when you're up on your first flight. The instructor takes his hands off the controls and you don't know it, but you're flying the plane all the time; then, when he tells you, it shocks you so that you pass out." Then I remind him, " How's that going to tie into the next scene, where we've just landed and the instructor tells the mechanic, 'The kid's a flyer already; he can do everything in the book without batting an eye?'"

" The next day they had to teach him all over again."

DAVID LOCKHART

Finally the scenario is ready with a few changes, but it's still possible to recognize my story in places. So they tell me to come around the next day for a screen test—which I do, and finally about 6 P. M. the director, the cameraman, the electrician, the make-up man, and others are ready. Then some one discovered the office hadn't given permission to make the test. Not being able to locate any one in authority that afternoon, everybody went home and the test was postponed till the next day.

". . . in a daze from the popping of flashlight bulbs."

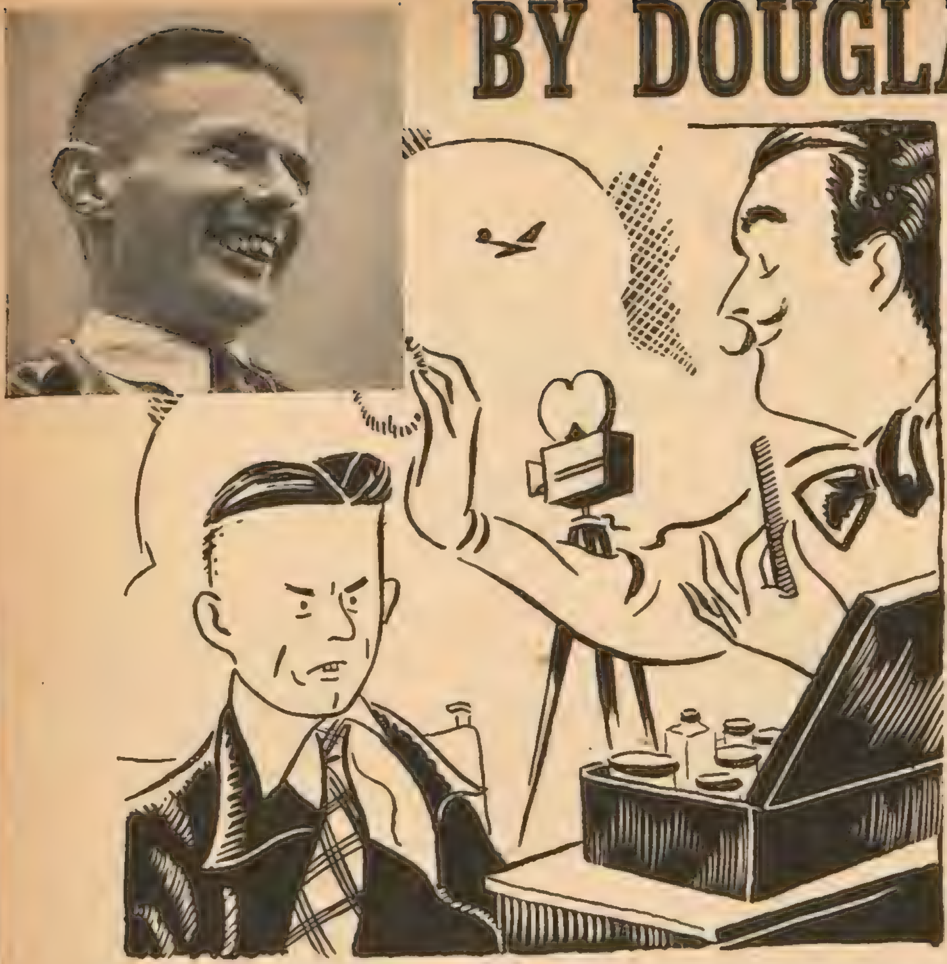
The test was quite a surprise. It was so easy. The cameraman told me to stand at a certain place, and when he gave the word for me to look into the camera, then turn slowly to the right, then slowly to the left, I looked at where he pointed, got myself set, and said, " All right; any time you're ready." He said, " What do you mean ready? We took the test while I was talking." I could hardly believe it. It didn't seem the camera had been running. Next they put some make-up on my face and had me say a few lines from the script. And that was all.

Two days later we started actual shooting on location at a small airport near Hollywood. There were two OX5 Curtiss " jennys " similar to the ones on which I had learned to fly thirteen years before, and one other old-timer, none of which I was allowed to fly.

The scenes we did here were just climbing in and out of the planes in which I'm learning to fly, and the ground scenes of the flight that ends in a crack-up when I land the plane after the pilot falls out. Although this is a night scene, it's taken in broad daylight, with a colored lens over the camera to make it look dark. Another scene

BY DOUGLAS CORRIGAN

CARTOONS BY DAVID LOCKHART



"The guy with a powder puff sure made me feel foolish."

A wrong-way flyer's bewildered look at a fabulous land of make-believe

taken here was where I run and jump on a motorcycle and ride away. I actually had a 1924 two-cylinder motorcycle that looked a lot like the ones used today; but to make the picture more dramatic they got a 1912 single-cylinder belt-driven model with no clutch and no brake. It was necessary to push it to start, and after a few tries I got it going. Then the belt broke, and fifty people sat around an hour while it was being spliced.

But a more costly scene was when they tried to get a large dog to put his feet up on the counter in a lunch stand. They had to take the roof off the lunch stand and put the dog trainer up on top with some hamburgers. It took about forty hamburgers before the dog discovered he would get one every time he jumped up; but by that time he wasn't hungry any more. Then by the next day he had forgot, so they had to teach him all over again. Finally some one got down below the camera angle and lifted the dog up at the right moment. More days wasted.

The next scenes were to be close-ups of the people in the plane while in flight; so the company moved from the airport into the studio sound stages for a few days—and a new daze. The same airplanes that had been at the field were set up on pivots so they could be rocked from side to side and fore and aft. This, in connection with the moving of the camera up and down, gives the impression of flying in bumpy air. Then, in line with the camera and behind the plane was a large frosted screen on the back side of which was projected a movie of clouds going by, with the ground passing beneath. This process shot had been taken from a camera ship actually flying, and when projected on the frosted screen showed through and was photographed as a background by the camera filming the action in the plane, thereby making it appear the plane was flying past the clouds. There was also a big electric fan out in front to blow some wind back. Even the close-up of riding the motorcycle was done in front of the process screen, with the motorcycle mounted on a stationary stand.

In the close-up of the plane on my flight over the clouds to Dublin, they built up a special duplicate of the cabin of my Robin. This was about 3 feet wide by 4 feet high by 8 feet long, and consisted of several pieces of wallboard painted to look like gas tanks, etc., and was nailed together so they could take off the back side or top in order to get the camera in the correct position. This wallboard machine cost the studio $1,000 to build. My plane cost $900, and it would fly.

We had been working in front of the process screen for two days, shooting the close-ups of the New York-Dublin flight, when some one asked the director how he intended to show the gasoline-tank leak. The director replied that he hadn't seen anything in the script about a gas-tank leak, and turned to the writer and asked him about it. The writer also was ignorant of that fact, so they asked me, and I told them sure, it was in the written story I had delivered. It developed that neither of them had bothered to read the story for which the studio had paid me a large sum. In a sort of daze, I began to realize why they had taken so many days to write the screen play.

For the parade scene, they put an auto body, with the top down, in front of the process screen, on which they projected a scene of a band marching and the sidewalk crowds which had been taken of a parade two years before. A few days later some one discovered there was no confetti in the picture, so they put me on a chair in front of a piece of black velvet cloth and took some footage of me waving right and left while the stage hands had a lot of fun throwing confetti. This could then be pieced into the other shot taken in front of the process screen. Of course the music of the band was to be put in after the picture was completed.

To film the long shots of the take-offs at Los Angeles and New York and the landings at Dublin and finally at San Antonio on the United States tour, we went on location to an airport in San Fernando Valley. By pointing the camera at a different side of the field each time, it was possible to use this one airport to represent all four places.

Here is where they lay the basis of all the unusual scenes in the picture. They have the gas-station man give me 300 gallons of gasoline—on the cuff. After that anything could happen.

When working outdoors they have a lot of big tin reflectors to light up the shadows, and in the studios there are dozens of 10,000-watt lamps. It was quite warm anywhere near these lights or reflectors, thereby causing the perspiration to come out through the grease paint on my face; that would cause a reflection in the camera, so they put a little powder on over the grease paint. It sure made me feel foolish to have a guy follow me around all day with a powder puff.

There was only one paved runway on the airport we were using, and on the day the New York take-off scenes were made there was a strong cross wind, and also the fire truck couldn't get going along with the plane and the ambulance. I suggested that they use a runway on a field near the coast, because this one had mountains around it anyway, and there were no mountains near New York. They replied that if it didn't look all right they would do it in miniature, in which a small model of the plane, perhaps one foot long, is moved by wires and made to take off from a model of the field perhaps fifty feet long. Also done in miniature are the long shots of the plane landing, doing stunts in the air, flying through a storm. And of course any crack-ups are usually done this way, too. I asked a fellow if this would get by, and he replied that it would; that one of the other studios had just made an air picture without ever going near an airport or airplane—it was all done in miniature.

After working in the movies for six weeks I came to the conclusion that the same qualifications would help a fellow along in pictures as in aviation—you don't have to be crazy, but it helps. Even working twelve hours a day and not being able to understand half of what was going on around me, I had a lot of fun during those movie days.

THE END

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ESCAPE IN SPRING

BY MARTHA OSTENSO

ESTHER THORNE had transferred the last of the young tomato plants from the cold frame to the hill garden, and sat back now on the sun-warmed earth to rest for a moment before going back to the house. She was tired. Each year, it seemed, putting in the garden was becoming more and more tiring.

It had not been so fifteen years ago, she thought to herself. That was the year she had come to this Dakota farm, the bride of handsome young Jason Thorne—handsome and proud, too, because he was bringing his young wife to the land that had once been his father's homestead. It had been an opulent land in those days, yielding its forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and the future of Jason and Esther had been radiant with promise.

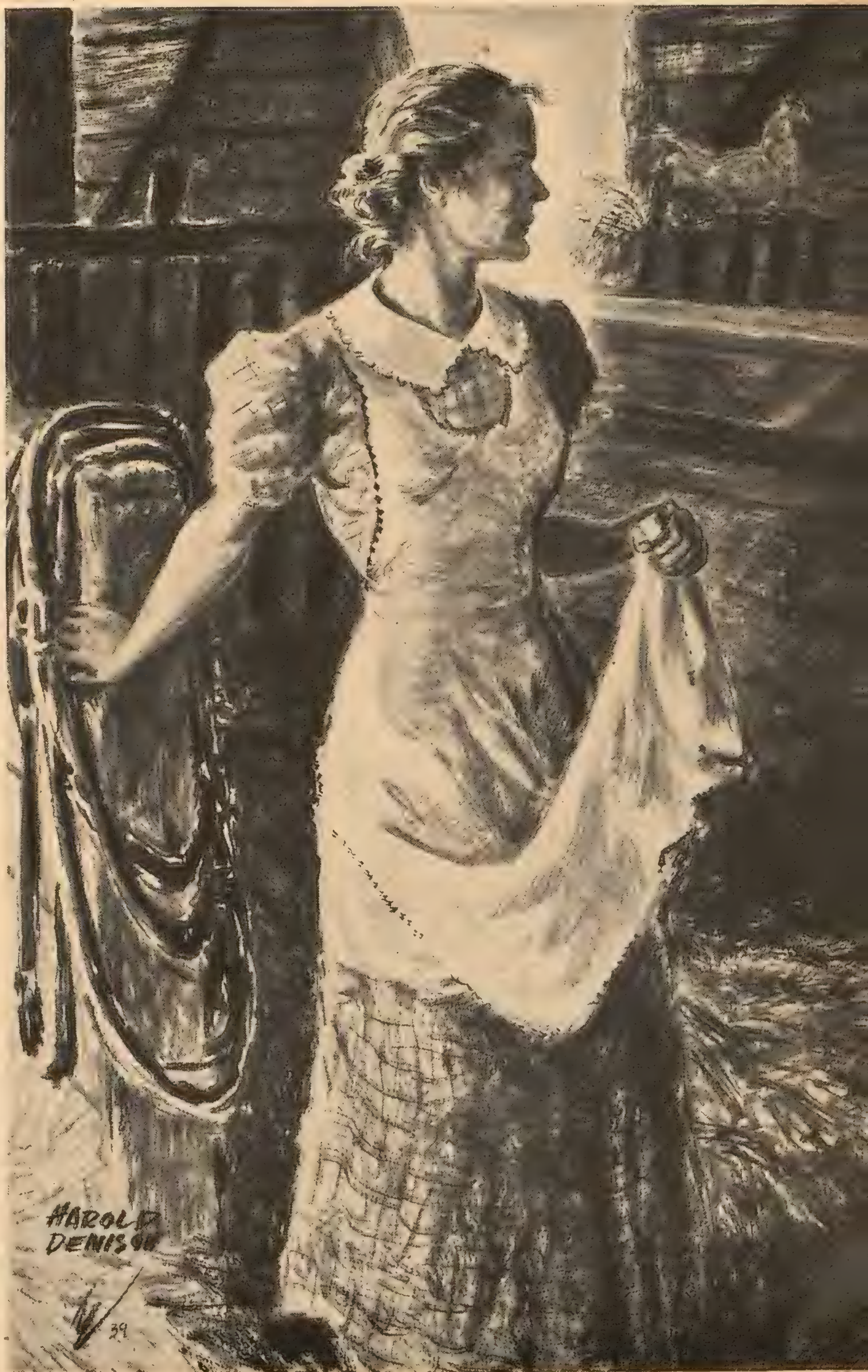
There would be strapping big sons like their father, and daughters with the lush bloom of their mother upon them, to reflect the generous sunny health of this rolling prairie. And one day the eldest son—unless he chose to study medicine, law, or the like—would himself inherit the dark rich furrow his grandfather's plow had first turned up from the limitless grass.

But there had been no eldest son, and no youngest daughter. Two years after the marriage of Jason and Esther Thorne, their son had been stillborn, and Esther had returned from the very brink of death to learn that for her there could never be another child.

She could not have lived through it during those long months of invalidism, had it not been for Jason's tenderness and selfless cheer. He had sent for Josie, that buxom sister of his, to do the housework until Esther was able to do it herself. She had been unreasonable, she realized now, but she had grown thoroughly to hate the girl for her unspoiled body. In the tedium of her convalescence, too, she had seen beneath Jason's anxious care for her and had discerned his crushing disappointment, his misery in the bleak wiping out of his hopes.

Even when she was at last able to take up her household duties again, Esther's brooding habits had clung to her. Year after year she became more firmly convinced that Jason Thorne resented a wife who could not present him with a son and heir.

Year after year she saw him draw away from her, more and more preoccupied with the yield of his land. He talked, ate, slept, worked, dreamed "crops," until the land became to Esther another Josie and she abomi-



Esther stood for a moment and looked at the boy. His face was white beneath its weathered tan, his eyes full of terror.

nated it with the very core of her deprived heart.

There came an end to that, however, in that first overwhelming year of drought, when dust storms whirled fantastically over skeleton fields, and Esther saw the land as a counterpart of herself, fruitless, arid, a thing to be despised. Why had she stayed through that year, and through the next final devouring drought as well, watching Jason's face month after month grow more gray with defeat, his eyes never meeting hers except with aversion and chagrin? Had she stayed because of a helpless love and pity for the man she had married? Or had it been because there was no place for her to go? She could not, even now, answer that question. It would have been better, perhaps. . . .

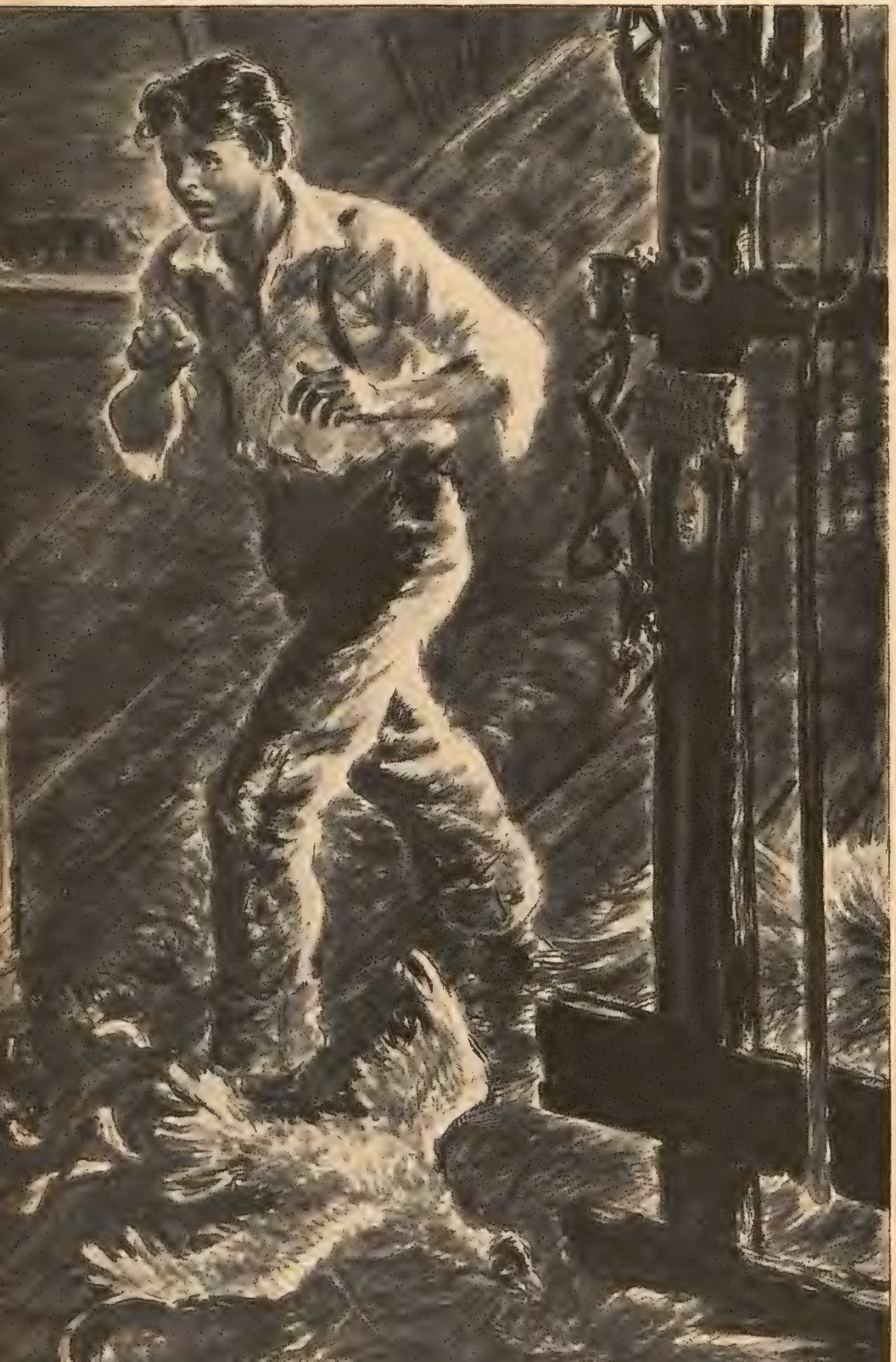
And then, miraculously, there had come the reclaiming of the land from the powdery jaws of the dust: Russian thistle, to hold down the remnant of soil, anchor it; the strange new design in plowing—like combing your hair another way until your scalp ached. And the land tremulously rose from the grave—rose to remind Esther that she had not been able to do as much, she who had once been lovely and was now a stringy-haired, gaunt-faced creature hard on forty. As if to taunt her even more, Jason was at work in the fields again, hope revived, heart quickened with a new resolve, eyes bright with a new promise. Jason was young once more.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD DENISON

It was in the elation of that time that he had met Carol Andrews, the waitress in the Elite Café, in the county seat fifty miles away. Esther had seen the girl once or twice, and had seen the way Jason looked at her, although he never spoke of her except too casually. Carol had the moist-flesh look of Josie, of the replenished land, of young life awaiting its hour of fulfillment. And when, this morning, Jason drove away to a cattle auction at the county seat, to be gone for two nights, Esther's heart had shrunken into a knot of terror. He would be staying with his sister Josie, of course—married now and insufferably proud of her four children—but suppose he came back and told her that he wanted Carol Andrews, because Carol could give him what she, Esther, could not? . . .

She stood up quickly and looked down the slope where the spring was a living flood of light and warmth and muted whisperings. The cottonwoods were a mist of tender green, the prairie anemones a purplish blur in the sunlight. It should have been pleasant to look down to the vast sweep of the fields where life, quiet and inscrutable, was stirring once more under a spread of blue sky. But all the pleasure had gone from it now. For this was the month, thirteen years ago, when Esther's dreams had been shattered forever. Jason would have forgotten that. He would be looking forward to better things. To Carol Andrews, perhaps, while Esther was alone here to do the milking and count the dead purposeless hours.

She picked up the cold frame and walked down the gentle slant of the garden to the square white house with its clean yard and substantial red barn and outbuildings. The starched curtains of the kitchen gave her a frilly wink as she approached. Esther Thorne was the best of housekeepers, people said. And that, she knew disconsolately, was all. She went indoors and looked at herself in the glass above the kitchen sink: her spiritless eyes that had once been dark pools of laughter and love; her chestnut hair, faintly graying, indifferently pulled back now so that its natural wave was not visible; and her mouth strained away from the full sweet curve it had once had. Was it any wonder that



A tale that will tug at your heartstrings—of fate's strange gift of love to two lonely lives

Jason seemed no longer to care how she looked? Tears came hot on her lids. And yet she could not honestly say that she felt alarm at the thought of Carol Andrews taking her place. She had lived too long with a sense of emptiness and frustration to feel anything.

Automatically she began to water the geraniums on the windowsill. Glancing out toward the barn, she was startled out of her dull reverie by the sight of a shadowy figure darting in through the barn door. Who on earth could that be? The nearest farm was almost five miles distant, and nobody at the Andersons' would have an errand at the Thorne barn. Besides, she had heard no car come in from the highway. She set aside the dipper with which she had been watering the flowers and stepped out into the yard.

She stood at last at the barn entrance, her eyes searching the empty stalls that ran the length of the interior, all but hidden now in the spring dusk, except where a moted ladder of radiance from the low sun slanted in through the small window just under the loft floor. She listened intently, the sound of her heart clearly audible to her above the complete silence. When she heard no motion, she called softly: "Who's in there?"

Something moved within the shadows, made a sound like a choked sob. Esther's hand clutched at her breast as she looked in the direction from which the sound had come, somewhere at the far end of the barn, just beyond the bright ray that lay across a manger.

For a moment she was afraid. Then, suddenly, she was angry. "You'd better come out, whoever you are! You've no business in there!"

As she spoke, a ragged form lifted itself slowly and stood almost directly in the stream of sunlight. "You can't touch me—you *can't!* I'm free! I can go where I want."

Esther stood for a moment and looked at the boy, for he was no more than a boy, his gangling height deceiving at a distance. His thin shoulders were drawn forward and his arms lifted as if he had set himself against an attack. His face was white beneath its weathered tan, his eyes full of terror, his dark hair hanging limp and moist over his sullen brows. He had neither hat nor coat and his shirt was open halfway down the front.

OF course—you can go where you want," Esther said gently. "I'm not going to touch you, boy. You needn't be afraid of me. But—who are you? And what are you doing here?"

His lips twisted into a wary grin. "I ain't tellin' that. You get away from that door. I'm comin' out, and you can't stop me."

Esther took a step toward him. "Listen—"

"Don't you come near me," he warned her fiercely.

Esther halted. "All right, I won't. But look—it's near suppertime. You must be hungry. When did you eat last?"

"Before I left—" He checked himself hastily. "No—I'm not talkin'. Let me out of here, that's all."

Esther moved to one side. "I won't try to stop you." She waited for a moment, but he did not move. He was watching her narrowly, his lips tightly drawn. "Listen," she said at last. "I've got some fresh cinnamon buns in the kitchen. Some I made this morning. And there's a stew simmering on the range. And—"

"Who's at the house?" he demanded.

She smiled. "There isn't a soul. Jason—he's my husband—went away this morning." Perhaps she shouldn't say too much about being alone, she thought suddenly. "If you'd rather—I could bring something out and you could eat it here. If you promise to wait till—"

"You're goin' to send somebody out to get me," he interrupted, his voice shrill with alarm.

Esther drew herself up impatiently. "Do I look like a person who would do that?"

He shook his head slowly, his eyes widening in a childlike way. "I don't know—I guess you don't."

"Will you wait here, then?"

The boy gave a pitiful little swagger. "I'll take a chance. I'll go to the house with you. Only—you go ahead. I'll follow you."

Esther did not venture to look behind her until she came to the doorstep of the back porch. "If you'll pick up a few sticks of wood from the pile there," she suggested, "we'll keep the fire going."

"Sure," he said, and there was a note almost of eagerness in his voice as he hurried toward the pile of wood Jason had ranged against the porch wall.

It was only then that Esther noticed how the boy limped.

A FEW minutes later, the table set with the yellow linen cloth kept for special occasions, Esther was dishing up a big helping of savory stew for the boy. The stew was some that had been left over from last night, and she reserved only a small portion for herself.

"Now, then," she said as she set the plate before him and noticed with a twist at her heart that his eyes were fairly devouring the food. "But don't eat too fast. It's not good for you to eat too fast, and there's lots of time."

"Maybe I better wash up a little—before I eat," he mumbled, his face going fiery red.

"That's a good idea," said Esther brightly, and poured hot water for him from the stove reservoir. "Here's a clean towel for you."

But while he ate, and when Esther got up once or twice to fetch something from the pantry, his eyes followed her every move. His feet were twisted awkwardly under his chair, his body taut as if he were set to spring.

Twice Esther glanced covertly from the window, where the light was fading to dove-gray and rose. It would be dark before very long. What was she going to do? You couldn't let a boy wander away by himself, with night coming on. There was no doubt in Esther's mind that he was wanted somewhere for something he had done. He was so young, and yet—in these days—the names of mere boys had figured with tragic prominence in newspaper headlines. She would have to find out about him somehow and without awakening his suspicion.

"Here—let me give you some more milk," she said, and took the blue pitcher from the icebox. "Drink all you want."

"O. K."

"And maybe you'd like to take something with you, in your pocket, to eat along the way," she ventured, and watched him closely. "I could put up some sandwiches in a jiffy."

He didn't answer, and Esther had to turn away quickly from the look that came into his eyes. He began to mop hastily with a piece of bread at the gravy on his plate. How long his lashes were over his sober gray eyes! A thought came suddenly to her then: If her own boy had lived . . .

"How old are you?" she asked as casually as she could, and began cutting him a piece of apple pie. Her lips curved in a smile as she thought of the cautious game she was playing with him.

"Going on fourteen," he told her, and thanked her as she set the pie before him.

Fourteen. Jason's son would have been just "going on fourteen" now. Only Jason's son would not have had the thin shoulders, the pinched face—and that hunted look in his eyes. Esther felt a quick grasp at her heart, a sudden tightening in her throat. She had to look away once more.

"I had a boy once," she said absently. "If he had lived he would have been just about your age."

"Yeah?" His voice was scarcely more than a breath. And for the first time he permitted his eyes to wander away from Esther. He sat for a moment gazing into space. "That's funny," he said at last. "I was thinking my—my mother would have been just about like you. She was pretty."

Pretty! Esther wondered if she had heard right. "You have no mother?" she asked hurriedly, feeling the warm color rising in her cheeks.

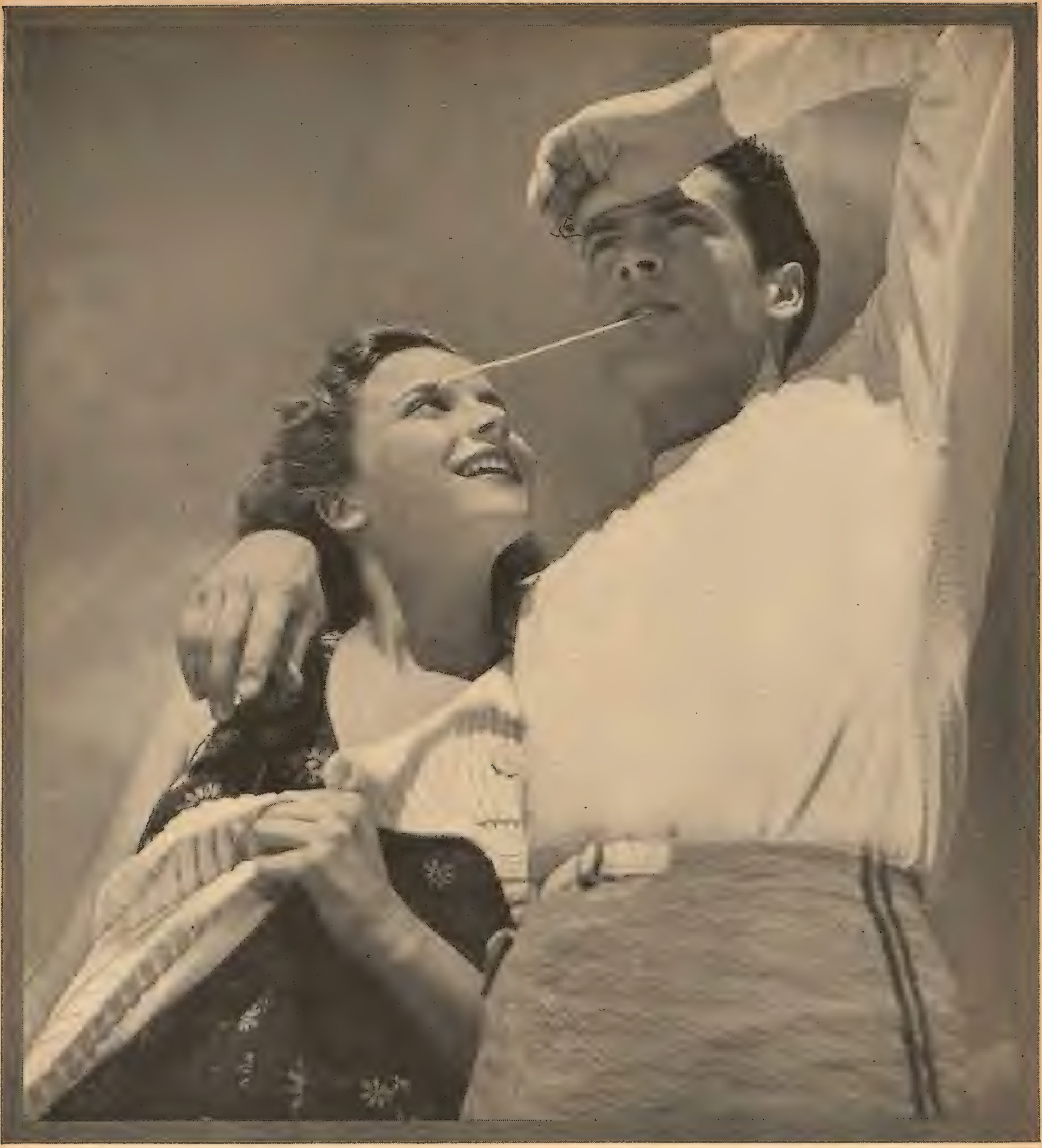
The boy shook his head.

"And your father?"

"I don't know about him. He went away—and he never came back."

"Oh—" Esther wanted to ask him more, but she thought better of it. She stacked the dishes into the sink. Then she went back to the

(Continued on page 18)



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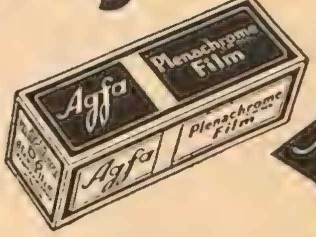

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(Continued from page 16)

icebox and took out a platter of cold beef. "If I had known you were coming," she said almost gaily, "I'd have had a chicken."

The boy grinned so that for a moment his eyes lost their frightened look. Esther laughed. The tension between them was broken at last.

"What do they call you?" she asked.

"Billy."

"Well, Billy, next time you come to see me—"

Her words died abruptly. The boy leaped to his feet and stood with his stricken eyes upon the door. "Who's that?"

Esther had heard the car come to a stop in the driveway. She stepped to the door and stood with her back against it.

"No—don't go out!" she whispered. "Go into the other room and close the door."

The boy darted for the doorway, then hesitated. "You won't let them come—"

"No, no, Billy. Hurry!"

He vanished, and Esther waited until he had closed the door. Then she stepped out through the back porch into the twilit yard.

She drew a sigh of relief when she looked toward the driveway and saw the car that belonged to Olav Anderson, the Thornes' nearest neighbor. The old man himself was at the wheel.

"Hello, Olav!" she hailed him.

Olav lowered a window and thrust his head out. "Hello, Essie! You getting along all right vit Yason avay?"

"Sure, Olav!" Esther laughed. "What could happen to me?"

"Vell, my old voman vant I should come in on my way from town and see you're all right. Yason, he von't be back tonight, eh?"

"No, nor tomorrow night, either," she said. "But I'll be all right. You won't come in for a while?"

"No, I go on home now, yust so you're all right."

"How's Mrs. Anderson?"

"Ya—so good as ever. Not'ing to do but sit all day and drink coffee and hear the radio till she get too lazy for not'ing."

"She did enough work when she was younger," Esther reminded him. "And it won't hurt Greta to look after things now and let her mother sit. I've been too busy to turn the radio on since Jason left this morning."

"Ya—you vork! I know. Vell, I guess I go home now. My old voman says you should lock the doors till Yason gets home. She hear on the radio dere's some young fella got loose and mebbe he come dis vay. So you look out, eh?"

Esther laughed. "No young fellow would bother me."

"Ya—vell, so *you* t'ink, eh? If I was young fella, mebbe I show you different."

HE laughed and waved his hand as he turned his car about, and Esther stood watching it disappear through the cottonwood grove. Then she went into the house with a nervously beating heart. What had she done—what was she doing now? It had all seemed very simple at first. A boy had wandered into the barn and she had taken him to the house out of common human pity. But had that been all? Had she not kept him with her because his mere presence filled a void in her heart, stilled an ache that had not ceased to smolder in thirteen years? The thought that she might be harboring a young malefactor and helping him to evade the consequences of his own misdeeds came to her with a shock. In the end the boy would be caught—and punished—no matter how he tried to dodge his pursuers.

But who with any heart could have done other than what she had done after seeing Billy's eyes as he stood there in the ray of sunshine that fell across the manger? Now, though, what was she to do? If only Jason were home! . . .

But the boy must be in an agony of suspense. With a trembling throughout her body, she crossed the kitchen and opened the door to the inner room.

"It's all right, Billy," she said in a firm, bright voice. "You can come out. It wasn't anybody."

MARTHA OSTENSO

born in Norway, came to America when she was two and lived in the Middle West and then in Canada. After three years of social service work in New York she wrote her first novel. Her ambition is some day to run a dairy farm and raise Samoyed dogs.

His response came, thin and reedy: "Are they gone?"

"Yes, yes. Don't be afraid. It was just a neighbor."

He came slowly into the kitchen, dragging one leg, his face turned from her. But she had seen his grimace of pain. She drew down the blinds and looked at him as he hunched himself on a chair beside the stove, his hands clenched on his knees. A reckless decision came to her.

"You'd better stay here with me tonight, Billy," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Nobody will disturb us, and you need a good rest. Will you tell me what happened to your leg?"

The boy dug his knuckles into his eyes and burst into hard little sobs. Esther knelt beside him, her arms warm and strong about his taut, bony shoulders. "Billy—you mustn't cry!"

He writhed in shame at his own tears. "They sent me to my uncle. It was him that kicked me—yesterday morning. That's why I run away. It was worse than the—the reform school."

"Reform school? I see. Well, I knew a boy who stayed there awhile—years ago. He's a fine big man now. He's—he's mayor of a town I used to live in." Esther chuckled. "He did the silliest thing. He got in with a gang of older boys, and they made him swipe things out of a store."

Billy gazed at her with wet and luminous eyes. "Yeah—I know. Shorty Moran told me he'd beat me if I didn't swipe the flashlights out of old Dinkey's hardware. And then they made me the lookout when they broke into another place. That's when the cop got us."

A breath-taking pang crossed Esther's breast. "That's just like what happened to this man I used to know. But he came out of the school and went to work, and now—he's a great man who isn't afraid any more, and everybody loves him."

He looked at her wonderingly. "Yeah?"

"Sure!" she laughed. "And you can be like him, Billy. Listen—we'll straighten all this out together, eh? But first you'd better let me have a look at that leg and see if we can't fix it up."

She was appalled when she rolled down his grimy tattered sock beneath the frayed pants leg. On his shin there was an ugly bruise from which the skin had been torn away. Particles of dust and chaff clung to the wound.

"There's just one place for you, young man," Esther said swiftly, "and that's in bed! Come on. There's a small spare room upstairs. You can have it all to yourself, and I'll fix up that leg of yours."

By ten o'clock the boy had been asleep for hours in the clean warm bed upstairs. But Esther still sat at the table in the kitchen, the darning basket on her lap, the work only half done. How many times had she not risen in a panic at the sound of a car going past on the highway? But no sound came closer than the bleating of the ewes in the lambing pen. If only Jason were home! she thought again. He would know what to do. And what he would do, she knew, would not be heartless, however little there was of tenderness within him for her. But he would probably be angry with her when he found out that she was sheltering some one who was being sought by the authorities. He was so circumspect always, was Jason!

She looked again at the clock, and had an incredible yearning to glance in on the boy, to reassure herself that he was still actually there. She could take him up a glass of hot milk, so that if he were awake she would have some sort of excuse.

She got up from the table. Moving across the kitchen, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror above the sink. She paused for a moment and stared at her reflection. The boy had said that she was like his mother—"pretty." She took down her hair, waved it softly about her face. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, her eyes brighter than they had been in months—in years, perhaps. But her lips looked actually pale. How long it had been since Jason had really kissed those lips! There was a lipstick tucked away in a bureau drawer upstairs, and a box of fragrant face

(Continued on page 21)

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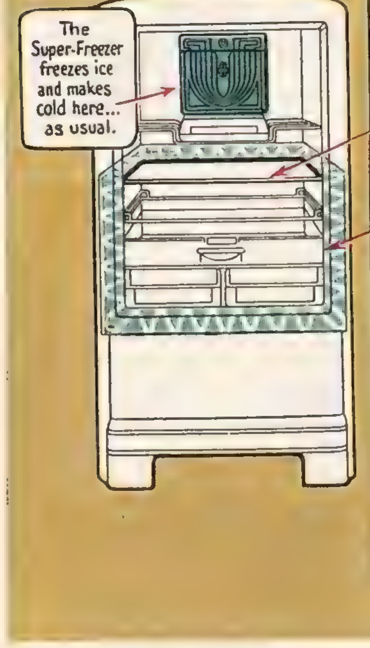
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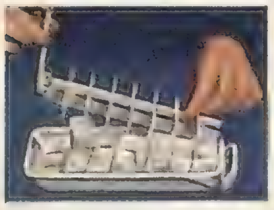

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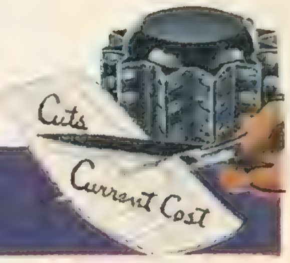

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OLD OVERHOLT
U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND **WHISKEY**

(*Continued from page 18*) powder Greta Anderson had given her for Christmas. Why shouldn't she look "pretty," if for no other reason than to remind Billy even more of his own mother? There was nothing silly in that, she told herself defiantly. Anyhow, there was no one else around to see it or think it ridiculous.

Before the mirror in her own bedroom she stood back and regarded herself almost with amazement. If she brought out the blue-and-white flowered silk, now—the one she had not worn since last summer, and then only once or twice, at the Old-Timers' Picnic and at the school-board meeting . . . She began to laugh at herself. Not tonight—that would be absurd. Tomorrow night, maybe, after supper. And she and Billy would sit together in the living room. *Tomorrow night?* Why, Billy would have gone by that time.

She went downstairs quietly and heated the milk. When she came back up again and stood listening at the door of the small room, she heard the boy move and moan.

"You'd better drink this milk, Billy," she said softly as she went into the room and bent over him. "You'll sleep better if you do."

He blinked drowsily up at her. He drank the milk, smiled, and was asleep again almost at once.

ESTHER was up as usual at daybreak, moving quietly about the house. She had scarcely finished eating her breakfast when she heard a furtive movement on the stairs. She went quickly into the other room and saw him peering over the banister.

"Is it all right?" he whispered apprehensively. "Can I come down?"

"Come on," she said. "I thought I'd let you sleep and give that leg of yours a chance to—"

"It's a lot better," he told her. "I could help you with the work after breakfast."

Esther thought swiftly. She could smuggle him back and forth between house and barn, she supposed, without any danger of his being seen by any one passing. "Well, come and have breakfast, anyhow," she said. "We can talk about work when you've had something to eat."

"O. K.—but I can milk good, and that won't hurt my leg."

It was a perfect day, windless and golden, and as the hours passed Esther came strangely to feel that she had had the boy with her here always. His first hostile wariness, like that of some beaten animal, had melted under her tactful treatment of him. Every now and then, with sudden impulsiveness, he told her something of his past. Much of it he hurried over with a stout, pathetically mature embarrassment; but over some of it they laughed together, and Esther was enchanted by his laugh.

She was happy, radiantly happy, after all these years. Whenever she saw her own reflection in the glass—she had taken the trouble to water-wave her hair softly again this morning—her heart quickened with pleasure. And in the evening, after she had put on the flowered silk dress and had come downstairs to play checkers with Billy, it occurred to her suddenly that all day she had not given a single thought to Carol Andrews! Nor had she once thought of letting the boy go. She was being just foolish, she realized now; but she had wanted this day more than anything else in the world, and she had had it. She refused to think of tomorrow. Billy had said nothing about tomorrow, either, and she had not dared to ask him, for fear of breaking the spell that held them both.

Now, in the mellow lamplight, they sat down at the claw-foot center table in the living room, the checkerboard between them. Billy looked at her with a shy glow of admiration.

"My mother always used to fix herself up after supper, too. She sewed for people." He flushed then, and immediately gave his solemn attention to the board.

The spring night was still. A bird twittered on its nest under the porch roof.

Twice the boy handily but politely beat Esther, and then she won a game. She was clapping her hands gaily at her triumph when she heard the car drive in. Billy sprang in panic to his feet, his eyes enormous.

"Go upstairs!" Esther ordered. "Whoever it is, I'll have them away soon." She swept the checkers into a drawer.

She stood trembling on the porch, and saw that two automobiles had stopped in front of the house. The first was Jason's. He got out and spoke to the tall heavy-shouldered man who emerged from the other car. It was Pete Nolan, the sheriff from Billings Creek.

"Why—Jason!" she called breathlessly. "How'd you get back so soon?"

"Got everything done a day sooner than I expected," Jason told her. "I picked Pete up along the way. Come on in, Pete."

"Evening, Essie!" the big man laughed. "Don't believe a word Jason tells you. I practically had to handcuff him to get him out of town."

"I'll bet you did," Esther laughed, but her throat tightened up so that she could say no more.

They entered the house, Jason going straight to the kitchen. He was carrying a large paper bag. Esther drew a chair for the sheriff, then followed Jason. He was lifting a picnic bottle of beer out of the bag.

"Pete has been on the road all day," he explained, "so I thought I'd get something to wet his whistle before he goes back to the Creek. He—"

Jason paused and looked queerly at Esther. His puzzled frown moved from her hair, her face, down over her dress. She felt her cheeks suddenly stinging with color, and swallowed desperately at the knot in her throat.

"What are *you* celebrating?" he asked, looking again at her hair as if he had never seen it before. An odd expression came into his eyes. "Been having visitors?"

"Don't be silly!" she exclaimed a little sharply.

In a moment they were seated about the table in the living room, Jason pouring the beer.

"Pete's been on a man hunt," he announced, handing a glass to Esther, his eyes once more searching her face in astonishment—and something deeper.

"A man hunt!" Esther cried. "Good gracious!"

"Well, just a boy hunt this time," Pete Nolan said.

Esther moved the lamp to one side of the table. "Oh, yes; Olav Anderson said something about it. He came by last night, on his way from town, to see if I was all right. You didn't expect to find the boy here, did you?" she asked carelessly.

"No tellin', Essie," the sheriff said. "He was headed this way last we heard of him. We've broadcast a description, and I'm just askin' along the way, in case—"

"I HAVEN'T had the radio on all day," Esther said. "What did he do?"

"Nothin' serious. Jumped his parole. We had him in the reformatory for a year or so—got mixed up with some young bandits stealin' car parts and sellin' the stuff to secondhand stores. Bresky, his name is. Billy Bresky. We took him out o' school a coupla weeks ago and put him in the custody of his uncle on a farm just outside Raymond. Hasn't any folks of his own. His mother died five or six years ago, after the father deserted them. Just one o' them situations. The kid didn't hit it off any too well with the uncle, I guess, and day before yesterday he skipped out." Nolan was a kindly man, but now he scowled. "We can't have him runnin' wild. That's the kind that makes trouble later on if they're not watched. Nine out of ten of 'em turn bad just as soon as they think nobody's lookin'."

"What will you do with him when you do find him?" Esther steadied her voice and avoided Jason's eyes.

The sheriff took a gulp of beer. "There ain't much we can do, except put him back where he was. But if I catch any o' them bohunks up north there tryin' to hide him out, I'll make it plenty tough for them."

"Is he—Bohemian?" Esther inquired.

"His mother was something of the sort."

Esther flung up her head with sudden courage. "The poor kid probably isn't trying to get anywhere in particular. He just wants to get away. And that's natural at his age."

"What do you know about what's natural at his age?" Jason demanded. Then, because he caught the look of pain that shadowed her eyes, he added, "I mean, you can't let a kid run wild."

Esther challenged him: " What would you have done? "

Jason had scarcely taken his eyes off her face. He leaned toward her. " Say, you're not holding out on us, are you, Esther? Do you know anything about this kid? "

She tried to laugh at his question, as if it were absurd; but her face felt stiff and the sound all but died in her throat. And in that moment, his eyes piercing her, Jason knew the truth. He got suddenly to his feet. " Esther! " he exclaimed.

Then, in the silence that followed, there came the sound of a footstep on the floor above. As they turned to look, the boy appeared at the head of the stairs. He limped down, his eyes shifting from one to another of the small group.

He did not speak until he stood close beside Esther. " You can't do anything to her," he said stoutly. " It ain't her fault. I came here by myself yesterday. You can take me if you want to—but you can't touch her."

Esther put an arm about his thin body and drew him close to her. " Don't be afraid, Billy. They won't touch me—and they won't take you away if I can help it."

She was looking at Jason as she spoke. Pete Nolan sat stupidly fingering the gold chain that hung across his middle, eying the boy in blank confusion. Jason sat down heavily and ran his hand over his face.

" Do you know this boy, Essie? " the sheriff asked finally.

" I never saw him till yesterday afternoon," Esther told him.

Nolan fingered his watch chain a moment longer, then jerked his head. " Come over here, son," he ordered. " What's wrong with that left leg of yours? You're lame."

" Sure," the boy said. " That's where he kicked me."

" Who kicked you? "

" My uncle."

Pete Nolan was silent for a while. " Do you know what happens to you when you break your parole? "

" Sure. You send me back to the school."

" Where were you headin' for? "

" I— No place. And that's the truth. But I couldn't stay with him. Don't send me back there! " Tears came suddenly to his eyes.

" You'd rather go back to the school? "

Billy thought, then turned and looked helplessly at Esther.

" How can he know what he'd rather do? " she demanded.

" That's right, I guess," Nolan admitted. He took his hat from the floor beside his chair and got up. " Well, come along, son. We'll take care of you."

Esther laid a hand on the sheriff's arm. " Pete—I know what your duty is—and all that. But you've got to listen to me. Blame me as much as you like. I found him hiding in the barn—and I brought him to the house because he was hungry. And because I—because I wanted him, Pete. I didn't have time to think of what I was doing—or what I was going to do. I just wanted to keep him here—until Jason came. I wanted to show him to Jason and—maybe—"

Her words were choking her. But she met Jason's eyes, and there was a sudden depth of tenderness and understanding in them. There was more than that. An expression in his eyes that she had all but forgotten through the years. It set her pulse throbbing with a sweet, excited pain.

Jason stepped to the front door. " Come out here a minute, Pete," he said.

Esther put an arm about the boy and listened to the murmur of the voices. Then she got up. " You go to bed," she said—" and stay there. Not even a sheriff would have the heart to take a boy out of his own bed."

She lit the lamp in the boy's room and turned to go downstairs again. " I'll bring you up something to eat later on."

His smile was radiant with trust in her, and then a spark of mischief flashed in his eyes. " O. K.—a piece of apple pie maybe? "

Esther laughed almost giddily as she hurried downstairs.

She heard the whirring departure of Nolan's car, and then Jason came and stood before her in the kitchen, where she was cutting the pie.

HAS Pete left? " she asked without looking up.

" He'll be back in the morning. Where's the boy? "

" In bed—where he ought to be. I'm taking him up a piece of pie and a glass of milk."

Jason was silent, but she felt his eyes upon her, and the blush crept again into her cheeks.

" Esther," he said at last—and his voice had that strange new sound—" you want to keep him, don't you? "

" That's for you to decide, Jason," she replied softly.

" Pete says he thinks—if we want him to—he thinks he can arrange it that way."

Esther had picked up the tray, but he took it from her now and set it down again. Then he took her face in his hands and lifted it to his.

" Something has happened to you," he said with difficulty. " You're—you're just like you used to be. Is that the kid's doing? "

" I guess he helped," she admitted.

He grinned at her. " Gosh, Esther—you're downright pretty."

" But not as pretty as Carol Andrews, eh? "

He stared, perplexed. " What in— Say, what've you been thinking? Of all the cockeyed ideas—"

" Oh, I've just been silly, Jase—just silly! " She flung her arms about him and hid her face on his rough shoulder. He bent and kissed her hair and held her close to him.

" Let's go up together with that tray," he said at last. " I'd like to have another look at that kid of ours."

THE END

---

20 QUESTIONS

1—Her first name was Minnie, and she trod the boards when three. Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Hedda Gabler, and Becky Sharp were successful vehicles for the late actress whose early photo appears at right. Who?

2—If Mormon leaders had had their way, Utah would have been called what ?

3—Which New York City building is on the site of the original Waldorf-Astoria Hotel ?

4—A numismatist collects what ?

5—Who was the first woman to sit in the British Parliament ?

6—Which product of a Holland town is " made " backward ?

7—Does the pineapple grow close to the ground, or high like the coconut?

8—Who wrote The Trimmed Lamp and The Rose of Dixie ?

9—Which female voice is low down ?

10—Is there a large savage baboon with light-blue nose, an orange-yellow beard, and a forehead crest of greenish hair ?

11—Which horse won the 1938 Kentucky Derby ?

12—Resin, tar, and turpentine are called naval what ?

13—What woman was Assistant Attorney General of the United States in the years 1921 to 1929?

14—Where is the University of Pennsylvania ? Temple University ?

15—What do the words *Auf Wiedersehen* mean?

16—James Aloysius and John Edgar are both prominent in the news; what are their last names ?

17—Which bat-eating bird is often found in caves ?

18—One who is casting off, decreasing, and purling is probably doing what ?

19—Is a claque usually found at an art gallery, a zoo, or an opera house ?

20—Who was the fourth full United States general since Washington?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

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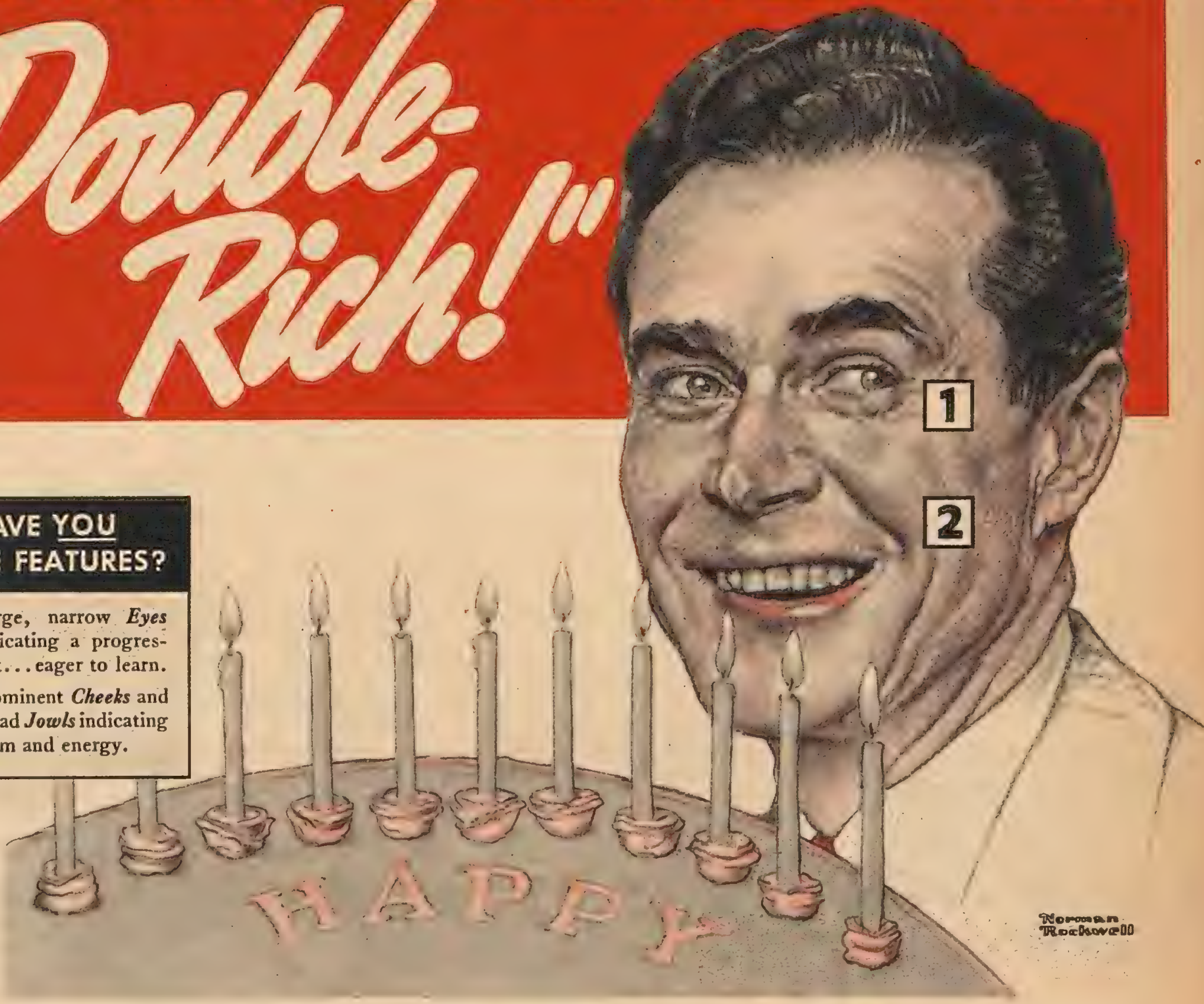
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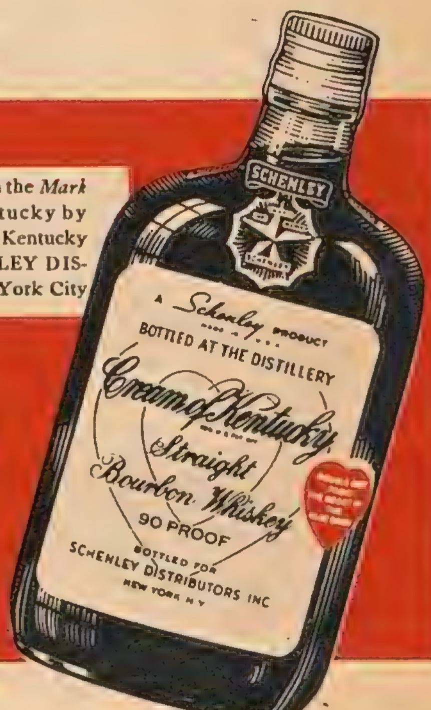
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KINGS AND BROTHERS

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

READING TIME 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The last prewar year and the World War itself, in the lives of the two future Kings of England, were dealt with by Emil Ludwig last week. He told of Albert's voyage as a royal midshipman to the West Indies and Canadian ports; of Edward's happy life at Oxford, where he learned "little from books" but much from his free-spoken fellow students; of Edward's visit to Germany and his impressions of his father's cousin, the Kaiser.

At the war's outbreak both brothers were passionately eager to do their bit to the full. Illness, including an appendicitis operation, kept Albert ashore during much of the first two years, but did not—as all the world knows—keep him out of the Battle of Jutland, where he was second in command in the fore turret of H. M. S. Collingwood. Another illness resulted in another operation; an intestinal ulcer now proved to be his real ailment, and he was cured. Meanwhile Edward, on the point of going to the front, was withheld by Lord Kitchener's famous order. Once a settled line was established, he went and, as far as he was permitted, did his utmost. Later he was sent on a mission to Egypt. Still later, while attached to the Italian army, he flew with a Canadian pilot over the Austrian lines.

PART THREE—THE EMPIRE GAINS A SALESMAN AND A SHY RECLUSE TAKES WING

INSTEAD of the deeds of valor which the German princes had attributed to them in army dispatches, the character of the Prince of Wales is illuminated at little, apparently insignificant moments. Once, when King George was inspecting a machine gun on horseback, the man who was showing it, without warning, shouted, "Three cheers for the King!" The startled horse reared, the King lost his seat and fell under the horse. On the journey home, when the Prince saw his father steadily growing paler, the officers say that his behavior as an officer and a son was exemplary. Another time, on a visit of inspection to a hospital, they wished to spare him the sight of the worst casualties. He insisted on seeing them, kissed one utterly unrecognizable face on the cheek, and from that moment has had a kind of passion for those crippled in the war, which was to have important consequences later.

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At that time he joined heartily in the "Toc H" movement, a kind of bond of friendship against hate and prejudice which was founded during the war and later expanded into a large organization. It is perhaps interesting to read the opinion of the Prince at war, given by one of the leaders, because it is written by a man who had nothing to do with the court. Mr. Clayton said to Mr. Bolitho:

"'The Prince's natural shyness and reserve no longer impeded him. He had in 1916 won a place of his own in the esteem of all ranks in or near the line; he knew what he could do, and did it with a cheerful tact and most unfailing energy. He learned to love the wayside, and he found men most refreshing. To him a pair of shoulders in a tavern, a laden figure picking its way up a duckboard track, a man upon a road or a soldier writing home meant some one to be talked to as he passed. And what he said was never strained or formal. This was the beginning of his development as a conversationalist. . . . And yet with this art which makes it possible for him to talk to almost anybody on the subject which interests them, he is never merely all things to all men. It is not generally fluidity which makes his talk so versatile. It is because of his undimmed, never-wearying attempt to find out facts, which he sorts discerningly and puts in his astonishing memory.'"

When the Prince of Wales returned to England after the war, he was transformed, as all young men were who had been through four years of it. That change was not merely brought about by the bombardments which had changed millions of others and which the Prince had been spared. It was the enormous lesson of distinguishing between what is merely apparent and what is genuine in our society, the sense of comradeship and the nonsense of caste feeling; the love of life and the readiness to die; the sympathy with the millions of the unprivileged and an animosity against the few privileged; the contempt of outlived forms and empty phrases, and the pleasure in simple, cordial moments; the feeling of deep community among all civilized peoples and the madness of the struggle for priority—all these things could not but move a prince, among the home-coming soldiers, most deeply of all, the more so as he, being with the victors, was tormented by no resentment.

In contrast to his brother, who had been kept at home by illness and the requirements of his profession, Prince Edward had gained a profound insight into the life of the man in the street, and realized what he most deeply cared for, a training such as few crown princes have ever enjoyed. Just because he was not an army commander, because he was not at G. H. Q., because he was neither the recipient nor the distributor of decorations, this Prince could, on his return home, look back on social experiences of such breadth and depth that he could then, though not yet twenty-five, have taken the reins of government in his hands at once. Hence we must take literally what he said later: "I mixed with men. In those years I found my manhood."

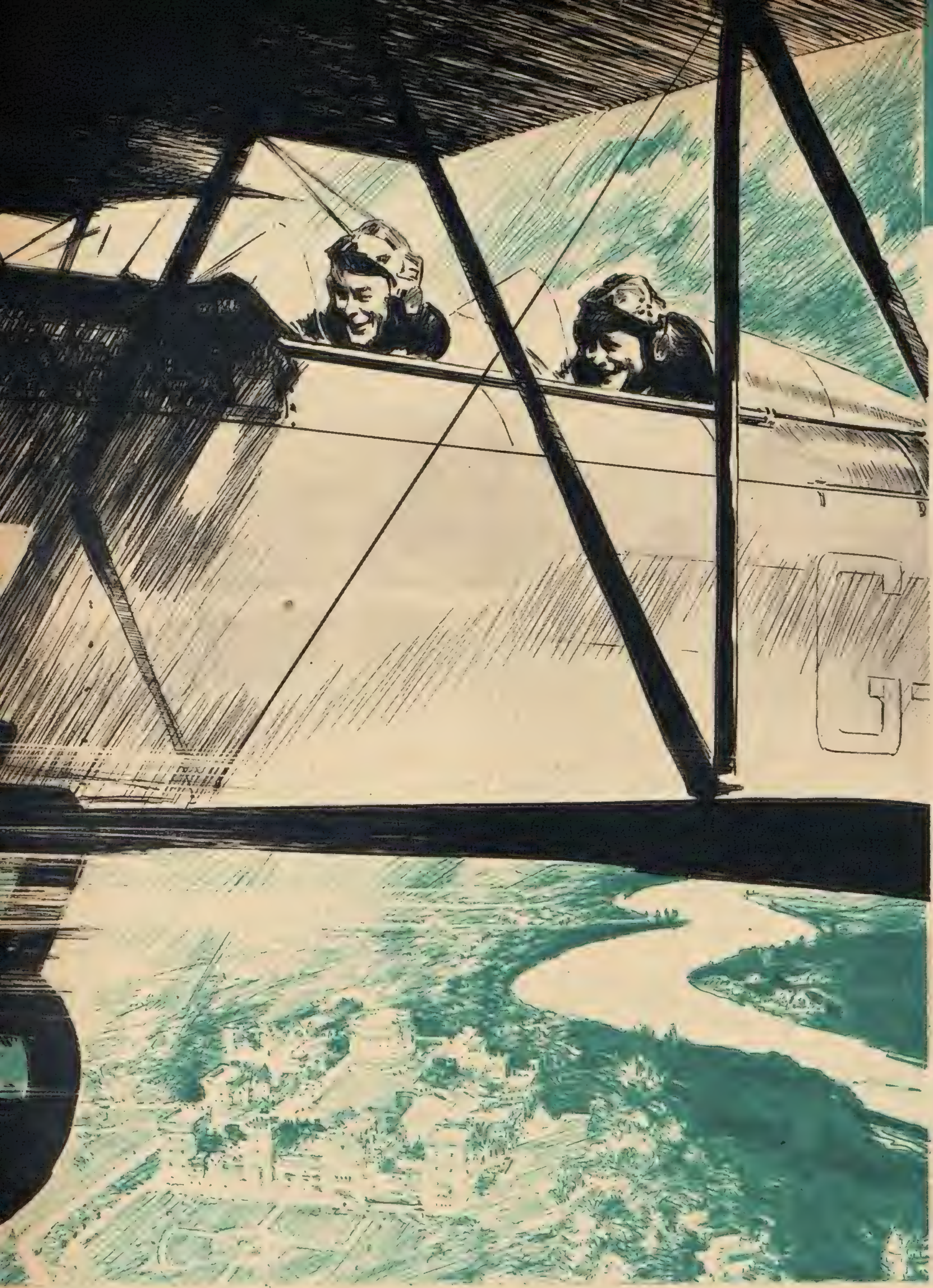
The nation must have felt something of all this; it began to place its confidence in the Prince of Wales. It was the masses, the poor and humble, who found themselves in him. On Armistice Day, when tens of thousands of people surged round Buckingham Palace to see the King, the cry went up: "We want the Prince!" He appeared, rather shyly, and spoke a few modest words.

TOWARD the end of the war, Albert, the younger brother, had joined the flying corps. He was not the only naval officer at the time who entered the newly formed Royal Naval Air Service. In doing so, he had to obey two masters, the King and his doctor. Both had regarded his transfer as a kind of consolation for his retirement from the navy. He soon settled down in his new profession, and went to France in September, 1918, as a captain in the Royal Air Force. But the war was soon over, and the only Prince to have been present at a naval battle finished the war with a snowball fight at Spa. Then in November he rode into Brussels, as representative of the Empire, beside the King and Queen of the Belgians. On his way there, immediately after the Armistice, the Prince saw the devastation of war with his own eyes.

The year after, he learned to fly himself, and was lucky enough to have some of his friends about him, in particular his doctor, who, having got tired of medicine, had taken up flying too. Meanwhile, in 1918, the similarly pleasant society and the cozy cottage in the little suburb of Cranwell, where he pumped up his bath water himself

By
EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.



They rushed out Albert's plane—and away into the air! It was a great experience.

and dug the garden with his own hands, surrounded him with the homeliness he had always sought but which he alone of the two brothers nearly always found.

Now that he was twenty-five, the Prince of Wales hoped, too, for the first time to have a home of his own, and after his long service he had the right to do so. But immediately after the war, the claims of public life made it necessary for him to live at York House, in the very heart of London, where nobody could create a home. No friends followed him, for he had had to rush through one profession after another, in order to learn the craft of kingship. And here there was no garden and, above all, no continuity, for the whole arrangement was improvised to last a few months only.

Edward was not so cut out for a flying man as Albert; a football player is less suited than a tennis player to an art where precision and not recklessness is the main thing. The temperamental difference between the two brothers is here clearly to be seen. If we look back to the two kings who were their models, it is pretty certain that King Edward VII would not have made such a successful flying man as would King George V. Albert, at any rate, seemed born to it, and we read in Bolitho that his flying instructor confirmed this in the words: " 'He had the rare quality which an instructor always dreams of instilling into his pupil. By instinct he was able to use eyes, hand and brain in unison.' "

Prince Albert soon obtained his certificate. Except for Mussolini, he is probably the only ruler today who can actually fly. He was, of course, no longer satisfied to have his instructor always with him when he flew, even though it was only in the capacity of an observer. On the other hand, the elder brother was sad when he saw his brother take off, since he, as the heir apparent, had been categorically forbidden to learn to fly. Not that he bore a grudge against the younger for being able to do something better than he, but between not bearing a grudge and wishing to do something oneself there lies a certain form of jealousy. Thus it was a great day for the two when they once eluded their suite, waited at the airdrome until everybody had gone, rushed out Albert's plane — and away into the air!

It was a short flight but a great experience when the younger brother piloted the elder into the clouds; and as they flew over Windsor Castle where, a thousand years before, their ancestor had built the first castle, a strange feeling may well have invaded both royal sons, and Albert may have had to maintain his natural calm with an effort, lest he turn romantic and pull the wrong lever. At the same time it was, symbolically, a settling up between them. For while in most things the one had always outstripped the other at the cost of the inward calm which was the other's natural gift, the other was here the superior, the leader, fully aware of the responsibility he bore, while the elder sat comfortably passive beside him and let himself be piloted through the clouds.

The outwitted officers had meanwhile, to their horror, discovered the escapade. They waited, trembling, and only dared to breathe when the fugitive plane again hove in sight and landed on the ground on which the forefathers of the two princes had ruled so long.

It was the companionship of an hour. Shortly after, they were separated again, and this time for years.

In the summer of 1919, when the Prince of Wales set out on his tour through the Empire, the younger brother was sent to Cambridge. Here, too, he found what was the

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breath of life to him—home, a family, which Edward had not found at Oxford. Dr., now Wing Commander, Greig and his wife got ready a simple house for the Prince, just outside the town. Trinity College was within easy reach, particularly by bicycle, which, like the Queen of Holland, the Prince has enjoyed using all his life. He was now twenty-four, and the consciousness of home life was growing ever stronger in him. He said himself he had "not been brought up to be 'palace-minded.'" Such sayings at once recall his father, and when we look at father and son together in a photo, with the son meeting his father at his car and both putting up their umbrellas side by side, in spite of the obviously fine weather, we can realize why King George always found his second son easier to understand than his first.

As an undergraduate Albert acquired more book learning than his brother. He even started a library of books on history and economics, filled up the gaps in his knowledge, began to be interested in antiques, and in the intervals enjoyed life with his fellow undergraduates. He was once fined for smoking in the street in his gown. "The proctor's bulldog once took six shillings and eightpence out of me," he related later with the glee of the dreamer victimized by the wickedness of the world, and said it had been the dearest cigarette of his life.

FROM time to time he had to change his gown for a uniform, for since the elder brother was abroad, it fell to him to receive Monsieur Poincaré or the Shah of Persia at Dover. On such occasions he was overcome with shyness and embarrassment, as he always dreaded his stammer. His friends noticed that when he had to give a public speech he would be anxious and unhappy for hours beforehand. With the help of his tutor (according to Darbyshire's Authentic Life) he would carefully select the words he could pronounce most easily. As "k" gave him the greatest trouble, he tried in every way to avoid the word "king." As he spoke for the most part in his father's name, he said quite simply "my father."

This little story, in which formalities are suddenly cast overboard and the etiquette of the Prince yields to the affection of the son, might serve as an example for the youth of other countries.

Prince Albert overcame his desire, which is doubly comprehensible when we consider his temperament and weakness, to retire completely from public life. "I thought him then," said one of his Cambridge friends, "one of the bravest men I knew, for always he got up, squared his shoulders, and reiterated his determination to carry through."

Since his own impulses continually led him to shun life and seek private happiness, the one incentive that must have caused him to renew his efforts was the thought that the second son might easily have to take the place of the first, as the example of his father had shown. He had to take into consideration a thing he did not in the least desire, and discipline himself accordingly.

SCARCELY six months after his return from the front, the Prince of Wales was the darling of the nation. When he smiled, they called him Prince Charming. If he looked sad, as he generally did at unguarded moments, they called him Galahad. But why? No victory had been won in his name, no deed of valor had been related of him. He had in every way avoided publicity; he had remained a soldier among a hundred thousand others.

That was his strength. The people who, at the end of a great war, set up a monument not to the General but to the Unknown Warrior, naturally sought and found its heroes among the drab crowd which had not, in exchanging its khaki for mufti, altered its essential color. The smart khaki in which the majority of Englishmen had marched away had long since turned into the dull gray of everyday, a symbol of the fact that it was the workingman who had fought and won, but only to find his old life waiting for him at the end.

Hundreds who had once kept silence now found the courage and the words to claim social rights for the millions, but none had by birth the exalted rank of the soldier prince whose voice all could hear. Stories of good fellowship told of the Prince of Wales by some grenadier were soon common property—a kind word, a helping hand, a mere trifle, yet in its ordinariness credible enough to number him among the ranks whose life he had tried to understand and share for four years. Thus, in the most astonishing manner, with no conscious desire and with no publicity of any kind, he actually succeeded in reviving the idea of monarchy from below.

That idea had gained nothing from war or by victory. When so many thrones were crumbling, critical voices were heard in England too. In England, neither the official class nor the cabinet ministers were members of a privileged society living in the ambiance of the court. But in Germany many princely houses and their satellites, the Junkers, the Hohenzollerns at their head, literally lost the war. In England the Royal Family could make no claim to having won the war, since it was not they who had started it. Then came the great disillusionment which seized leading members of the Empire—the question why they had joined in the war, and the decision, general for the moment among the daughter countries, never to do so again. The monarchy could not but suffer when the people felt like this, since it was the sole link uniting a world empire which, in the first year of peace, had not yet been transformed into a Commonwealth of Nations.

The im-

(Continued on page 28)

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The Armistice found Prince Albert an officer in the Royal Air Force. It found his brother Edward (at right) "transformed" by four years of war.

(Continued from page 26) portance of the Prince of Wales in this crisis, an importance of which the ministers were well aware, is shown by the decision to send him on a tour of the Empire as the personal ambassador of the King. It was the first and weightiest decision taken by the government at Westminster after the war for the consolidation of the Empire, and it was entirely dependent on the personality of the Prince, for whom no substitute was possible in a mission of the kind. The Australians had seen him in Cairo, the New Zealanders in Flanders, the Canadians in France, and he was popular with them all. It was a service of high politics which was required of him when, after no more than a few months in his new home, he was sent on three years' travels, from which he only came home from time to time and as if he were on leave.

In 1919, after the Prince landed in Canada from the Renown, he had to travel 10,000 miles in two months, visit fifty towns, endure hundreds of receptions, and deliver countless speeches. He had to be popular with French and English Canadians alike; to smile at mayors, professors, farmers, and Indians; to preside at banquets in the evening, covered with decorations; to jump on a bronco's back in the morning and stick there for a few minutes, before thousands of eyes, and always having to say something important, or at any rate pleasant. And all this day after day, with only a short breathing spell, continually moving about, with no hope of becoming invisible for one single hour, in a fiery stream of cameras and flashlights—a continuous strain on the nerves of a young man who was of a naturally retiring disposition, and to whom all the publicity must have been anathema.

In New York, life may have seemed to him more harmless, gayer, but far noisier. Since 1860, no Prince of Wales had been there, and by old custom he was, as he drove into the city, buried under a shower of confetti, a thing he could not bear. The Americans laughed, the Prince smiled, and thus the brotherhood in arms of yesterday was sealed. At the White House the Prince visited President Wilson, who was then ill in bed, and thus had the opportunity of seeing before him in person the main promoter of an idea which he himself regarded as desirable and possible. "Let us hope the day will come," the Prince said in the course of a speech, "on which, should a conflict arise, there will be a power to say 'Move on,' like the London policeman when there is a quarrel in the street."

The daily accounts of his travels had revealed his growing success to the Englishmen at home. All the same, there was great astonishment after his return in December, 1919, when, surrounded by the leaders of the country and society, he made a grave, momentous speech at the Mansion House. The whole world was waiting that evening for the speech by the American Ambassador Page. Lloyd George had, after the English fashion, greeted the Prince with a few jokes. When he rose, the six hundred present thought he would, as usual, shyly read out a few sentences, to be followed by the main attraction of the evening, the American guest.

The world was astonished when the Prince first paid Lloyd George back in his own coin, and then, consulting his notes, went on:

"I have come back with a much clearer idea of what is meant by the British Empire. I am not so foolish as to think that the wonderful welcome given me in Canada and again today are mere tributes to myself. I realize that they are given to me as the King's son and his heir."

Later the Prince laid his notes aside and spoke extempore. He spoke for half an hour, and concluded:

"A year has passed since the Armistice, and in many parts of the world millions of people are still torn by conflict, haggard with want, and almost broken by despair. . . . What is our duty now? It is to show the world that we can work at our social, economic, and industrial problems with a general fairness and sympathy, striving wholeheartedly toward one goal. That goal is happier conditions of life, to ensure that every man and every woman in the country may enjoy the just proceeds of their labor, and that every child born into the country may have a sporting chance."

The impression made by this speech, given by a Prince in 1919 and so up-to-date it might have been made twenty years later by President Roosevelt, was so profound, the surprise so great at the freedom with which he expressed himself in his criticism of society, that the American, on whom all eyes had been fixed, merely rose, ostentatiously folded his notes, put them in his pocket, and said: "Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentlemen: I propose the health of the Lord Mayor of London!"

THE Empire, it was said the next day, had found a new speaker. The government, which was just reconstructing the Empire under Balfour's leadership, made haste to dispatch him to another country. For what impression could a stiff English diplomat, speaking Oxford English and imagining himself under the perpetual obligation of representing the dignity of the Empire, make on the men of the Dominions, and more especially on the women, compared with this handsome young man, whose attractiveness was heightened by the very fact of the reserve he never quite overcame, by his slightly embarrassed smile, and by the charm of his very slim, delicate, and highly romantic appearance! So off with him to Australia, where the atmosphere gives ground for anxiety! If a commercial traveler sells a hundred cars a month, while his elder colleagues only manage thirty, who can blame the works for dispatching him promptly on his rounds again with a rise in salary?

The Prince was promptly sent out again, but with no rise in salary. Three months after his return from the West, he was on his way to the East. This time he spent six months abroad. Bermuda, Honolulu, Fiji, New Zealand—once more a thousand hands, once more a thousand speeches, once more millions of human beings to be won with smiles and friendly words, to be studied with questions and notes.

Then there were amusing things to experience. Crossing the equator, they threw the Prince into the water and sang the old traditional rhyme:

"Shem him and bash him,
Duck him and splash him,
Torture and smash him,
And don't let him go!"

In San Diego they played to him on the biggest open-air organ in the world. In Hawaii yellow-uniformed troops marched slowly past to the voices of invisible choirs. In Suva, the citizens paraded wearing his photo. When he saw 8,000 Maoris dancing for him in front of a shimmering lake, or had to don a huge feather dress made of a million kiwi feathers, when the convicts cheered him from the walls of the prison, which they had had permission to mount for the occasion, when the girls crowded to touch his cushions in the railway carriage, or presented him with a suit of yellow pajamas in which each had sewn one stitch, or when mothers held their sick children toward him to be healed by his touch—the young Prince must have recognized in all these things a privilege and a peril.

But there is no time for misgivings. He is in Australia, and a thousand school children are forming the word "Welcome" in a field with living letters. In Bendigo his car rolls under an arch formed by girls who pelt him with flowers; a greengrocer waves in greeting the biggest cabbage he has ever grown. In the desert, men have ridden hundreds of miles to stop his train for two minutes; a Socialist agitator cheers him; and on the last archway he drives through before his departure, great letters announce, "Australia is proud of you."

Could he avoid wondering, on the journey home, how a British royal eagle with clipped wings could fulfill an ancient romantic notion of kingship? How was he to maintain his psychic poise amid all this homage? And, last but not least, how was he to escape from this mad whirl to rescue a heart and a home for himself, the ever-solitary center of it all?

THE family life of the King and Queen was regarded as exemplary. The nation had not seen such a harmonious couple on the throne since the death of the Prince Consort, sixty years before. Alexandra the Queen Mother was, it is true, extremely popular, and the love the people bore her added to the difficulties of the Queen who followed her. But the love of the people had been in part stirred by that sympathy in which a nation, and especially the English nation, is prone to indulge when it can feel moral indignation on behalf of the innocent. For nobody in the country had been ignorant of King Edward's infidelity to his wife, and his private pleasures seem to have lasted till well on in his life.

When Edward the younger recalled those old stories, he may well have felt a grudge against his fate, since he had inherited his resemblance to his grandfather but not his adventures. Whatever truth there may have been in the gossip about the life of a royal prince, one thing was certain—that it said too little and not too much, and that his parents shared the nation's astonishment at the fact that, given his affectionate and yielding disposition, he did not think of marrying. Much later, when somebody asked him whether he had never thought of making a princess his wife, he replied: "Why not? If I only had met one I loved, for that's a thing I have always taken seriously."

At the time of the elder brother's return from Australia, he saw the younger suing for the hand of a Scottish girl whom any man would have wished as wife. In other ways, too, both outwardly and inwardly, he found his brother in more settled circumstances.

For meanwhile Prince Albert had been created Duke of York, and had taken the seat in the House of Lords taken

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by his father twenty-eight years before. The title had a long, varied history, much more interesting than that of the Prince of Wales.

But this latest York troubled his head less about the history of his predecessors than about the necessities of the present; in that, the two brothers were alike. Hence, when they lived for a while side by side in London in 1921, their social activities were similar.

After the war, Prince Albert had been given a newly created mission, for which he began to prepare during his time at Cambridge and at which he continued to work for many years afterward. The government had come to realize that the Royal Family had links with the army and navy, with hunting and agriculture, but not with industry, which, after all, was the mainstay of the country. The humane but quite vague notions of social help inherited from earlier times could no longer suffice. Eighty years before, the Prince Consort had called the inequality of fortune and the envy begotten of it the worst evil in the country; and even in 1900, King Edward had declared that " class could no longer stand apart from class." In the meantime and in that same London, Karl Marx had studied this problem of England's that was also the problem of the world, and had made the empty speeches of the great obsolete without their ever realizing the fact.

But now Lloyd George, the half-Socialist, wished to interest the Crown seriously in the workers. When this mission was offered to the King's second son, he accepted it under one condition, which is quite in accordance with his character, and which Bolitho quotes in the Prince's own words:

" I will do it, but I don't want any of that damned red carpet."

Albert's quiet firsthand study of problems of the workers in England's heavy industries, and Edward's great service to the Empire in touring and captivating a turbulent India, will be discussed by Mr. Ludwig next week. He will also illuminate a matter that was to prove crucial in both brothers' lives—their royal father's attitude concerning marriages of his children outside royal families.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

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WHY *Change* THE WAGNER ACT?

BY JOHN L. LEWIS

From the C. I. O.'s leader—A direct and challenging answer to William Green

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE Wagner Labor Relations Act has done so much good to so many millions of people that few are so bold as to propose its outright repeal. The real attack on it comes from those who claim they want to improve it but who actually propose amendments which would cripple and destroy it.

The basic purpose of the Wagner Act is to give working people a free choice of their representatives for bargaining with their employers. Yet all of the amendments proposed would have the effect of changing the Act so as to allow employers to interfere with their employees' freedom of choice, or to impose on the workers craft forms of organization which they may not prefer.

Collective bargaining can only be truly successful in promoting the common welfare when it is conducted between responsible spokesmen on both sides. The Wagner Act was carefully drafted to make possible such genuine collective bargaining. The amendments which would interfere with it would therefore destroy the whole purpose of the Act.

In this article I propose to describe some of the benefits which the Wagner Act has brought; to examine the motives of those who would amend it; and to point out some effects the proposed amendments would have.

The Wagner Act has helped to bring better wages and working conditions to countless workers. It also has been a help to business, because of this increase in purchasing power, and because it has helped to preserve industrial peace. It has brought these results because it is based on a very simple and sound American principle—namely, the democratic procedure of letting people vote for what they want.

The Labor Act was carefully designed to give working people the same rights as their employers enjoy, in freely electing representatives for collective bargaining. It forbids employers to interfere with this right in any way. It provides for the Labor Board to hold elections to determine whether the workers desire union representation, and if so, which union they prefer.

But, in spite of the fact that the Wagner Act is such a democratic instrument for securing results which most Americans consider beneficial, it has been subjected to tremendous hostile propaganda within the past year.

The aim of this campaign of misrepresentation of the Act and of its achievements is to amend it in such a way that it will no longer be effective for the purposes for which it was passed by Congress.

The people who have inspired this campaign may be divided into two groups: anti-union employers and their political hangers-on, who seek to destroy the rights of collective bargaining which the Act establishes; and some craft-union leaders who seek to change the Act into an instrument for serving their own special interests.

The anti-union corporations, and the tory politicians who criticize the Act on their behalf, seek to change it in such a way that the employer may have more leeway in promoting company unions and in saying what organization his employees may have. This type of opposition to the present Act would not make much headway if the enemies of the Act could not also claim that there was some demand from labor for amending the Act.

The alleged labor demand for amendment comes from a small group of craft-union leaders, whose spokesman is President William Green of the American Federation of Labor. These people are essentially disgruntled because the workers in the big modern industries usually vote for the C. I. O. type of modern industrial unions, when they are given an opportunity freely to express their preference. Such craft leaders seek to amend the Act in such a way that the workers may no longer be free to choose industrial unions, if they so desire, but will be compelled to vote for fifty-seven varieties of craft unions, which divide rather than unite them when they come to deal with their employers.

Neither the anti-union employers nor these craft leaders claim to be enemies of the Wagner Act as such. They simply say that they desire to see the Act "improved" and made more "fair."

Without attempting to examine the sincerity of such claims, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and the many other progressive groups which defend the present Wagner Act, are ready to show that the amendments proposed would not make the Act more fair but would make it unfair and biased against the workers.

The amendments proposed by the National Association of Manufacturers would completely change the present Act and actually make it an instrument for shackling and oppressing labor.

The N. A. M. would outlaw the union shop, which was effectively established in many industries long before the Act was passed. It would even outlaw the democratic principle of majority rule as now construed by the Act. It would also make many other changes designed to encourage company unions and to give employers an opportunity to impose on their employees the type of organization which they, rather than the workers, desire.

The amendments introduced in Congress by Senator Burke of Nebraska essentially represent the program of the anti-union employers for changing the Act in such a way as to cripple collective bargaining and to destroy genuine labor organization.

But these N. A. M. and Burke amendments do not

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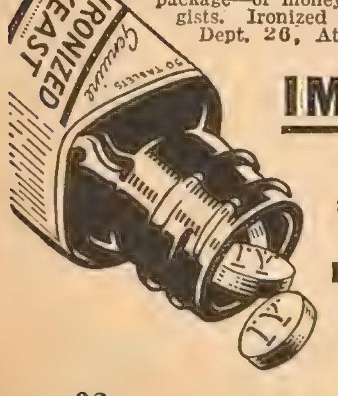

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represent the most serious danger to the Wagner Act. They are so extreme in their anti-union character that all friends of labor and democracy will see through and reject them.

The most serious threat to the Act at present comes from such amendments as are proposed by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, which carry the endorsement of President William Green of the A. F. of L.

These Walsh amendments would:

1. Break down the protections which the present Act provides against company unionism, and permit employers to interfere in many ways in their employees' choice of a union.

2. Divide workers in every plant into large numbers of craft groups which must deal separately with the employer, by making it compulsory for the Labor Board to hold elections on a craft-unit basis.

3. Bring the courts into the administration of the law at many points, resulting in endless delays and placing the workers at the mercy of antilabor judges.

4. Allow employers to get at confidential union files and Labor Board records to use against the workers, and grant many special privileges to employers who resist collective bargaining.

Under the present Act the workers are allowed to say whether they want industrial or craft unions. But under the proposed amendments they would practically be denied an opportunity to vote for industrial organization.

Under the present Act the Labor Board has the power to outlaw so-called union contracts which are imposed on workers by collusion between the employer and a union which he prefers.

The Walsh amendments would deprive the Board of this power and make it possible for the workers to be driven into a union of the employer's choice.

ANY one who studies the Walsh amendments will be amazed that they received the endorsement of any section of labor. The craft leaders who sponsored them are shortsighted. In seeking to make the Act biased in favor of A. F. of L. craft unions, they do not seem to realize that the special favors they would grant to employers for this purpose could also be used to promote so-called independent or company unions as against both A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions.

As a matter of fact, the Walsh amendments endorsed by William Green and some other A. F. of L. leaders have provoked a torrent of opposition from within the A. F. of L. itself. A number of powerful A. F. of L. international unions are definitely opposed to these so-called A. F. of L. amendments. Their leaders recognize that these amendments would be used to destroy their organizations.

As for the general membership of the A. F. of L., their opposition to the Walsh and other proposed amendments has been expressed in hundreds of resolutions favoring preservation of the present Act.

The whole campaign of propaganda against the Wagner Act is based on false statements which will not stand up under serious examination.

It is stated that the Wagner Act is unfair to employers. Yet the Act does no more than grant to workers such rights of freely choosing representatives as the employers themselves have always enjoyed.

It is stated that the Act has caused industrial strife. Yet the record will show the opposite. Cases affecting thousands of employers and millions of workers have been peacefully settled by the Labor Board, and strikes have been reduced since the Act became effective after being upheld by the Supreme Court. In 1938 less time was lost because of strikes than in any other year since 1931.

IT is stated that the Labor Board has been biased in its decisions in favor of the C. I. O. Yet the record will show that in less than one per cent of all cases handled by the Board has there been any serious controversy between C. I. O. and A. F. of L. unions, and that in the great majority of these cases the Board decided in favor of the A. F. of L.

American workers have been freed from the fear of discharge and discrimination for union activity. Many of them have been put back on the job and paid millions of dollars in back wages when it was proved that they were unfairly discharged. Working people have been made free to build up strong unions of their own choice, which have brought them better wages, shorter hours, and greater security.

Fair employers who have obeyed the law have also benefited by being able to deal in a peaceful and orderly fashion with responsible union spokesmen who really represent their employees. They have been able to count on a guaranteed wage-cost basis over a definite period, and to have some assurance of continued orderly labor relations.

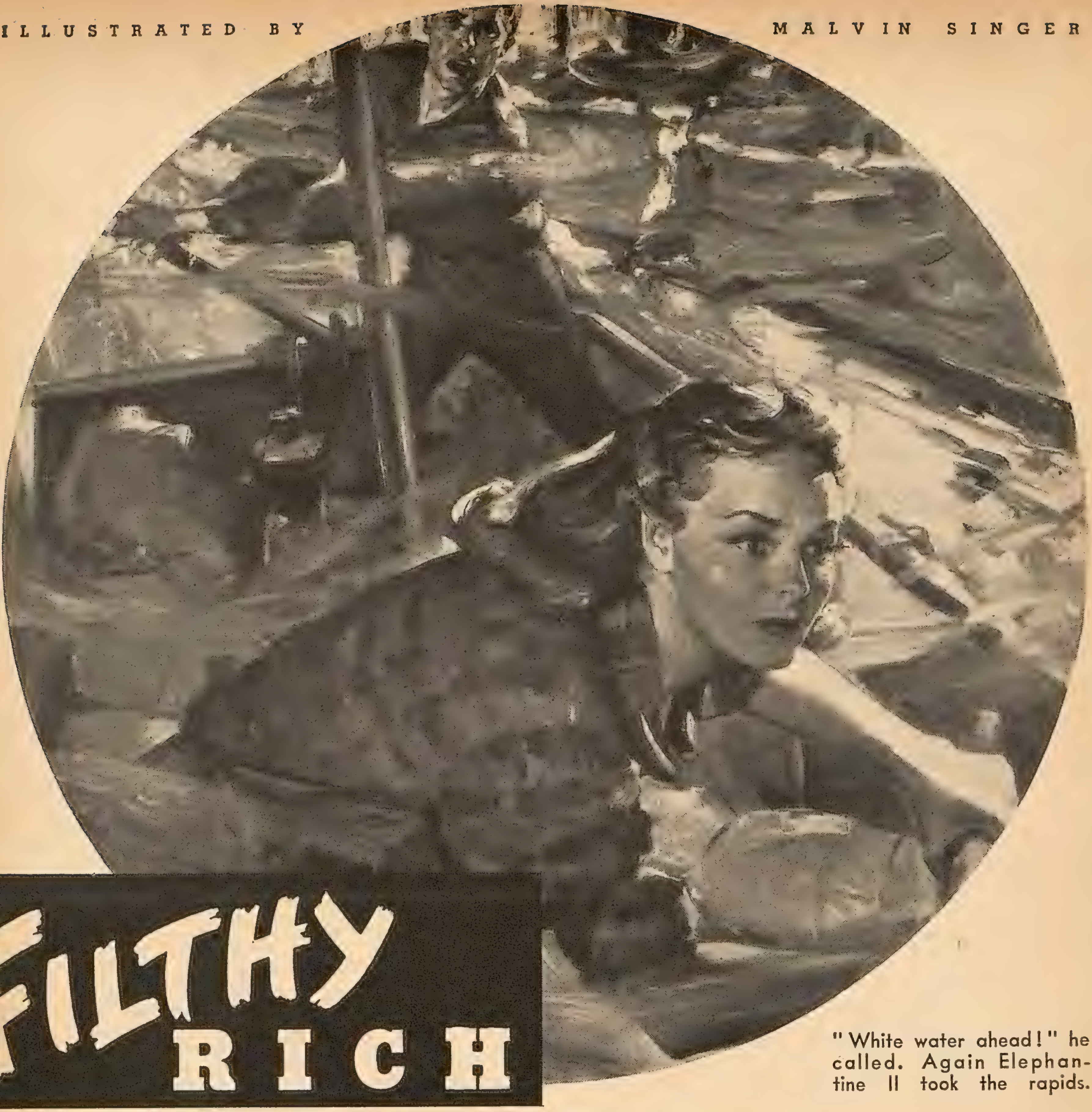
The public generally has benefited from the greater measure of industrial peace resulting from the Act and from the better business which follows better wages.

All of such progress is now threatened by the campaign to amend the Wagner Act. All of the proposed amendments would tend to weaken and destroy it and to take away the benefits which it has bestowed on labor, industry, and the public.

That is why the C. I. O. is emphatically on record against any amendment of the Wagner Act. That is why the great majority of American workers, whether in the A. F. of L., C. I. O., or other organizations, support this position. And that is why all public-spirited citizens, in whatever walk of life, should join with labor in defense of an Act which is so generally beneficial, so American and so democratic as is the Wagner Act.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER



"White water ahead!" he called. Again Elephantine II took the rapids.

FILTHY RICH

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

PART FIVE—LOVE CATCHES UP WITH MIMI

LIFE often gives people perfect days. Very often for no understandable reason. So it was with Mimi and Jim and that one June day when they steered a clumsy scow up a sunlit river on the first lap of a search for gold. It was a respite for them, that day, a lull—although they couldn't know it—before the storm to follow. They had sung their Eskimo song of peace together, Jim in sure baritone, Mimi lilting haltingly along, new to both words and music, in her warm swing alto. They had eaten a picnic lunch, and Mimi, her tense jitterbug nerves momentarily subdued by the engulfing restfulness of nature, had for the first time amiably served a meal and cleaned up after it. Jim, watching her red-gold head bending over the hamper, had for the first time forgotten to mourn that she wasn't as she looked.

He stretched his long body on the mossy ground, lazily commenting:

"If you were an Indian, Mimi, I could say, 'Last night I dreamed that you cut off your hair and gave it to me,' and you'd feel bound to do it!"

Mimi raised surprised, laughing eyes from the business of hamper packing. "Whatever would you do with my hair?"

"Have old Nishima knit me a necktie."

"My, my!" Mimi murmured. "At last something that smells like flattery from the Great Stone Face!"

"Think nothing of it," Jim reassured her. "It's the spring in my bones."

But their mutually amiable mood held. As he tossed the basket of supplies back on to the scow, she remarked, "You know, with your shoulders, you'd be something in white tie and tails!"

To which he replied, "I'll wear them when I dance at your wedding—to the Count Otto." But he immediately saved the trend of their thoughts by complimenting her

A heart surrenders—and a flaming novel plunges into new excitements

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

on the way she had mastered her share of the scow steering. “Keep it up, mate,” he encouraged. “We’re getting near the gold spot now.”

“We used to have a lot of treasure hunts in Chicago,” Mimi shouted to him after several minutes of silent work at the bow of Elephantine II. “They mostly ended up in night clubs, usually with a magnum of champagne for a prize. I remember one trek—cops came in and collected Louis the Dog sitting right at the table next to ours. He was wanted for three murders.”

“Look, Mimi!” Jim yelled. “Will you please put night clubs, drink, and gangsters out of your sick little brain for a while? Watch the river ahead— See that pike jump? Take a look occasionally at the woods. Soak in some of this bigness that your father knows; it’ll stand you in good stead when you go back to littler stuff and things.” But his voice was friendly, almost tender.

And later, when Mimi pretended that she had a blister on her hand, yet refused his order to put iodine from the medicine box on it, he was still patient. Even though she answered his “Infection isn’t funny up here!” with “I’d *like* to get infected! Then maybe you’d keep on treating me not like a nitwit but like a person!”

His answer to this was to ship his stern sweep, leap forward, examine both her unmarred hands. “Liar!” he accused.

“Crosspatch!” she pouted, tilting her face up to his.

“I’ll be hanged if I’ll kiss you!” he announced, dropping her hands and hastening back to his post.

But they both laughed, each appreciating the game that suddenly seemed a good game, even as the day was good, and the sun, and the good swift wind that was now blowing so steadily in from the south. This wind bellied their Chinese sail until it was round and taut. It swept Elephantine II along almost as if she had been in the J-boat class that Jim had disclaimed for her. And eventually it propelled her into a small lake bordered on one side by an abrupt-faced rocky ledge topped by a grove of shining white birch.

“There’s the birch grove!” Jim yelled exultantly. “And there”—he pointed to a small break in the cliff’s gray façade—“is the cave described on my Indian map as the hole where Nanna Bijon and the bear sleep all winter!”

Mimi shipped her sweep with excitement almost equaling his. She jumped ashore to dig in the light bow anchor, while Jim dropped a heavier one into the water off the stern. Then, tingling all over with the thrill and apprehension that come only to treasure seekers, she watched Jim climb the cliff. Only for one fleeting second, as he swayed and steadied himself on the rocky wall above her, did she think, I could run away now, unfasten this Cleopatra’s barge, push the ten-cent engine to full steam ahead, hoist sail, and get back to the island and plane before he could do the slightest thing about it! Only for a fleeting second did that suggestion rear its head.

“This is the cave all right,” Jim hollered down as he pulled himself up and into the opening. “Hey, Mimi, be sure the scow’s fast; the wind is picking up.”

Mimi obeyed. As she did so she laughed at herself: “You goop! Here you are with escape neatly in your hands! Why don’t you take it?” Weakly she answered herself, “How could you ever face dad if you had to confess to him that you had deserted Jim at a time like this?” She pushed the land anchor deeper into the sand, cupped her hands to her mouth, shouted up to the now empty cave entrance, “Ship made fast, cap’n!”

No answer came. One minute, two, three, five passed. Then she headed for the cliff, intent on essaying the climb. But Jim appeared in the rocky opening, a horrified look on his face. “No, no!” he called, motioning her back. “There’s something I must attend to before you come. Get me a shovel and the extra sail.”

Again Mimi obeyed. As she did so, Jim climbed to the top of the cliff—an easier ascent than that from the beach. Mimi cut inland with shovel and sail to meet him on the gentler wooded slope of the promontory. “What—” she began; but she didn’t have to continue, for she guessed. Silently she handed him the shovel and silently he began to dig an obvious grave.

When he had finished, he picked up the sail. “Go away, Mimi, will you, like a sweet child? Go away off somewhere.”

Feeling suddenly very small and dependent on him, she hurried away. But when from a distance she spied him struggling up the slope with an unwieldy burden wrapped in the sail, she ran forward. “Let me help!”

“Absolutely not!” he shouted. “Go back or I’ll throw it into the river!”

But after he had filled the grave, stuck a rough marker at its head, and had washed his hands in the clear waves of the lake, he said suddenly to Mimi, “You’re a good sport.” And although Mimi had lived on a diet of fabulous flattery, this quick comment warmed her as no other compliment had for years.

It took some of the horror off the situation. It made Mimi almost able to forget the grave that Jim had dug and to look forward to whatever of more pleasant nature the cave might hold. She followed him in, holding a flashlight high while he swept the beam of a larger torch from side to side.

Suddenly Jim exclaimed, knelt down, picked up a bottle. He smelled it. “Blind tiger! And we thought we had that all stamped out! So it’s starting again!”

“What is blind tiger?”

“Either a man who sells poison liquor or the drink itself—fierce stuff made of methylated spirits and black gum. It drives the drinker fighting mad in a few hours. I’ve known whole Indian villages to be wiped out by it.”

While Jim was talking he was making a search of the cave. The beam of his torch finally rested on a pile of shale and a discarded pick in the corner. He moved swiftly forward, scooped up a handful of what looked to Mimi to be mere chips of stone. “This is where he was working last, poor devil,” Jim said. “He saved me a lot of trouble.” Jim moved to the open entrance of the cave to examine his handful in the late afternoon sunlight.

Mimi, following him, caught the glitter of bright specks in the rock specimens. Excitement surged within her. “Gold, Jim!” She seized his arm—all antagonism forgotten in the thrill of treasure-trove.

Jim turned, grinned down into her flushed eager face.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

When Jim Wayne, a young Canadian aviator, and a guest at the Ontario home of Old Rob Jamieson, wealthy gold king, kidnaps the beautiful Mimi, Rob’s youngest daughter, he does it because he hopes to save her from the useless life she is leading and to prevent her marriage to Count Otto von Ungemach, a smooth fortune hunter. He is not in love with her, he tells himself, as he flies north with her in his amphibian, although he was four years ago, when she was a natural, charming girl of sixteen.

At his North Woods home on Lone Island, Jim forces Mimi to cook and keep his cabin clean. She is furious, but there is no chance for escape, as Jim has told the Indians who live on the island that she is insane, and they won’t run the risk of coming near her.

A hope of rescue hovers for an instant during a big Indian celebration, the Treaty Party, which Mimi attends with Jim and Laura Hill, a nurse known as the White Squaw. Mimi sees a strange amphibian land on the lake and recognizes Otto von Ungemach as one of the passengers. But before Otto sees her, Jim lifts her into his own plane and starts back to Lone Island. Mimi hopes that Otto will trace her, but he fails to arrive that night, and the next morning Jim takes her on a trip in his boat to hunt a gold mine about which an old Indian has told him.

Meanwhile Otto has found out from Laura Hill that Mimi is on Lone Island, but he has other, nefarious business to attend to before going there. When at last he arrives, he finds the island deserted. He punches a hole in the gas tank of Jim’s plane and settles down to wait. Suddenly he looks to the south, and his eyes widen as he sees the smoke clouds of newly set forest fires. “*Gott!*” he exclaims. “They are a day early!”

"Why, you little prospector, you! Chip off the old block, aren't you? Well, I hate to disappoint you, child, but these nice shiny bits are nothing but copper pyrites." He flung them down into the lake, shrugged his shoulders. "The poor devil I buried probably thought he had made a rich strike and was celebrating with a drink."

"But how did you happen to get the map? I mean, some one must have thought there was gold here."

"An old Indian gave it to me. But just because he thought there was pay dirt here doesn't mean anything. Ever since the gold strike at Yellow Knife, no one in this country can start out with a pick on his shoulder without having at least ten people make a mad scramble to follow him." Jim was helping her up the cliff now to the birch-crowned promontory. "A friend of mine," he continued, when they reached the top and sat down to rest, "a practical joker, made a bet with some one back in Toronto that he could move a whole town that way —just by sneaking off secretly with a dog sled and tools."

"Did he win?"

"Yes; but the mob nearly killed him in their disappointment."

I'M disappointed, too!" Mimi said. "I wanted gold to be in that cave." And she thought to herself: Gold *should* have been there! It would have made a so much better story. Besides, Jim would, in spite of all his faults, be a grand millionaire. She stole a sidewise glance at him—at his rugged jaw, the set of his broad shoulders. Yes, he was a—grand person! She had to admit it at last. He wouldn't be the playboy kind of a millionaire, her thoughts ran on, but the kind that does big exciting decent things. Like building hospitals in the wilds and backing mercy flights and flying a huge new Chasse-Galerie III.

Jim stared down at her, surprised at the flushed, tender expression on her face. And he thought, even if that cave had held gold, if Mimi were only as sweet as she looks now, I'd rather have the gold in her hair than any that this whole area could hold! Aloud he said, as he rose to his feet, "Well, Mimi, our brief hunt was exciting while it lasted. Now let's go down and rustle food. After supper I'll take another look around."

They chose a picnic spot well out of sight of the hillside grave. Jim taught Mimi to make a safe fire—also to mix lumberman's flapjacks. While she was busy with the cooking, he fished off the end of the scow and in less than ten minutes had more than they could eat of shining trout. "If this isn't a gold mine, it certainly is a silver one!" Jim called, holding up his catch. "Never seen such a fishing place."

"You ought to stake your claim to it just for that reason," she laughed. And then, in the middle of their pleasant peaceful meal, she said suddenly, "You ought to stake your claim here anyway, Jim."

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!

People would like you if you'd only use Mum
A Well Wisher

AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant... more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG

I ALWAYS USE MUM AFTER I'VE BATHED. A BATH CAN'T PREVENT ODOR -- MUM CAN.
TO HERSELF: THANK GOODNESS FOR MUM. EVEN ON THIS WARM NIGHT JIM FINDS ME SWEET.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins

First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"Here's the juice I've been looking for!"

Now that Florida grapefruit juice comes in cans, ready to pour, with all its fine, tangy flavor sealed in, folks are becoming regular "*juice addicts*."

It's a wonderfully *healthful* drink too, you know—any time of day—rich in vitamins and minerals—and it makes a grand bedtime "alkalizer."

Orange juice, *real* orange juice, is another Florida delight that now comes in cans. Also, a swell new blend of orange-*and*-grapefruit juice that gives you the fine flavors of *both* these luscious fruits. Try all three!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

FLORIDA
CANNED
grapefruit
JUICE

Look for the word "FLORIDA" on the can if you want the best

He raised his eyebrows. "How come?"

"Do it just because I ask you," she begged, trying to keep her voice joking. "Name it after me," she went on. "It's a flop; I'm a flop." She was very busy turning flapjacks in the pan. But her thoughts were racing. She didn't dare meet Jim's eyes. Yet she wanted to cry out to him, "Keep this spot, Jim, because it's here that I fell in love with you! I love you, Jim, I love you! Oh, what a little fool I've been!"

Her averted face, the high color on the part of her cheek that he could see, warned Jim. Was this an act? Part of the same kind of thing that she had been attempting off and on for the last two days? If he softened now, told her she was no flop but a darling, wouldn't she laugh at him? Mimi Jamieson, like the R. C. M. P., always gets her man! He had heard her say that once. Steady, Jim, steady! Grinning, Jim rose. "Very well, young lady," he said lightly. "I'll stake my claim to the Mimi Mine. Cook me about four more flapjacks while I'm at it. At least, as a flapjack cook, you're no flop!"

There were tears in Mimi's eyes as she greased the frying pan. "But what did I hope for?" she demanded of herself angrily. "What can I ever hope for from Jim? I've done everything I could think of to make him despise me!" She poured the batter.

But Jim was destined not to taste his second batch of flapjacks. Nor was Mimi to have time even to finish cooking them. For when Jim came to the mouth of the cave—after having placed the proper number of markers—he chanced to look down the river. And what he saw made him shout aloud. For there, rising against the blue sky, were the danger signals—white columns of smoke that told of red inferno beneath!

FIRE, Mimi!" he called. "Forest fire! Quick! Toss the things in the scow!" With hazardous speed he made the descent of the cliff. "It's between us and Lone Island, heading this way fast. We can get through it if we stay in midstream."

"Why go through it?" she demanded as she ran toward the scow. "Why not head upstream?"

"You don't understand!" He was sanding out their picnic fire. "They'll need me and my plane. We're all fire fighters in these parts."

When the scow's anchors had been pulled up and the weighty craft headed downstream, a sickening sputter-sputter from the motor, and finally its silence told of complete failure there. Jim, warning Mimi to handle her part of the steering with extra care, ran to the dunnage box and pulled out something that Mimi had never seen—a current sail. "Wind's dead against us," he explained, "but the current's with us. Elephantine's too heavy to do any fancy tacking, so the mains'l's no good. But this will be." He was busily unrolling a great oblong of canvas, weighted with rocks in both corners. He tied one end of it to the low rail on one side of the scow about midship, dropped the whole overboard; then, carrying the line attached to the other end of the canvas around to the opposite side of the scow and taking in the slack, he fastened it to the rail there. Thus the weighted canvas, hanging down perpendicularly in the current under the scow, served as a perfect sail to carry the craft forward practically with the speed of the current.

Fairly swiftly now Elephantine II progressed over the silvering waters and through the golden-green light of late afternoon. Mimi would never forget the terrible beauty of that voyage—with death, disappointment, and her amazing discovery of her love and misery behind them, and with unknown danger ahead. As Mimi manned the bow sweep, her eyes trying to turn corners in the stream ahead, she felt as though all life were standing still so that this moment might be lived in sharp intensity. Nothing in her past had ever been like this; surely nothing in the future could equal the fearful excitement of this moment.

HER Chicago existence, its wealth, luxury, gaiety, were a million miles away. The waters of Palm Beach and Miami had nothing in common with these waters. And finally—most important and tragically so—there was no other man in the world like Jim! And he, as far as she was concerned, was a million miles away! She turned to smile at him. Just looking at him made her feel less alone—yet more miserable.

"White water ahead!" he called. And once again Elephantine II took the rapids like a lady, a lumbering lady.

But this time Mimi didn't quiver. She stood stanchly, feet braced, and she handled her sweep like an old riverman.

"Stout going!" Jim called approvingly as they rushed forward into smoother waters.

"Thanks!" Mimi hollered. Then she gasped. For the scow had now rounded the slight bend in the cliff-lined stream, and ahead the red raging death of the forest was visible. Birds were now winging overhead in chattering, terrified droves; animals were running in terror along the high river banks, many crashing crazily down into the water to cool their scorched hides. Mimi could see moose, lynx, grouse, rabbits—friends and enemies alike—all fleeing from their homes that were no longer sanctuaries. Burning branches were hurled into the water perilously near the seemingly crawling craft. Jim held the course as near as possible to midstream, and he sculled powerfully with his stern sweep to speed them toward the greater safety of the lake.

The roar of the flames racing along the river banks was now like the sound of a thousand airplane motors, and the hiss like the rapids of a hundred rivers.

Mimi kept a sharp lookout now for flaming boughs. She tried not to think, just to act. She couldn't bear to think of Jim going into this to fight it—even flying over it. How low would he have to fly? What if sparks reached his gas tank? What if this now fiendish wind should fling a burning brand high enough to— No, she mustn't think! Just act. There was a branch . . . and another. . . . There a singed rabbit trying to swim. Poor thing! The smoke was choking and blinding.

At last the scow passed out on to the dark waves of the lake. Here the air was clearer, the danger much less. But the sky was utterly blacked out by smoke, and the tall woods on both shores were burning like terrible furnaces. Elephantine II, however, pursued her ponderous steady course over the debris-filled waters and eventually came under the lee of Lone Island's untouched green haven.

"The island's safe!" Mimi murmured thankfully in a small shaken voice.

"I CHOSE it for its safety from fire," Jim answered almost absent-mindedly. His thoughts were completely concerned now with the duties that lay ahead of him and with the necessity for speed in executing them. "You take care of the scow, will you, Mimi?" he called as he leaped ashore. "Don't bother to unload her. I've got to rush; every second counts. The minute you get her made fast, come give me a hand at loading the plane."

Mimi obeyed swiftly. After throwing over the anchor and making fast the bowline to the stout stake on shore, she ran toward the hangar. There she helped Jim stow pumps, brush hooks, saws, and sledges into the plane, which Jim had rolled out into the open.

When Jim finally climbed in, turned on the motor to warm it up, Mimi realized that she was going to be left behind. "Please, Jim, take me!" she begged.

He shook his head. "Can't, child. You'd only be in the way. Keep on being the good sport you've been all day. I may be back soon—may even have to use this as an emergency post. Have things ready, will you, Mimi? Hot water, food, any bandages or medicines you can find. It'll be a help." He smiled, started to close the door. But the sight of her smudged little face, her slight, courageous figure, standing there so wistfully yet so sturdily, proved too much for him. He jumped from the plane, took her quickly in his arms, kissed her. Then he was back in the plane and away.

With tears of happiness blinding her eyes, she watched Chasse-Galerie II lift over the trees. And she could not see—nor could Jim yet know—that a trickle of precious fuel was streaming out into the air!

Will Jim crash in the smoldering wilderness? Will Otto return to take Mimi away? Read next week's exciting suspense-packed installment.

SO YOU WON'T PLAY!
1.
SO MY TIRED BUSINESS MAN IS FRESH OUT OF ZIP THIS WEEK-END! HANGS HIS CLOTHES ON A HICKORY LIMB BUT WON'T GO NEAR THE WATER! AND OH! THAT REMINDS ME —
2.
YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR TOLD ME WE ALL HAVE TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR VIGOR — SUMMER AND WINTER. AND I'VE DISCOVERED A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL, CRISP AND COOL AND CRUNCHY, CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S EXTRA-RICH IN TWO OF THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B1 AND D. WILL YOU TRY IT?
3.
SWEETIE, IF VITAMINS CAN GIVE ME JUST A LITTLE OF YOUR VERVE AND SPARKLE, I'LL EAT YOUR GRAND KELLOGG'S PEP EVERY DAY FROM HERE ON!
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL, CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY, GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN B1-D ENRICHED

Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

Keep your Hair Good-Looking despite

Summer Sun and Soaking Water!

Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

A ROUND OF GOLF—a plunge in the pool—and you feel like a million dollars. But the sun "cooks" your hair dry and brittle—your swim or shower soaks away natural hair oils left by the baking sun.

As millions of men know, Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" can help you! Simply massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel the "tingle" as circulation is aroused. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis soon aid your oil-depleted scalp. Your hair takes on a lustrous look—with no "patent-leather" shine. It's easier to manage.

Get Vitalis at your druggist's, today. Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" every day and watch the inprovement in the health and attractiveness of your hair!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre.

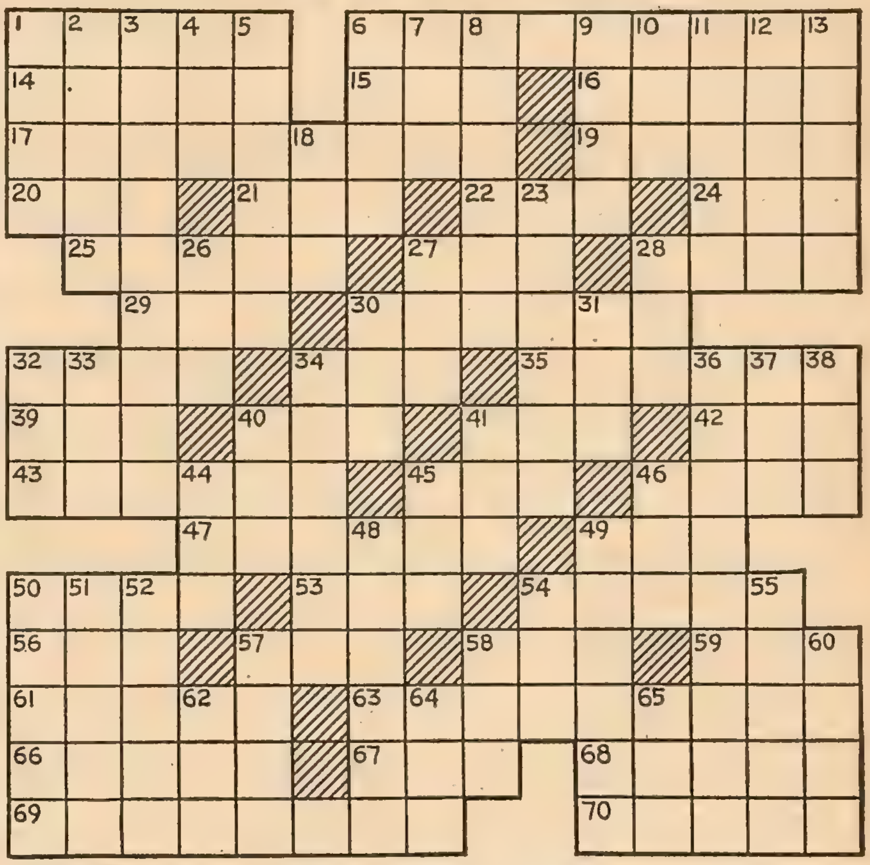
2 **10 Seconds to Comb**—Your hair has a well-groomed lustre—without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

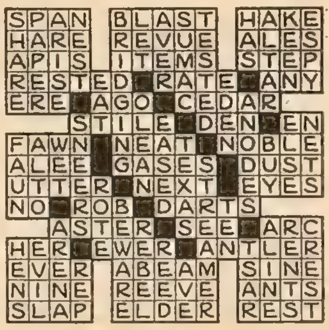
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A dermatological sandpapering
6 Tony Galento in a fur coat
14 You can take a trip up this right at home
15 Dictate the truth
16 Boston's boast
17 Umbrella men
19 Blue-pencils
20 Organized Industrial Idlers (abbr.)
21 Have the very devil of a time
22 Lots of times (poetic)
24 Tongue burner
25 Law partner
27 High-class racketeer
28 Gynt's maw (pl.)
29 Basic cause of inflation
30 Famous literary needle wielder found around Holmes
32 Broadway blinker
34 Kind of pants knights wore
35 Kind of drivers who catch up on their sleep at the wheel
39 Poker wampum
40 Pea soup
41 The interior of damson
42 Sometimes there just ain't none
43 African squab
45 Moan and groan
46 Little red shrimps with tails
47 Golden apple
49 Doughgirl seeking doughboy
50 They'd do anything in the world for a dictator
53 It's being worn out this year by women
54 They'd do anything i. t. w. for a dictator
56 Nice Neighborly Laborunions (abbr.)
57 Chinese voice crying in the wilderness
58 Greek tea
59 French water
61 Mouth organ
63 With a little pressure they can get you into anybody's home
66 The guy who taught Rob Fulton
67 Place for stenogs to hold sit-down strikes
68 Highway robbery at the bridge (pl.)
69 Correct fish to serve under low ceilings
70 Sour the puss



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SPAN BLAST HAKE
HARE REVUE ALES
APIS ITEMS STEP
RESTED■RATE■ANY
ERE■AGO■CEDAR
   STILE■DEN■EN
FAWN■NEAT■NOBLE
ALEE■GASES■DUST
UTTER■NEXT■EYES
NO■ROB■DARTS
  ASTER■SEE■ARC
HER■EWER■ANTLER
EVER ABEAM SINE
NINE REEVE ANTS
SLAP ELDER REST
```

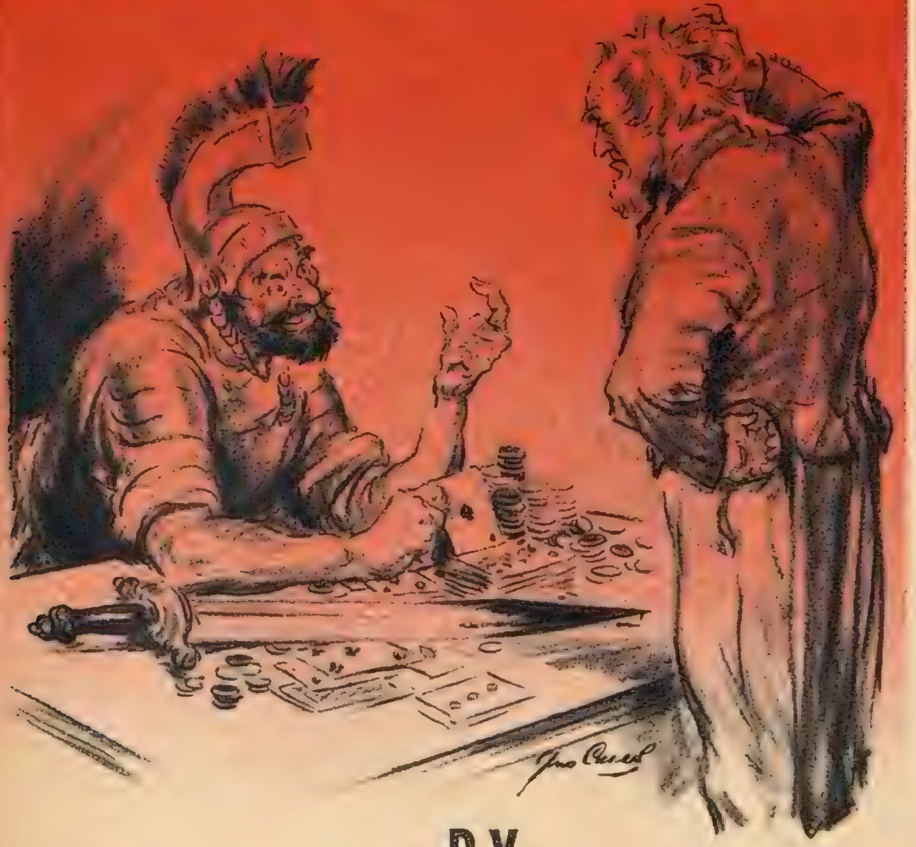
Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Ingluvies, or breadbasket
2 Horse with radiator cap (abbr.)
3 Edible pool cues
4 It's harder to remove than the appendix
5 Its life is made up of nothing but change
6 Dale but not Carnegie
7 Colorless snuff
8 Summer headquarters for the rocking-chair and gossip brigade
9 $2 to place (two words)
10 Nedward
11 Emotional semaphores
12 Solve a knotty problem
13 They'd do a. i. t. w. f. a. d.
18 What she yelled when he made a forward pass
23 Fuddy-duddy
26 Product of a boiler factory
27 Get together and discuss one's friends (fem.)
28 Rutledge and Arbor
30 Dome pantie
31 "Despite your valiant effort, sir, to attain the recognized haven of safety, you have failed, and I regret to adjudge you expunged!"
32 Gin-flavored sucker
33 One eye and a pair of spectacles
34 Turnip with high blood pressure
36 A blonde (two words)
37 Crawling exterminator
38 Kind of man with nodding in his head
40 Weasel fuzz
41 Yankee's breakfast food
44 . . . - - - - . . .
45 What men do when they grow old
46 Innocent Etching Oglers (abbr.)
48 A hunk of spaghetti with a blowout
49 The rewards of faithlessness
50 Bugle tickle
51 Steel tom-tom
52 King of the Underworld
54 Mahogany nursemaid
55 French room
57 Late American banker and opera fan
58 Old-fashioned spinner
60 Country founded by Beardo Marx (abbr.)
62 Popular song: - - - in My Dreams (abbr.)
64 Poor man's Diesel
65 An old old-timer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

BEWARE THE DOGS OF WAR!



BY

GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD

Danger in Washington! An army man's frightening view of what confronts us

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE greatest war danger to America today lies, not in Berlin, not in Rome, not in Tokyo, but in the District of Columbia. It comes from the fact that over a long period of time the legislative branch of our government has allowed the war-making power to drift into the hands of the Executive.

Hitler, Mussolini, or Stalin may throw his country into war, but they would at least know what they were doing. They would have at their disposal ready-made fighting machines; and from long experience they would know what to expect from their enemies.

The Prime Ministers of Great Britain and France may make some great decisions on peace or war. But in every case they must go at once before their Parliaments and get a vote of confidence, or out they go, and their decisions will be reversed by their people.

But the President of the United States is neither a soldier nor a prime minister. The President's Cabinet contains none who know anything about the conduct or the consequences of war. And yet the President, or any of his subordinates, may take it into their heads to throw the United States into war, and if so, they have the power to do it without consulting the Congress or the people.

Back-seat drivers of the State Department drove us over the precipice and into the bottomless pit of the World War. The situation is more fraught with danger now than it was then, and it is time for us to stop, look, and listen before it is too late.

The American colonists fought a great war for independence and set up a Constitution which guaranteed a republican form of government for each of the several states, but nothing for the rest of the world. George Washington said, " We will stand on this. We will look after our own affairs and let other people look after theirs."

But one hundred and twenty-two years later we detoured away from the Great American Highway and became lost in the Wilderness of Foreign Entanglements. It was on April 19, 1898, that Congress met at Washington, D. C., and declared that " the people of Cuba are, and by right ought to be, free." So we entered upon a second war of independence, and set up a second republic, not for ourselves but for a people of a foreign tongue. This was followed almost immediately by a third, this time for a miscellaneous collection of Malay tribes scattered over a thousand islands off the coast of Asia.

A few years elapsed, and then we turned to our neighbor on the south. The President of Mexico did not come up to the standard specifications for a democrat, so we put him down for a purge, and in April, 1914, launched a fourth war of independence and democracy, this time for the people of Mexico. Finally we extended our horizon to encompass the entire globe. We entered the World War, and fought to " make the world safe for democracy."

THE army and navy had become an instrument in the hands of the Executive that was never dreamed of at the time when our Constitution was written. And the President found himself in the position that, while he could not make a formal declaration of war, he could nevertheless perform acts of war which forced Congress into the position of backing him up.

It was never expected that our President should be a war lord. His duties are essentially civil. It was not until after the Civil War that Congress, by the Act of March 1, 1875, authorized the President " to make and publish regulations for the army in accordance with existing law."

Even here we see that the President was given no free hand. He could act only within the confines of existing law.

But as time went on, and the government became more complicated, Congress began to enact more and more laws containing the phrase " as the President may direct." And finally, with the passage of the General Staff Act of 1903, Congress became committed to the German system. The State Department took over the job of deciding when, where, and with whom we should go to war. And the War Department took over the job of deciding what preparations should be made for war; and to what extent and how our government should be reorganized and operated while war was in progress.

Congress was expected to co-operate.

Let's see how this actually worked out in regard to the World War.

The Great War in Europe had been going on about one year when our Secretary of State Mr. Robert Lansing prepared a number of memoranda which have since been given to the public. From these memoranda and from his memoirs we learn some startling facts.

First: That as early as the spring of 1915 Mr. Lansing and some of his associates had decided that the United States should go into the war on the side of the Allies. But the people did not want to go to war; they believed that the issues of the war were no concern of theirs. According to Mr. Lansing, a slow and irritating period of education would be necessary before the indignation of the people could be aroused to the point that they would force their members of Congress to vote for war.

Second: He says that it occurred to him that the people might be united against Germany if they were brought to think that the Kaiser was warring against democracy and that it was up to us to join with the Allies in coming to its defense.

Third: Having decided (prior to July, 1915) that we should go into the war on the side of the Allies, he had deliberately pulled his punches against Great Britain for violating our neutrality.

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Spud **cigarettes have that master touch of *menthol*... to make them *milder—much more refreshing.***

Made of *top-quality* tobaccos—*accented and seasoned* to bring out the full tobacco flavor.

The world's finest mentholated cigarettes.
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
Plain or Cork

NOW POPULARLY PRICED!

Copr. 1939, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Louisville, Ky.

Fourth: During this time it appears that the officials of the army and navy were not consulted as to what extent, if at all, we were prepared to undertake a war. In fact, it was during this time that the White House was frustrating all attempts on the part of General Leonard Wood and others (including Colonel House) to take some steps in the direction of preparedness. Mr. Lansing tells us, however, that he and his associates believed that if he did not take advantage of the existing situation the Allies would be defeated, and that we would be called upon later to fight against Germany alone. In other words, these gentlemen were attempting to solve the age-old problem of whether it would be better to attack now or wait until later and act on the defensive if we ourselves were assaulted.

Wholly without military knowledge or experience, they committed the United States to one of the greatest military blunders in history.

The process of educating the American people up to war had been going on for about two years when President Wilson submitted his message to Congress, April 2, 1917. There was no deliberation. There were outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm. There were accusations and counteraccusations. There was heated debate. But, in the end, Congress was swept off its feet and the war resolution was passed by a majority of eight to one in the House and fourteen to one in the Senate.

The orderly processes of the Constitution had been avoided. The executive branch had first created a situation in which there was nothing for Congress to do except pass a resolution declaring that a state of war with Germany existed.

THE slogan "Make the world safe for democracy" was just another campaign song like "A chicken in every pot." Germany was not fighting against democracy. The Allies had not banded together to save democracy. They were all fighting to save their skins.

And democracy, today, does not have to be saved from any menace from abroad. Nobody in Europe or Asia cares anything about our form of government. Yet once more we have been educated up to the idea that democracy is in danger and that the United States must do something big to save the world. We are once more a war-frenzied people and have started out on the biggest armament program the world has ever seen. Some of this might be advisable if we could afford it. But no one man should be entrusted with this tremendous agency of destruction.

The great patriotic duty of the present Congress is to take the destiny of this nation back into its own hands—to say when, where, and against whom the armed forces of this country shall be used, and to see that never again shall the blood of our young men be uselessly bespattered upon the soil of Europe and Asia or upon the shores of the Caribbean Sea. No more visionary schemes to establish peace on earth and good will toward men by means of the bayonet.

There is a plan now on foot, known as the Ludlow Amendment, to prevent the President or the Congress from throwing us into a foreign war without the prior consent of the people. It is a good idea, but it will not work. We should not wait until we have been educated up to the point of war before we take a vote upon this question. We should decide right now in cold blood that we shall not become involved in any kind of foreign war, no matter how great the provocation.

It is not necessary to amend the Constitution. We all know what we want. The machinery is all set up and it would be a very simple thing for Congress to enact the necessary laws to carry these purposes into effect.

CONGRESS should create two Committees on National Defense—one in the House and one in the Senate—to consolidate and co-ordinate the work now being done by ten different committees, four on the army, four on the navy, and two on foreign affairs, all of which are working independently and at cross purposes.

Congress should revamp the entire military code and should provide some simple and expeditious plan by which the people of this country could repel invasion without seizing all private property and setting up a totalitarian state under a military dictator. We could take as our model the Militia Act of 1792.

Pending this, however, Congress should provide:

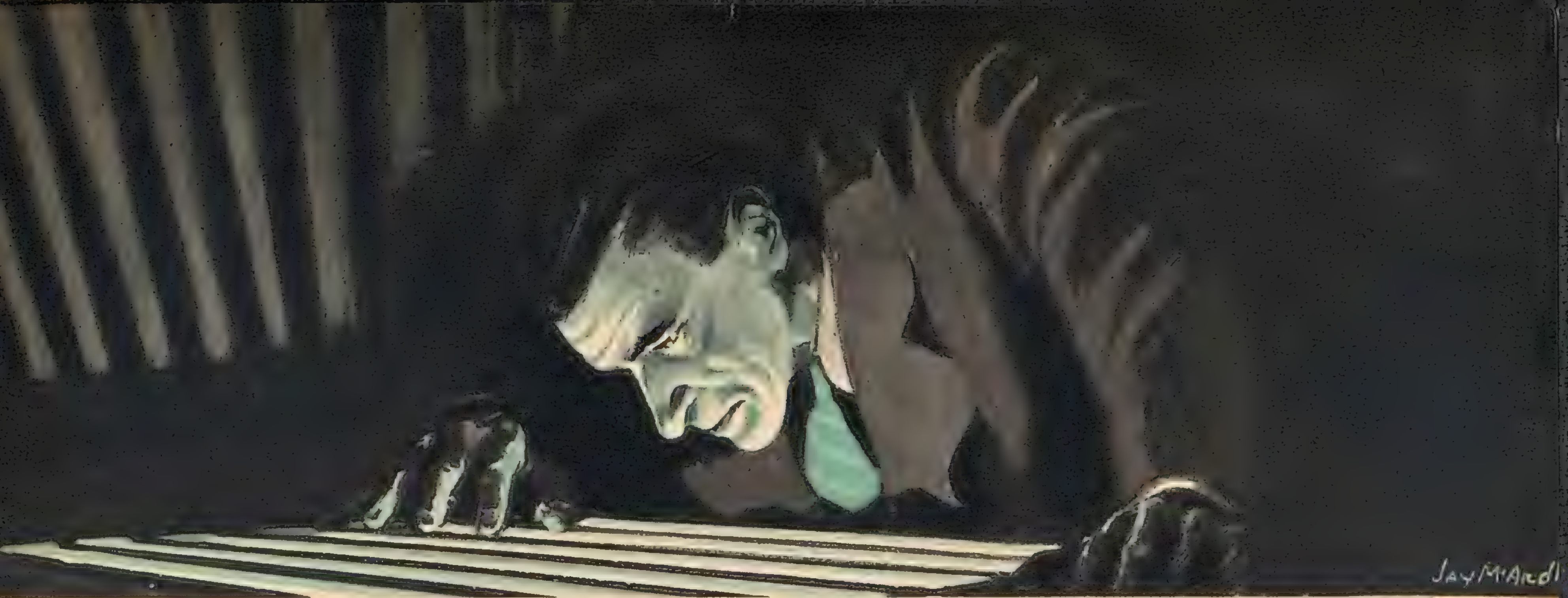
That the land and naval forces of the United States shall not be used for any hostile purpose beyond the limits of the Western Hemisphere.

It is very easy to keep out of war on this continent if we develop a system of national defense, based on the traditions of the American people, which is to repel invasion. And we should remember that nothing has happened in the last fifty years that warranted our sending armed forces to Europe or Asia—and nothing is likely to happen in the next fifty.

The United States should serve due notice upon the world that it is going to make good on its solemn promise not to resort to war as a means for settling international differences. We should stop all this big talk—a bark without a bite—about how much better we are than other people, and how much we despise the other nations of the world who have their own ways of attending to their own business. We should recognize the inherent right of all people to seize territory by force of arms and to set up new governments by revolution. Our entire responsibility begins and ends when we fix it so that they cannot take anything away from us.

What this country needs is a good dose of spring tonic to clear up our system and get rid of this war fever!

THE END



UNDERCOVER MAN

Ventilators run along the ceilings. We get into them and crawl along to look out through the little openings.

A kind of spy you may not know exists reveals some thought-provoking secrets of an amazing profession

BY ALFRED V. GERRITY

as told to Webb Waldron

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Liberty is satisfied that this statement—this confession—gives an authentic picture of a system which, although not to be found in all of the country's big department stores, is by no means peculiar to one or two of them. As such, the picture is presented for your judgment . . . with the remark that if you find "despicable" the mildest fitting word for some of the practices to which these detectives of an undercover squad resort because their chief "needs cases," Liberty will most heartily agree with you!

PLEASE, mister, give me another chance," the boy begged of me. "I don't know why I took it. I was crazy! I'll put it back." "Come along," I said; "we'll try to fix it up." I am star man on the "undercover squad" in a New York department store. It is the job of us undercover men to nab thieving employees. This lad was a salesclerk. I had just caught him sneaking an electric razor into his pocket at quitting time. "But listen," he begged. "I'm not a thief. If my mother hears about this, it'll kill her." "Come on," I said, soothing-like. "We'll fix it up."

But once I got him into the Protection Office, and the door shut, I said, sharp as a whip: "Come here! Let's see what else you've sneaked today." "I haven't got anything else," he protested. I searched him. He didn't have another thing. "Is this all you've ever stolen out of this store?" I said. "It is, so help me God," he said. Then he said: "Listen, mister. What's going to happen to me now?" "You should have thought of that before you sneaked that razor," I said. "Now sit down there and sign this confession."

I shoves the printed form at him. "Sign it," I says. "Do I have to?" he says. "You'll do it if you know what's good for you," I says. "What'll happen then?" he says. "You'll get the money that's coming to you and out you go." I could see the sick expression in his face. "Will this keep me from getting a job other places?" he says. "Well," I says, "I don't know. I got nothing to do with that." He looked at me, sicker and sicker, then grabbed the pen and signed. I filled in "razor" and "value $12." Then I took the kid down and walked him out through the crowd to the street. I'd knocked off another dishonest employee! I went back to the office. The chief patted me on the back. "Good work, Al," he says. "Go out and knock me off another. We need cases."

Every great department store has a staff of uniformed police, a plainclothes squad, and a bad-checks squad. But it isn't so well known that many big stores also have an undercover squad to check on employees. In our store there are six of us undercover men.

There's a real reason for undercover work. A surprising amount of stealing goes on among the employees. Much of it is petty theft. Some isn't. We caught one employee who confessed to thefts of over $5,000 worth of merchandise. True enough, the total annual loss is less than that from shoplifters, but the individual shoplifter works in your store only now and then, while the thieving employee may be getting away with something every day.

The total number of employees our squad of six knocks off in a year, I don't know. In an average year I myself knock off about one hundred.

We get tips on dishonest employees in various ways. Almost every department has an "information employee" who receives two dollars a week extra in his pay envelope for reporting confidentially. Anonymous letters to the store give us tips. The inventory may show shortages in stock.

We undercover men do most of our work from "plants." These plants are everywhere through the store. For example, ventilators run overhead along the ceilings on almost every floor. We get into the fan rooms, then into the ventilators, and crawl along inside them to look out through the little screened openings. We get into the conveyor system and ride along on the belts among the packages to any place we want to cover, then climb off and plant up on some steampipes to watch the employees on the floor below. If we can't fix a plant right near the sales counter we want to cover, the chief supplies us with a pair of binoculars. We hide in the stock rooms on the various floors, make little peepholes through the sheet-rock partitions. At night, after closing hours, we turn the lights off in the passenger and freight elevators and run them up and down from floor to floor, observing the actions of maintenance men, stock clerks, and porters. We hide in big empty cartons parked on the top shelves of stock rooms. We get up on the roof and cover down through the skylights. Some offices have dummy closets for us.

So, you see, there is scarcely a corner in the whole establishment that can't be covered from a plant.

Sometimes it is a cinch to get the

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STOP AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

goods on a thieving employee; sometimes it is tough. The toughest nuts to catch are the old-timers. And we have got to be absolutely sure that the person has the goods on him before we make the grab. If we should make a mistake, the employee could sue the store.

Getting the confession after the grab is a ticklish business. You must pretend the thing is going to be fixed up easy, and so on. Once up in the Protection Office, with the door shut, you usually can get a confession if you are hard-boiled. That's part of your job, because the confession enables the store to collect from the bonding company, in case the thieving employee has gotten away with merchandise that the store can't recover. Furthermore, the confessions are proof to the higher-ups that the Protection Department is getting cases. If I can't get a confession, I turn the employee over to the Protection Chief. If he can't, he may turn him over to the police on formal charges. But usually the store doesn't like to prosecute. It wouldn't be good publicity.

A tough old-timer was Christmann, who worked in the initial-stamping department. We got a tip that Christmann was " wrong." After watching him for over two weeks and getting nothing, I parked an extra wallet among those that had been sent into his shop for stamping. Then I planted on him. At the end of the day he counted up the wallets and found this extra one. He popped it into his pocket. When he went out, I made the grab. He was all smashed up. To sign a confession of thieving broke his heart. But I guess he had gotten away with more than that one wallet. He had been thirteen years working for the store, and he had seven children. I was sorry for Christmann.

OUR easiest meat is the kids who come to work in the store in rush seasons. They are mostly college students, eighteen to twenty-one, and they work three or four hours every night at thirty-five cents an hour, carrying merchandise from the reserve-stock units to replenish the shelves behind the counters. The reserve-stock unit is a long narrow room with shelves up to the ceiling.

One night, lying flat on the upper shelf, I watched the boys down below loading trays of gloves, handkerchiefs, socks. " How'd you like a pair of socks like that? " one of them said to another.

" Gee, wouldn't I! " said the other.

" What say let's knock off a pair? " said the first, glancing around. " I'll dare you."

" I will if you will," was the answer.

It was a game. Daring each other to get away with something. Kids often do that. I did when I was a kid.

But these boys were playing with fire, though they didn't know it. I wanted to lean over the edge of the shelf and say, quick and sharp: " Drop that stuff, fellas! " But I lay there, silent as a cat, watching. I saw one lad slide a pair of silk socks into his hip pocket, another a pair of gloves, another half a dozen handkerchiefs. Then I climbed down and made the grab. I got written confessions out of all three. Out they went on to the street, with that confession of thieving hanging over them the rest of their lives.

Another night, lying up on top of a big overhead steam line in the subbasement, where young boys and girls were packing up goods for shipment, I spotted half a dozen slipping merchandise under their clothes—men's wallets, compacts, ladies' handbags. I hopped down, collared them, got confessions out of all of them. Last Christmas season I grabbed off thirty of these kids.

One morning when the special officers who police the store at night were lined up turning in their guns at the Protection Office, one of them bumped into Reddick, the man ahead, and felt a bottle. He tipped off the chief. That night two of us fixed up a nest behind some cases of Scotch in the liquor-reserve room, and waited. On his first round, we saw Reddick just stand and gaze at the loose bottles of liquor in the rack. The next time he picked a few up and looked them over. The third time he parked a bottle in his hip pocket. After he had gone, we debated what to do. If we ran after him and accused him of the theft, he might shoot us down and claim he thought we were burglars.

But finally, after tracking Reddick through the store on his rounds, I stopped him and told him that the chief and two of us men had seen him take the bottle. " The chief? " he said. " Sure," I lied. If I had said it was only me and another undercover man, he probably would have tried to bull it out. As it was, he kind of crumpled and followed me down to the Protection Office. There he realized that I had lied.

" I've got to hand it to you, Gerrity," he said. " But I wouldn't have your job for all the money in the world."

In the morning the big chief grilled Reddick for about three hours, got a signed confession out of him, stripped him of his special patrolman's badge and his gun permit, and fired him. Reddick had been slated to go up for the exam for the New York City police force, but now, I suppose, that was all off. I got a good hand from our chief and a two-dollar raise; but soon afterward the news drifted around among the night patrolmen that I was set to spy on them. " Rat! " one of them said out of the corner of his mouth as I passed.

As I said, the chief is always yelling for cases. I suppose the higher-ups in the store know thieving is going on, and they put pressure on him, and he puts it on us. When it gets too hard, we sometimes go down on the main floor and try to nab a few shoplifters. One day a uniformed officer who knew me whispered that there were some kids at the fountain pens who looked as if they were going to take. I told the uniformed officer to stroll away, and then we edged up to the counter and watched the kids.

There were three of them, twelve to fourteen years old. They were studying the pens, they seemed to want them, but they didn't pull anything. So I leaned over and signed the clerk to turn her back and walk down to the other end of the counter. Now one of the kids picked up a pen. I pushed up and slowly edged him back from the counter. Store detectives have learned that trick. The further a person gets shoved back from the counter, the stronger the temptation to take. So finally, when this kid got shoved out into the middle of the aisle and he thought no one was watching him, he slid the pen into his pocket. I went after him and grabbed him. After I had taken him up to the Protection Department, I hurried back and used the same method on another of the kids, and nabbed him. My partner got the third. So we had three cases right there in half an hour.

I suppose you might say that was making kids into thieves. But wouldn't they have taken sooner or later anyhow? Still, I felt sort of lousy about it afterward.

ANOTHER way we relieve the pressure on us for cases is to go out and plant merchandise in order to tempt employees to steal. Sometimes I feel lousy about this, too, but I guess it's justified. With the night force, an ideal place to make cases is the freight platforms. After the store has closed, we load a truck with nice stuff and roll it out on one of the platforms, making it seem as if it had been left there by mistake. Then we plant up on top of a ventilator. A night porter comes along, sees nobody in sight, and the temptation is too much for him. We often make good kills that way. But one night a couple of porters came along, stopped and began to finger over the stuff, and one of them said, " You know, Bill, if you was to cop any of that stuff, you'd have one of them rats from the Protection Department on your neck! " Then the other said: " Them rats watch us, but I wonder who watches *them?* "

I have often wondered about that myself. Maybe there's an under-undercover squad checking up on us. I wouldn't be surprised.

Most employees in our store haven't the slightest idea that they are being watched. The store gives the new employee a booklet telling him the size and the facilities and the fine tradition of the place where he has come to work. Why doesn't it warn him that there are eyes and ears spying on whatever he does?

The big majority of employees in our store are honest. We find a few confirmed thieves. But a large number of the ones we knock off have just fallen for a repeated temptation. If they knew they were being watched all the time, they'd keep straight, and save themselves and their families a lot of unhappiness.

THE END

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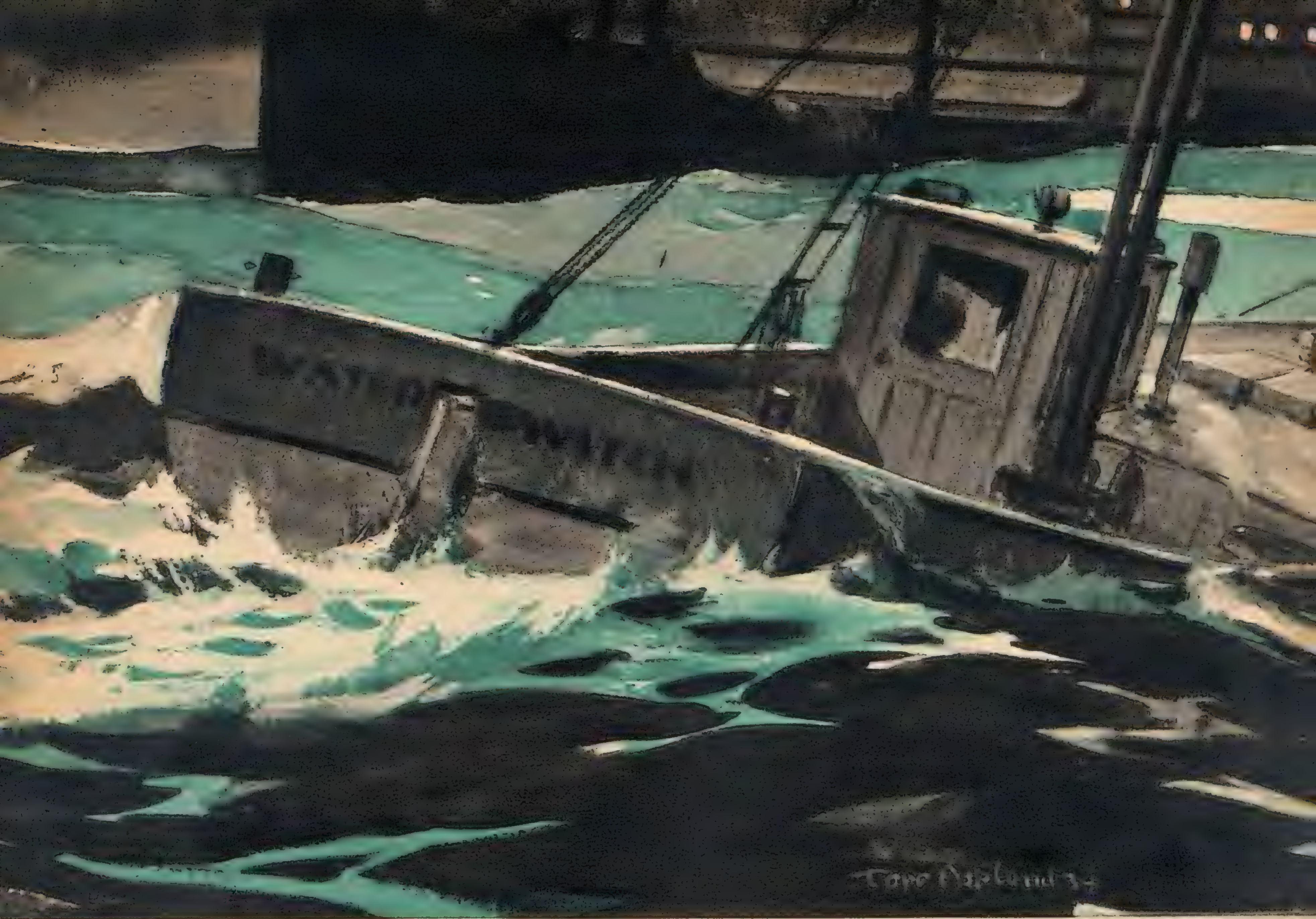


NORTHEAST GALE

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

JOHNNY SEWEL moored his Diesel-powered work boat, the Water Witch, in her regular berth in the slip at the shoreward end of the guano-factory wharf and went uptown for a steak and a quart of milk for his supper. He had made a fair day of it, towing a scow loaded with coal up the canal to the logging camp, and coming back with a raft of logs which he had just dropped off at the sawmill pond.

"Looks like you got blowed off the fishing grounds a piece earlier than the other boys," said the butcher, wrapping up Johnny Sewel's order and handing it over.

"Wasn't outside today," said Johnny Sewel, picking exact change from his rope-calloused palm.

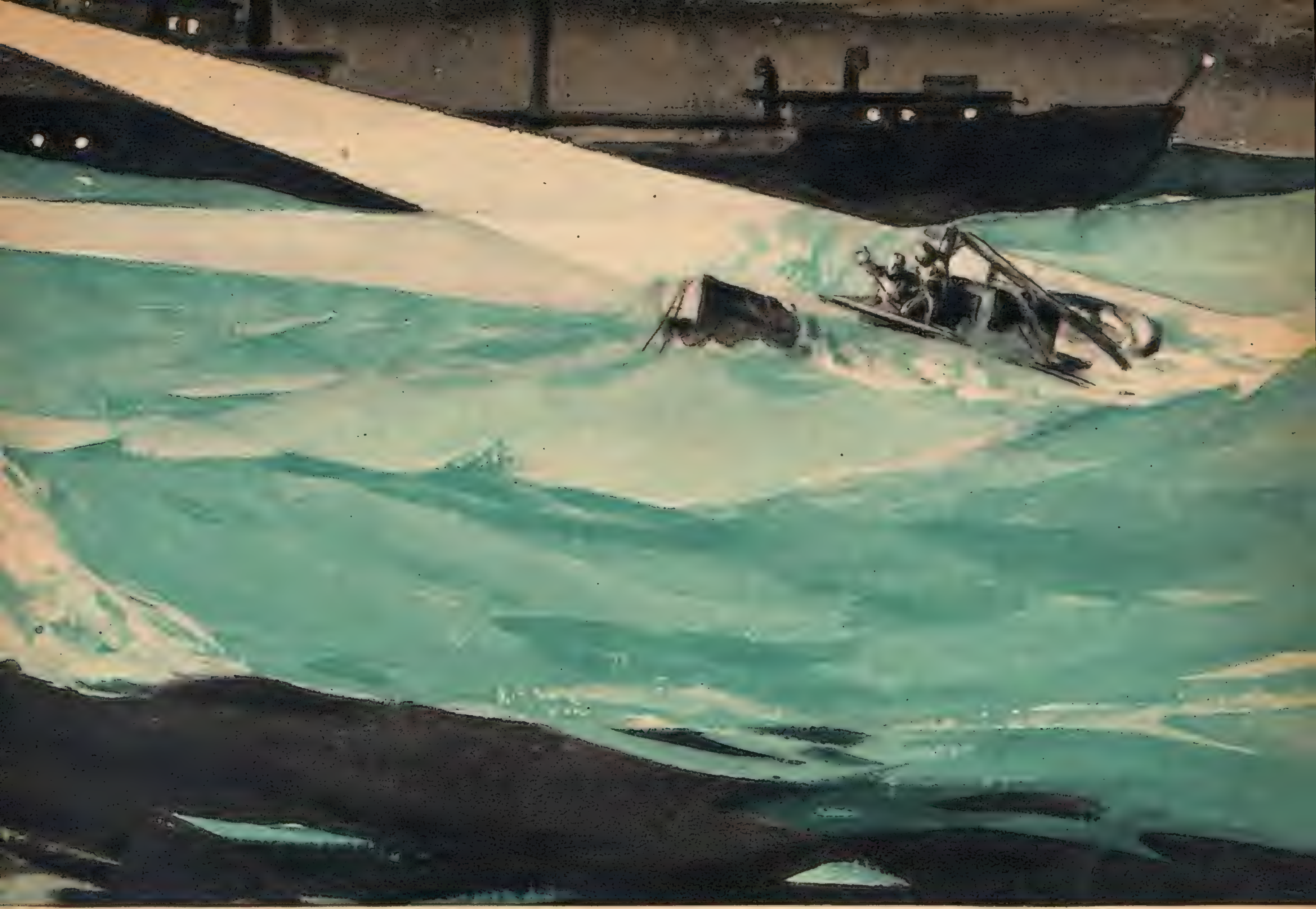
The butcher winked knowingly. "Letty's grandpa reckoned you was. He was just in a spell ago, and said long as Letty was offshore in the makings of a blow, he'd rather it was with you in the Water Witch than in that cranky old tub of Claude Judson's."

Then Johnny Sewel did something perhaps he shouldn't have done in such a small place as Hobb's Harbor. He turned his back and walked out of the butcher shop instead of stopping to explain that he wasn't going steady with Letta since Claude Judson had bought a car and was taking her as far as Garrett Point to see the picture shows before they came to the Gem at Hobb's Harbor.

Some of the womenfolk said it served Johnny Sewel right. He was everlastingly spending his money on his boat and engine, and a girl like Letty—who was used to about the best there was, keeping house for old Captain Tod—had too much sense to move into an unpainted cottage and have to make with just plain china and furniture somebody else couldn't abide any longer. Letty knew what she was doing when she dropped Johnny Sewel and let Claude Judson take her out in his new car and spend more than twenty cents for a picture show and maybe fifteen more on a dish of fancy ice cream afterwards. What of it, if Claude spent a little too free and easy? He had the get up and git to make a good living for a wife, and as smart a girl as Letty could start saving his money for him after they were married.

Naturally, there were two sides to the argument. Letta's grandfather, old Captain Tod, had little to say about it to his granddaughter, but his tongue was pretty sharp when any of that kind of talk got too close to that hand cupped over his ear. In old Captain Tod's opinion, you could judge a man within an inch of his worth by his boat. And who, he would ask on the slightest provocation, owned a better boat and as good an engine in her than Johnny Sewel?

As far as Johnny Sewel was concerned, he wished everybody would mind their own business. He was thinking that, when he glanced up at the flagpole of the customhouse and saw that the signal flags for strong northeast winds had been changed to



Suddenly a searchlight beam slashed the blackness. The waterlogged Floosie sparkled in the circle of light.

the warning for a gale. Then Letta's grandfather sighted him from across the street. Old Captain Tod crossed over, imperiously waving back the approaching automobiles with his elaborately carved whalebone walking stick.

"Glad you two are all snug ashore, Johnny," he said with a wheezy grunt and an upward nod at the storm warning. "Letty go straight home, did she?"

Johnny Sewel avoided looking directly into Letta's grandfather's eyes and said, "I didn't go offshore today, cap'n. Letta must have gone in one of the other boats."

Old Captain Tod rapped on the pavement with his cane. "My Letty said she was going offshore with you. Thunderation! Don't stand there and tell me she didn't!"

"Honest, cap'n," insisted Johnny Sewel, "I haven't seen Letta since last Tuesday night."

"Thunderation, and why not?" spluttered old Captain Tod, trying to hide his growing concern for his granddaughter behind a display of quarter-deck bluster.

"You'll have to ask Letta," shrugged Johnny Sewel. "She told me Tuesday night, after the picture show, that I was hanging around the front porch too much."

"And like a squid-brained young idiot, you took a slip of a girl at her word," snorted Captain Tod. "Blast you, Johnny Sewel! If you were half the man your father was, my Letty wouldn't be out there in that blow! By Judas, she'd be in her own house and rocking a cradle with your first boy in it for you. But no, you've been hanging around my front porch like a mooning calf, licking her hand when she slaps instead of turning her over your knee and showing her who's master."

"Letta is safe enough," insisted Johnny Sewel stubbornly. "Claude will make for the lee of Poke Spit and heave the Floosie to and ride this out."

"Yes," snapped old Captain Tod, "and give the neighbors a chance to gab about an unmarried girl spending all night with a young rascal in the cabin of his boat. I won't have it, sir!"

Old Captain Tod had spoken truer than was his remotest intention. That Johnny Sewel knew as he stood there, silently watching the heaving green seas.

He had felt hot blood surging to his scalp and throat more than once from just the touch of the warm softness of Letta's shoulder against his as they sat together in the picture show. And that turn of her head and the look from two warm brown eyes that kept a man awake afterwards, the whole night, sitting on his engine-room hatch and gnawing his fists with a hunger that he was ashamed to give a name. And in the next minute feeling like he should be on his knees, with his face in his hands, at the feet of a girl too beautiful, too utterly beyond the reach of his rough hands, for him ever to dare even hope to have her for his wife.

That is why, when Letta told him to stay away from her front porch, he accepted the order as final. He had stayed away for three days now, every night knowing that Letta was out

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BY RAY MILLHOLLAND

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riding with Claude Judson in his new car. Just last night he had seen Letta and Claude standing in front of the jewelry-store window. Claude had pointed to a small diamond ring and Letta's gay laugh and a quick toss of her head and a smile for Claude had driven Johnny Sewel to jeer savagely at himself for never having had nerve to stand with Letta on his arm and point at a ring like that.

Suddenly Johnny Sewel remembered that he was standing on Hill Street and that old Captain Tod had been waiting a long time for him to do something about bringing Letta safely back home.

"I'm going offshore," he said, starting on down the street toward the guano wharf.

"You'll be needing an able hand to spell you at the wheel," said old Captain Tod, stumping along resolutely with him.

The Water Witch responded to the power of her small Diesel engine and swung away from the guano wharf. Outside, the seas were smoking in their fury. And out there, somewhere, was Claude Judson, hands locked on the kicking wheel of his boat and cursing himself for the fool that he was to spend money he had saved for a new engine, to replace the clanking pile of junk down there under his feet, for that car he had bought just to steal another man's girl from him.

Johnny Sewel held the wheel in tightly knotted fists. At his side, the old captain watched while the Water Witch plunged her stout bows into the first big sea outside the breakwater.

SHE'S stanch, Johnny," he approved with a slow nod.

There was, perhaps, an hour of full daylight left. Johnny Sewel steered straight out, almost into the teeth of the roaring northeast gale.

There were times, and many of them, when Johnny Sewel saw the whole forward deck of the Water Witch buried to the depth of a man's waist by a boarding sea. A shudder would run through every beam and rib in her as she would come up with a triumphant lurch and plunge her bows into the next wave.

"A wet deck and a dry hold, Johnny, make an able vessel," said old Captain Tod.

Fifteen miles offshore Johnny Sewel changed his course and slowed his engine down to make just enough headway to keep her answering to the wheel. One moment he was staring straight into a rising wall of green water; the next he was looking down, down into a heaving valley of green. It was time to light his running lights now, and he turned the wheel over to Captain Tod while he did it.

"Back of Poke Spit they must be by now," said Captain Tod, when Johnny crawled back into the tiny pilothouse and stripped off his dripping oilskin jacket.

Johnny knew Letta's grandfather was saying that to keep his own hope from crumbling. The Floosie was no boat in her best days, and with those half-rotten planks in her fantail she was as good as under, this hour gone.

"We'll be finding him to windward, hove to and dragging a sea anchor," he predicted. "Just wait and see." Johnny Sewel meant that if they found the Floosie afloat at all, that was where she would be.

"See anything, Johnny?" old Captain Tod asked mechanically.

Johnny Sewel, peering ahead, waited for the Water Witch to climb the next big sea. . . . Off there was a rusty tramp steamer rolling in the trough of the sea, her black smoke whipping down and spread as a long black tail over the surface of the water.

ENGINE trouble, or hove to for something," he muttered under his breath. The roar of the seas clawing the Water Witch's water rail drowned his voice and Captain Tod did not hear.

Then howling darkness clamped down, and the Diesel below rumbled its monotonous chant to the shaft spinning in the shaft log.

"Green light off the port bow, sir!" sang out Captain Tod. "Close at hand. Steamer she is, and hove to."

Johnny Sewel had seen that green light long ago. He had been watching another smaller light winking on the tip of a black sea before disappearing again. . . . Suddenly a searchlight beam from the bridge of the tanker slashed the blackness. For just an instant the waterlogged Floosie sparkled in the circle of light, to plunge out of sight again.

Johnny Sewel ran the Water Witch under the lee of the rolling tramp steamer and dropped his pilothouse window to roar up through his megaphone: "Ahoy, the bridge! Have you taken them off?"

Back came the answer, twisted and shredded by the gale: "I've smashed two lifeboats trying it. Looks hopeless, mister! I'm standing by for a break in the weather. Two men with broken legs now; can't risk any more. I'm shorthanded as it is!"

The Water Witch shot on by and disappeared in the darkness. Johnny Sewel fought his wheel with both hands and his knee to bring her about. He snapped on his own little battery-powered searchlight and manipulated its control mechanism just above his head. . . . Waterlogged and low in the water to the leeward of the tramp steamer, the Floosie wallowed. The pilothouse was smashed. Two figures could be seen lashed to the stub of her broken signal mast. . . . Letta was holding the slumped figure of Claude Judson, whose right arm was bound to his bare ribs with a hastily contrived bandage.

"Take the wheel, cap'n!" yelled Johnny Sewel, pointing to the Floosie wallowing in the bottom of the trough of the same sea into which the Water Witch was driving. "Ram her abaft the wheelhouse! Ram her and hold your stem into her, while I get 'em off!"

Old Captain Tod jumped for the wheel. "Luck to you, Johnny!" he yelled and braced his feet for the crash.

Out into the night, where the spray stung like shot, Johnny Sewel clawed his way. He whipped the end of a line around his waist and made fast the other end to a mooring bitt as he pulled himself forward along the rail and crouched, ready to jump.

Down went the stem of the Water Witch into the sea, dipping deep and rising just as it crashed into the rotten planking of the Floosie. Johnny was over the side and on the half-submerged deck of the Floosie. Off came the rope from his own body and around Letta.

"Get on over!" he yelled, giving her a shove.

"No, Claude first!" she begged.

He gripped her by the hips and tossed her on to the deck of the Water Witch, then slashed away the lashings holding Claude Judson to the broken signal mast. With a splintering crash, the stem of the Water Witch ripped upward through the side of the Floosie and started to fall away.

JOHNNY SEWEL gathered his burden in his arms and jumped, to land sprawling on his own forecastle. There was just time enough to grip a hatch dog with his left hand, while hugging Claude Judson's slack body to him with his right arm, when the next sea roared over.

He felt the rough iron biting deeper and deeper into the flesh of his hand as he fought to keep from being dragged off by the rushing water and hurled over the side. . . . Then there was sweet air for his scorching lungs again. He snatched Claude Judson from the deck and dragged him along the gangway and down into his cabin.

Letta was there inside, waiting to slam shut the companionway slide before the next sea broke.

"Get him under blankets," said Johnny Sewel, lowering Claude on to a bunk.

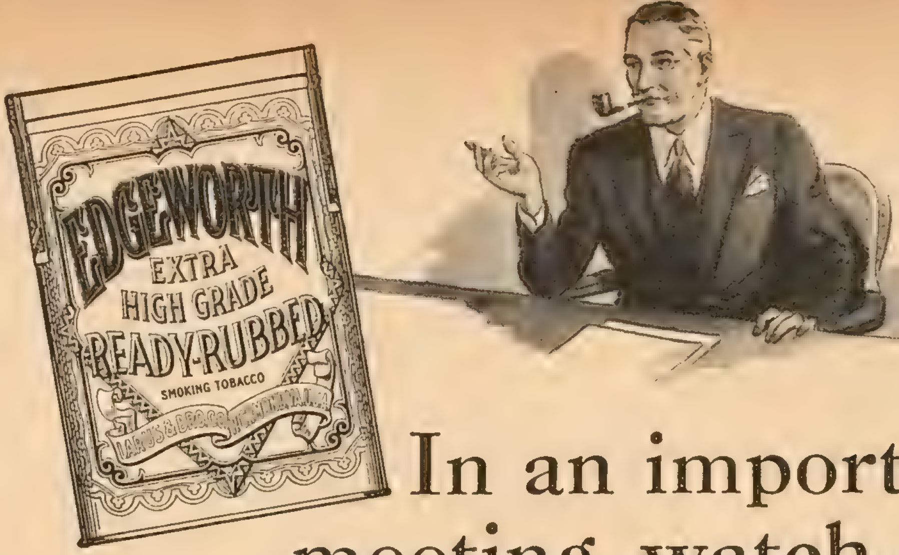
Letta went down on her knees, drawing the edge of the blanket over Claude's bare chest, and wedged a pillow under his broken arm. "We're safe now, Claude. Johnny came for us, just like I said he would—"

For a bitter moment Johnny Sewel watched those soft fingers push back the hair from Claude Judson's face. He turned away and mounted the ladder to the pilothouse—too quickly to see Letta following him with worshiping eyes, then drop her face into her hands and sob.

The tramp steamer was blowing her siren when he climbed up through the narrow opening and switched his searchlight on the Water Witch's bows. There were cruel ragged scratches in her fresh paint, but the stout oak stem was intact and the deck was undamaged.

"Tramp is signaling to know if he should stand by any longer," grunted old Captain Tod.

Johnny turned his searchlight on



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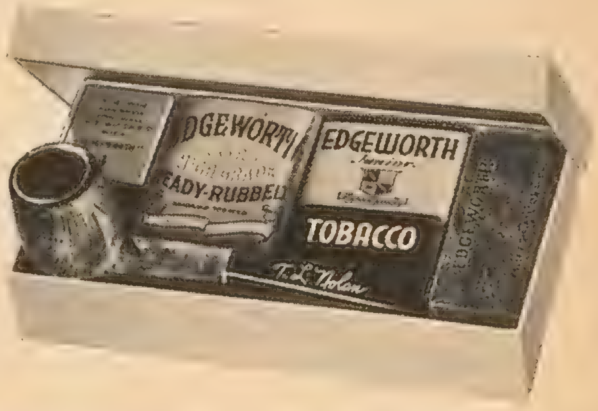

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the tramp's bridge and winked the light in code: " Proceed. Many thanks."

With a farewell salute from her bellowing siren, the tramp steamer went on her way. With a hard lump in his throat, Johnny Sewel swung the Water Witch back toward the winking lights of Hobb's Harbor.

" Letty all right, Johnny? " asked Captain Tod.

" Letty's O. K., cap'n."

The huge black seas clawed and buffeted the Water Witch. Then came the calm water of the harbor again and Johnny Sewel steered for the city dock, where the landing and the street were jammed with townsfolk.

He slowed his engine and drew smoothly to a landing, jumping ashore and making his lines fast.

The captain of the Garrett Point coast guard station brushed through the crowd and gripped his shoulder. " We got a wireless from the steamer Mazoot that the Floosie was foundering out there. Hooked our surfboat trailer behind the truck and drove up here. We were expecting to have to do what you've done, young man. I'd like to shake the hand of a real seaman! "

Johnny Sewel drew back his hand and said, " Got a hurt man below."

Two coastguardmen hurried aboard with a Stokes stretcher and brought Claude Judson to the dock. Letta walked alongside, and when the stretcher was lowered to the ground she dropped on her knees and smoothed back his blood-clotted hair.

A press photographer's flashlight winked. " Boy, if that isn't a front-page shot, I never made one! " Johnny Sewel heard him say.

" You're Captain Sewel, aren't you? " came a question with a touch on Johnny Sewel's elbow. " I'm Richards of the Seaboard Express. Can you give me a few high lights on how you made the rescue of that man and girl? "

Johnny Sewel was staring after Letta, who was walking beside Claude Judson's stretcher as it was being carried to a waiting ambulance. She was holding Claude's good hand and he was smiling back up at her.

" Did you have any serious difficulties to overcome in making the rescue, captain? " the reporter was asking.

Johnny Sewel shook his head. " No. It happened just like I expected it would."

The reporter motioned behind Johnny Sewel's back for the photographer to get ready for another picture.

" Weren't you afraid, out there in that terrific storm, that your own boat might go under, captain? "

Johnny Sewel blinked slowly at his questioner. " No. That's what a good boat like mine is for."

" Oh, come now! " expostulated the reporter. " There was one moment, at least, when you were looking death squarely in the face, and you knew it. When was that? "

" There just wasn't any such moment," insisted Johnny Sewel stolidly. " When you know your business and you know your boat and engine are right, there just isn't anything to be scared of."

" Good Lord, man," exclaimed the reporter half seriously, " isn't there a streak of personality in you? "

Johnny Sewel saw Letta clinging to her grandfather's shoulder as the ambulance doors were being closed on Claude Judson. He saw her shake her head vigorously when the interne touched her arm, as if suggesting she should ride to the hospital too.

Then he saw her kiss her grandfather on the cheek and walk slowly back to the dock.

She came straight to Johnny Sewel and put her arms around his neck. Her eyes were turned upward to his. Slowly her lips curved in a timid smile.

A flashlight winked. " Hold the pose, please. H-o-l-d it! . . . There! A million thanks! "

Letta's arms tightened around Johnny Sewel's neck. Letta's lips were waiting humbly for his, but there were so many people watching and cheering that Johnny Sewel's courage went limp inside of him.

" You big coward! " laughed Letta softly, deep down in her throat, and kissed him recklessly.

Which was all right with Johnny Sewel. Anything Letta had ever wanted to do had always been all right with him.

THE END

I WANT A MAN!
WHY LIBBIE! WHAT A THING TO SAY!
BUT IT'S TRUE, GRANNIE! *I WANT A MAN TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM*--AND NO ONE EVEN GIVES ME A RUSH!
WELL, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE *REASON FOR THAT!* AND IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR GRANNIE'S ADVICE, YOU'LL--WELL--YOU'LL GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
YOU'RE A BOY AFTER MY OWN HEART, TOM--AND I'M MIGHTY GLAD THAT LIBBIE'S MADE UP HER MIND TO MARRY YOU!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY— PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Me and $900

Liberty's Short Short

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

I WOKE up in a ditch about two miles from Longhorn City, and the sorrel cayuse was nibbling grass a few feet away, and I felt awful. My sombrero and six-gun had slipped to the bottom of a hollow, but I was too dizzy to go after them.

Then I remembered my money belt.

I pretty near collapsed in pure fright. Because the money was gone! My uncle's money, which I was supposed to deliver to Ned Gordon of the Bar G Bar, was gone!

I looked around like a wild man. Hunting in the ditch and underbrush did no good. And then, all of a sudden, I remembered the two strangers . . . two lanky hombres who'd been drinking with me in the Lucky Horse Saloon. Last thing I could recollect was going out of the place with them; they were holding my arms, because I was wobbly as a scarecrow after putting down all that liquor. And I had a hazy idea that the three of us had ridden out of Longhorn City together, singing to the Arizona stars.

I gathered up my gun and sombrero right quick, swung into the saddle, and hightailed into Longhorn City with a kind of fever in my head. When I rushed into the saloon, there was Baldy behind the bar, calm as usual.

"Baldy," I yelled, all hoarse, "you remember the two polecats I was drinkin' with last night?"

Baldy quit wiping the bar. "Sure, Slim," he said. "Why? Did they rob you too?"

"Too?" I said. "What d'you mean, too?"

"Four o'clock this mornin'," said Baldy, "they busted into the bank. Got quite a bit o' cash. Got away. Nobody knows where. Sheriff Dunn's out huntin' with a posse."

I leaned against the bar and held my head and groaned. Baldy slid a drink under my nose.

"On the house," he said. "How much did they take you for?"

"Nine hundred dollars! My uncle," I sort of moaned, "bought some beef from Ned Gordon. He was payin' for it in cash. He couldn't go himself yesterday, so he sent me to Gordon's. But my horse went lame on the way, an' I had to walk eleven miles to borrow another at the Circle T, so it was most midnight when I got to town. I figured I wouldn't wake Ned Gordon up so late. Figured I'd wait till mornin' to pay him."

"An' meanwhile," said Baldy, "you drifted in here an' had a few drinks with them strangers." He clucked kind of sadlike and shook his head.

What I'd tell my uncle I didn't know. After the way he'd trusted me, I felt meaner than a tarantula. I went and sat down on the saloon's step, holding my head again.

And then something streaked through my brain like sizzling lightning. I remembered that just before I got real drunk I'd drifted over to a poker table to watch a big hand; and when I got back to the bar, one of the strangers was whispering to the other, "It can't be more'n sixty miles to Phoenix!"

They quit talking when I put my arms around their shoulders.

A minute later I galloped out of Longhorn City and hit the trail for Phoenix.

All morning I pounded the hoofs off the sorrel. By noon the cayuse was about fit to keel over. But I met up with old Mike Stafford, who was riding herd on the Double B spread. He had a fresh horse under him—a fine big bay—and when I explained I was chasing bank robbers he swapped with me pronto.

Two hours later I spotted the strangers.

Yes, sir, caught up with the polecats in a canyon. Their ponies were plumb tuckered out, so that they were traveling slow. They turned quick when they heard me. Reckon they recognized me right off and were plenty scared, because I could hear them curse. They scrambled out of their saddles and pulled iron. I'd won plenty of prize money for shooting down tomato cans at the San Marese rodeo, and I figured at fifty yards I could handle these two. Besides, I was too mad to care. I pulled the bay to a stop and hauled out my six-gun and yelled, "You buzzards give up? Or do I have to come a-blazin'?"

"You come any closer," one of them roared, "an' you'll step into a shower o' lead!"

With that he sent a slug at me by way of warning, and it clicked on a rock. The other hombre started shooting too, but I could see they were firing wild at fifty yards—though one of them did nick my left forearm with a lucky shot. Me, I aimed careful. And after I'd squeezed the trigger four times, both hombres lay squirming.

I walked ahead then and roped them with the reata Mike Stafford had left on the bay's saddle horn. I searched them then and, sure enough, I found the stolen money. Four thousand eight hundred dollars. Nine hundred of it, I figured, was mine, and the rest must belong to the bank. So I put my share in my money belt, buttoned the bank's cash inside my shirt, and headed home, with my prisoners slung over their saddles.

It was past midnight when I got into Longhorn City and turned the two buzzards over to Sheriff Dunn. He was sure surprised. And old man Hornung of the bank swore he'd see I got a suitable reward, and everybody at the Lucky Horse wanted to buy me a drink.

But I said, "Not now, boys, not now. Got to see Ned Gordon at the Bar G Bar first."

So I gave the sheriff the bank's money and rode on alone.

Ned was still up. He looked at me with considerable surprise, seeing as how I was dusty and tired and my sleeve was bloodstained.

"Here," I said. "My uncle sent it for that beef."

Ned looked at the money, his eyes popping, then looked at me again. "Doggone it," he said, "you mean to tell me you was so drunk last night you don't remember?"

I said, "Remember what?"

"Why, man, along about two you came over here, woke me out o' sleep, an' put nine hundred dollars into my hands! An' you was so crazy drunk you rode away singin', without waitin' for so much as a receipt or a thank you!"

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.55 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

FINAL WEEK *Liberty's Vacation Travel Contest!*

HERE is Coupon 10, bringing with it the close of this season's travel contest. Be sure when you have completed and checked each solution that you include with your entry the brief statement required by Rule 3. This statement must accompany your solutions if you wish to be eligible for one of the awards.

Do not elaborate or decorate your entry. Simplicity is best. The judges will announce their decisions as quickly as possible after all entries are in. Make sure that you observe the closing date, June 7.

In order that winners be enabled to make use of their awards with the least possible delay, Liberty will communicate with them directly the awards are made. Announcement of winners will be made in the earliest possible following issue for the information of all contestants.

(Rock Island Lines photo.)

Golf course near Palm Springs.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

(New York Central System photo.)

The new Twentieth Century Limited.

(Southern Pacific Ry. photo.)

New Orleans street scene.

(American Airlines photo.)

Niagara Falls from the air.

(All-Year Club, Southern Calif. photo.)

Tournament of Roses, Pasadena.

(Photo by Hileman.)

Riding in Glacier National Park.

No. 10 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble **Solution**

1. SHINOTINGA ....
2. MIMDESURSE ....
3. ADOGNOCTIRE ....
4. ETAGSTSUNUI ....
5. SLOCKEOHJAN ....
6. JOKEBOOKAIL ....
7. NAILMAPCHALEK ....
8. SILANTCASTINIDO ....
9. THUMPALEKREPALKA ....
10. TRAILPOKEANTRANCH ....

RED DAYS AND A LONELY HERO

Mexico's most colorful interlude of blood and glory lives again in a finely performed film—with a message for 1939

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ JUAREZ

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Brian Aherne, Claude Rains, Gale Sondergaard, John Garfield, Donald Crisp, Gilbert Roland, Henry O'Neill, Joseph Calleia, Pedro de Cordoba, Montagu Love, Harry Davenport, Walter Fenner, Alexander Leftwich, Georgia Caine, Robert Warwick, Gennaro Curci, William Wilkerson, John Miljan, Hugh Sothern, Fred Malatesta, Carlos de Valdez, Irving Pichel, Frank Lackteen, Walter O. Stahl, Frank Reicher, Holmes Herbert, Walter Kingsford, Egon Brecher, Monte Blue, Louis Calhern, Manuel Diaz, Micky Kuhn, Lillian Nicholson, Noble Johnson, Martin Garralaga, Vladimir Sokoloff, Douglas Wood, Grant Mitchell, Charles Halton, William Edmunds. Adapted by Aeneas MacKenzie, John Huston, Abem Finkel, and Wolfgang Reinhardt from a story by Mrs. Bertita Harding. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 120 minutes.

THIS tapestry of blood, cruelty, and nobility presents a two-million-dollar Hollywood study of the lowly Zapotecan Indian who raised himself to Mexican leadership. Benito Pablo Juarez resented the invasion of the French back in the '60s. He organized his countrymen, retreated, harassed, battled the invaders who had set up a puppet emperor, the Austrian Archduke Maximilian. In the end Juarez won. Maximilian died before a firing squad, the Indian had his brief years of triumph.

With the passing of time, Juarez has become a great national hero below the Rio Grande, and here he is presented with dignity, with pageantry, and with moving drama. Paul Muni plays him with stoic, burning fervor. It is an intense, dead-pan performance of a single-minded fanatic of freedom. Juarez was a lonely one-track-minded patriot—and not altogether a figure of drama. It isn't odd, then, that the focus of the film romantically centers upon the ill-fated brother of Emperor Francis Joseph, who comes from the lovely palace of Miramar with his beautiful consort Carlotta, to the bloodstained throne of Chapultepec. Actually, he is a hollow figure of romance, trying lamely to win an alien, fiercely patriotic people, and to prove himself something besides the pawn of the French emperor, Napoleon III. But there is intense tragedy in this man, destined to die at thirty-five; greater tragedy in Carlotta, destined to live, broken and mad, for lonely years to come.

Three stars in a four-star film. Paul Muni, Brian Aherne, and Bette Davis in Juarez.

Maybe some of this shift in focus is due to Brian Aherne's superb performance as Ferdinand Joseph Maximilian. Aherne plays the handsome imperialist from the city of waltzes with gates-ajar whiskers, grace, and a charmingly sentimental fervor. And you will be touched by the tragic Empress Carlotta of Bette Davis.

There are admirable bits. John Garfield's Porfirio Diaz may seem a little modern but it is vigorous and earthy. The picture has sweep, detail, and color. The Warners have seen to it that the film carries its message of 1939—of the Americas for Americans, of the menace of overambitious Napoleons, of the perfidy of dictators. Yes, Juarez is surprisingly timely.

VITAL STATISTICS: Late last year, Paul Muni, director Dieterle, studio chief Hal Wallis, and associate producer Henry Blanke went to Mexico, spent six weeks studying "the ugly little man in the ill-fitting black frock coat." Otherwise Juarez. In Mexico City they visited the two Prida brothers, grandsons of Juarez and men of wealth and influence; even found a 116-year-old ancient who had fought by Juarez' side. They discovered, among other things, that Juarez did a Neville Chamberlain—always carried an umbrella. . . . Bette Davis became the raven-haired Carlotta by using one of Perc Westmore's most costly wigs, worn over her own hair trimmed to a three-inch length. . . . Director William Dieterle always wears white gloves while he directs. Says it's easier for the actor to get his signs. Others whisper that it's because the stars tell him to wear 'em. Dieterle believes in astrology, starts all his pictures on dates set by the heavens. . . . Every prominent actor in Hollywood tried for the role of Maximilian, but Brian Aherne got the part. Warner research men discovered that he looks a great deal like the archduke. Anyway, for weeks Aherne was up to his ears in whiskers. It took three hours every morning to get those blond whiskers just right in texture and wave. . . . Most of the sets—from palace to native hovel—were built in the Warners' studios, but a Mexican city of ten square acres was constructed at the studio ranch, twenty-five miles from Hollywood, in the rolling Calabasas hills. The landing of Maximilian and Carlotta was staged on the edge of the studio lake on the Warner back lot. It was done in a big way, cavalrymen with sabers at salute, drummers rolling out a welcome, the populace standing by. . . . Six-year-old Micky Kuhn was chosen over forty-three youngsters for the role of the heir to the Mexican throne. Hails from Waukegan, Illinois, home town of a certain radio comic.

★ ★ ★ FOR LOVE OR MONEY

THE PLAYERS: Robert Kent, June Lang, Edward Brophy, Etienne Girardot, Richard Lane, Edward Gargan, Horace McMahon. Screen play by Charles Grayson and Arthur Horman from a story by Julian Blaustein, Daniel Taradash, and Bernard Fein. Directed by Al Rogell. Produced by Universal. Running time, 68 minutes.

HERE is a little B comedy that is consistently amusing. The plot doesn't sound very promising: Two gangsters lose the $50,000 entrusted to them by their chief, who is paying off a lucky race-horse bettor. Liquidation at the point of a gun threatens the two unless they can find the missing coin. But by the time they catch up with it, the greater part has been spent by the pretty finder, a rich dowager's downtrodden secretary.

Thanks to Al Rogell's speedy and

Australia's ROBIN HOOD LIVES AGAIN!

Thrill to the reckless, rousing, romantic exploits of Captain Fury and his fearless band. See these gallant rogues crush tyranny and carve an empire out of the savage bush of an untamed country.

HAL ROACH PRESENTS

"CAPTAIN FURY"

Starring

BRIAN AHERNE (Great in "Juarez") · VICTOR McLAGLEN (Hit of "Gunga Din")

with

JUNE LANG JOHN CARRADINE PAUL LUKAS

GEORGE ZUCCO DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE VIRGINIA FIELD

SEE—Convicts become heroes.

SEE—The black dungeons of Malopi!

SEE—The Kangaroo Court in action!

SEE—Headlong adventure!

SEE—Dangerous romance!

Inspired by this great story from pioneer Australia—Hal Roach has fashioned the "must see" picture of the year.

Directed by HAL ROACH

Screen Play by Grover Jones, Jack Jevne and William deMille

Released thru United Artists

sustained direction and an adroitly maneuvered story, the yarn takes on vitality and laughter.

The cast is excellent, particularly June Lang as the girl who gets the gangsters' money, Etienne Girardot as an eccentric old gentleman of wealth, and Ed Brophy as a dumb racketeer.

VITAL STATISTICS: June Lang hails from Minneapolis, real cognomen is Vlasek. She was a professional dancer at six. . . . Born in Hartford, Connecticut, raised in Brooklyn—that's a thumbnail portrait of Robert Kent. Started as a boxing amateur, forgot to duck, signed up as an ordinary seaman on a cruise to Chile, returned to Manhattan to find something easier. Took up modeling. Prize ring still has its lure. Kent manages a heavyweight named Mickey Simpson. . . . Ed Brophy, who specializes in dumb mugs, started planning for the future by studying law at the University of Virginia. World War came along and Ed saw it from the deck of the S. S. Albany. After: Became a film studio manager, drifted to acting. . . . Etienne Girardot has seen heaps of actors come and go. Once was a star, has acted for over fifty years. Starred in 1893 in a famous comedy of the day, Charley's Aunt. Won't admit his age. Report has it eighty-odd years.

★ ½ INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH

THE PLAYERS: Gordon Harker, Alastair Sim, Miki Hood, Wally Patch, Steve Geray, Edward Underdown, Hugh Williams, Gibb McLaughlin, Ronald Adam, Eliot Makeham. Screen play by Bryan Wallace based on the character created by Hans Wolfgang Priwin. Directed by Eugene Forde. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 81 minutes.

FOR all its Scotland Yard background, this English-made film has little American appeal. Inspector Hornleigh solves three murders and the theft of the budget bag of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. An advance glimpse of the bag is a tip-off on tomorrow's market reactions. Hence the stealing.

The plot here is ingenious, but the whole thing moves in a fog of thick British accent.

VITAL STATISTICS: The political writer, Hans Wolfgang Priwin, created Hornleigh over an after-dinner coffee and jumped into the money. In no time at all England was hanging upon Hornleigh's radio deductions in the weekly program, Monday Night at Seven, much as America awaits Charlie McCarthy of a Sunday evening. Even dictator-harassed Europe listens in. . . . Gordon Harker, who plays the sleuth, started by doing cockney crook roles. He's a veteran of many Edgar Wallace mystery plays.

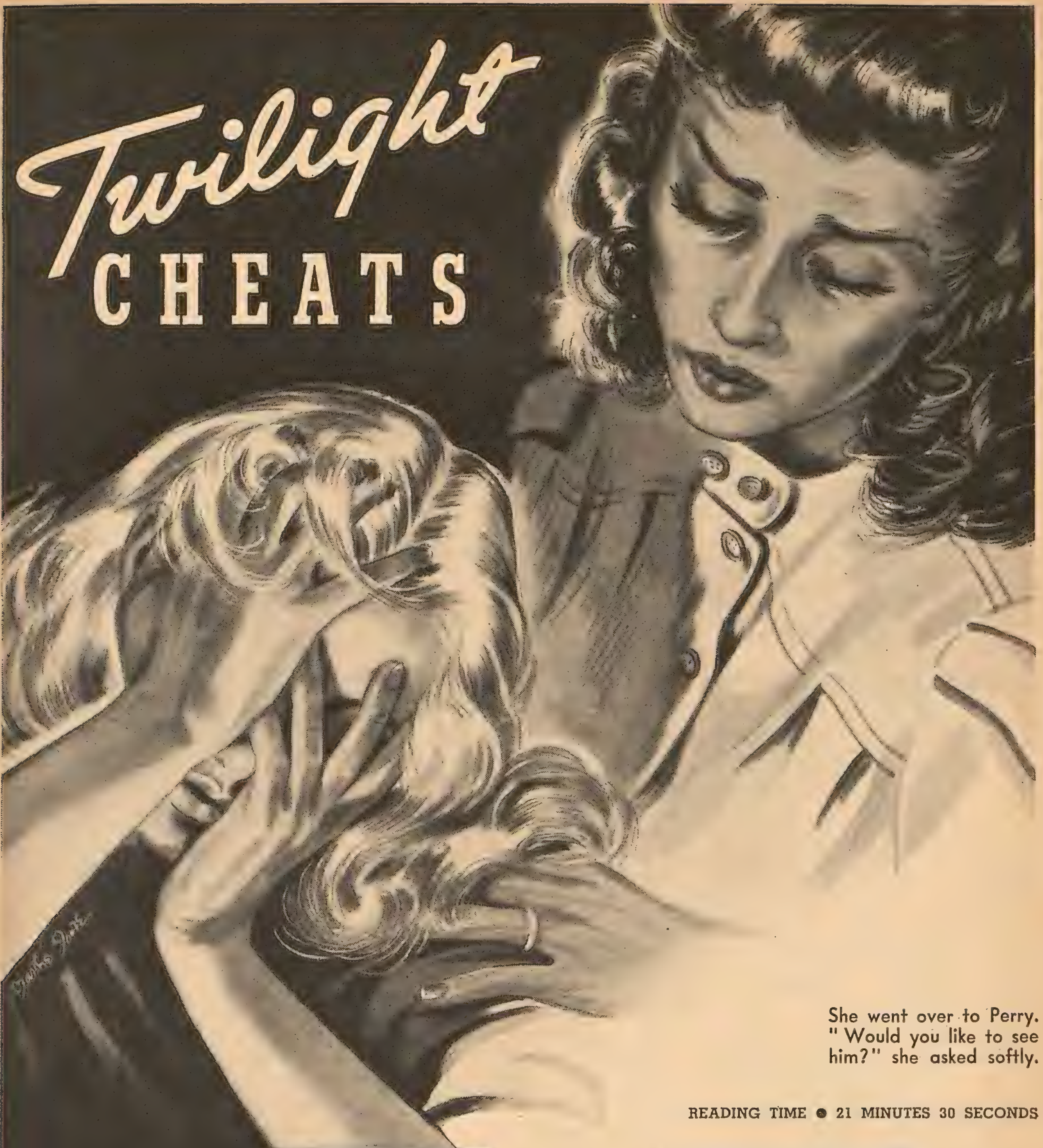
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters.

★★★—Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School.

Twilight CHEATS



She went over to Perry. "Would you like to see him?" she asked softly.

BY GRACE PERKINS

Tragedy leaves a strange legacy of peace—and the curtain falls on a memorable novel of today

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

THE look Andrew turned on his wife was even more angry than hurt.

"A swell finish to our little trip together," he said. "Listen to me, Martha. I thought the past was over and done with. It should be for you, too; it's what you wanted. I can't stand any more about it."

"And I don't think I can stand any more of what seems to be the future."

He walked past her, hands thrust in his pockets. She watched as he strolled to the back section of the deck.

He stood, leaning against the rail, staring back toward from where they had come. With a sigh, Martha walked down to his side. She did not speak, because everything she could think to say seemed futile or downright silly.

"Over my dead body you'll get a divorce," he said finally. Like some ultimatum he had been planning.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE, AND HOW! DON'T LOSE A SINGLE DAY. RELIEVE THOSE ACHING MUSCLES NOW, THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY.
DISTRESS FROM TOO MUCH FOOD OR DRINK AND HEADACHES OFT ANNOY, BE WISE AND ALKA-SELTZER-IZE AND GET YOUR SHARE OF JOY.
Alka-Seltzer

Be Wise Alkalize!

A sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer should be your first defense against the pain, misery and discomfort of common, everyday aches and pains.

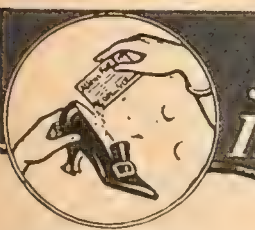
When you are feeling under par because of overwork, overeating, loss of sleep, or some other indiscretion, and a headache or upset stomach threatens to ruin your day, that's when a pleasant-tasting glass of Alka-Seltzer is most welcome. You'll actually be amazed how quickly your pain and discomfort disappear.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SAT. NIGHT • • • NBC

AT ALL DRUG STORES BY THE PACKAGE OR GLASS

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer



Shake into your Shoes

And Sprinkle in the Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

Dust soothing, refreshing Foot=Ease on your feet, between your toes. It absorbs perspiration and its antiseptic qualities guard against "Athlete's Foot". **Allen's Foot=Ease** relieves tired, tender, smarting, swollen feet, and eases the pinch and pressure of new shoes. Dance and walk in comfort. Sold everywhere in two sizes. For generous FREE Sample and Walking Doll write Department B.

Allen's Foot=Ease, Le Roy, New York

Superlative Living

Enjoy your visit in sparkling surroundings at Chicago's very newest hotel. Centrally located.

Allan G. Hurst, Manager

CHICAGO'S HOTEL

KNICKERBOCKER

"You're pining away for her, Andy. I can see."

"Well, what if I am?" He tossed his head angrily. "I told you once, shortly after she went abroad, that I had made my decision but that I didn't bargain to forget. You can't on order, you know. She was a part of me, Martha. I grew to love her—not only to need or want her, but to love her. You wince, and I don't blame you. You can't understand. Neither can I. I didn't love you less. You don't really believe that or accept it. But it's so. And if that's monstrous—then I'm a monster."

THEY were both dimly conscious of the mounting excitement on the other side of the deck. The ship was inching slowly against the dock. But they two merely stood, their backs on the hurly-burly of landing.

Andrew Lane turned squarely to his wife, his face tired and stern.

"That's neither here nor there," he said sharply. "I've made my choice. She's as out of my life as if she were dead. I'll get used to being without her—just as I would if she had died."

Martha shuddered involuntarily, half sensing a toll of doom; dismissing her reaction as fanciful. . . . But she could not dismiss the weight of her secret knowledge. There was no use fighting any longer, for she had left to her only the shell of a man. She had to realize that he loved Perry, and certainly she knew that Perry loved him. There was nothing left but for Martha to check out and to send him to her and the baby.

"I have reason to say to you, Andy, that you ought to find her. A very special reason. You should find her—and consider again."

"Martha, for heaven's sake, stop harping on it!" His fists were clenched at his side, his words scorched his closed teeth with barely controlled nerves. "Can't you let me run some part of my own life? Could I, please, be permitted to control some measure of my own problems? Would you like to open my brain and see my thoughts?"

"No," she said steadily. "Thanks."

"All right. All right. I'm sorry I blew up. Privacy is too much to ask. But the lack of it, I'm telling you, made a wreck of what might have been decent and lovely. Just the same, however I may be haunted by what was, or what might have been, it could never be revived. Do you hear that, Martha? It rotted and was left exposed, mercilessly. And so it's worse than dead. It wasn't even decently buried."

She hadn't dared look at him for fear of crying. Yet something in his voice made her reach out her hand blindly to him. She knew, as he took it, that no matter what happened between them, no matter what they lost or gained through all this, she would instinctively reach out her hand to him till she drew her last breath.

He pressed her hand feverishly, fondling it with a clinging need, and then tucked it under his elbow. He moved close to her, and his nearness steadied her—just as she knew she steadied him.

"You're never going to leave me, Martha," he half whispered. "You can see for yourself I probably wasn't worth fighting for. But you did. And I'm yours. You'll have to make the best of me now, however stale or dull I may be. You can fill your life with flying or any other damned thing you think of, to relieve the strain of strong doses of me."

"Don't, please—Andy."

"I mean it, dear. I'll never stray again. This fire-player didn't know how to play and got burned."

She could face him then, because he was smiling with self-pity that was not as mocking as he made out.

"Just the same," she said soberly, knowing she would sound womanish, yet driven by her knowledge of what he could not suspect, "I must in all decency and fairness, Andy, urge you to find her and . . ."

"Martha!" His hand tightened on her so that she winced with pain. "Will you drop it? In 'all decency and fairness,' drop it. None of us has been decent or fair. Not one of the three of us. Not even you. And if you don't mind, I've had enough nobility from you, Martha, to last a lifetime. I never want to hear about her again. Never. And if she herself wrote or tried to see me now, that would still go."

"Have it your way," said Martha Lane.

BUT it wasn't Andrew that Perry got in touch with. The Lanes were not home from their trip more than ten days when Azalea rang Martha's doorbell. Later, Martha figured out that the colored woman had probably waited near by, watching the house to make sure that Andrew had definitely left for his commuters' train. She had asked for Mrs. Lane personally before giving up the letter, and Martha had flushed unreasonably at the shocked recognition that registered on the black features, as Azalea realized that she had once opened the penthouse door to Mrs. Andrew Lane.

Martha took the big square envelope with its stubby bold writing, knowing panic in her heart as she accepted it. And Azalea went her way, as Azaleas do.

August 18th.

My dear Mrs. Lane:

I've thought longer about writing this letter than I hope you will think before answering it. But I am in great difficulty, and in such a time pride cannot be afforded. It is possible, if not probable, that you might well be generous under the circumstances. At any rate, I do think you owe something to me. Enough to ask of you what I want to ask. Will you come to me?

It is not so far but that you could fly up and back in one day, and surely you could arrange that without any one's knowing. I have a nurse here with me who could meet you in my car at the Ossining airfield at whatever time you stated. It is not such a long drive from there to the cabin where I am living. Here is my phone number. . . .

Yours humbly,
PERRY SNOW.

Martha knew instantly what she was going to do. She was going up there, impelled by curiosity, fear, concern. She was going because That Woman had willed it. . . .

Yet all day she turned the letter over in her thoughts, ridden by it almost to the exclusion of everything else. Until at last she memorized the phone number and burned the heavy plum-colored stationery that was so indicative of the woman who wrote on it.

Even then the words scratched unceasingly on her mind. Dunning her as she tossed sleepless in her bed.

I might well be generous under the circumstances, eh? Well, don't forget, Martha, Andy's had enough of your nobility to last a lifetime, he said. . . . He said he never wanted to hear of her again. She got in touch with me and not him, in her "great difficulty." . . . She even figured out how I could get up there and back in one day. I can, too, of course. Arrange everything ahead . . . send her a wire, weather permitting—and leave as soon as Andy goes for his train in the morning. There ought to be a day soon when he will stay in town to dinner on business. Ah! *Really* on business these days. . . . She has a nurse? I wonder why. As I figure it, it should be around October. . . . This is only August. . . . Is she dramatizing it all over the place? . . . Dr. Grant said "she is not as strong as she thinks, your friend." . . . Oh, why does she have to be in difficulty and not as strong as she thinks, needing a nurse? Why, in the name of right and wrong, can't I ever be free of her? Why did he have to get entangled with somebody halfway decent, who could sin brazenly all over the lot and then pull love and high standards? I'm damned sick of *her* nobility, if anybody wants to know, and have had enough to last a lifetime. . . .

HER opportunity came a week later. Martha made every last preparation, and went to bed praying for rain. But the day was clear and perfect. At the field she telephoned Perry. And took off with grim resignation. Feeling that she was flying to her own Gethsemane.

The nurse, at the airfield, introduced herself as Mrs. West. She talked little on the seventy-minute drive into the depths of wooded hills, nor was it the kind of talk Martha cared to encourage.

"We are not doing as well as we would like," she informed Martha with mournful optimism. "We are greatly underweight, try as we may to eat up. I do believe it is the lack of good sound sleep. We are constantly suffering with fatigue, but I swear we

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just lie staring wide awake in a most distressing—and if I do say so, only outside the house, you know—*unnatural* way."

Martha picked at the stitching of her gloves. It seemed hard to understand that a girl of Perry's type would put up with such saccharin.

But meeting Perry, it was easy to understand. Very little reached Perry Snow and less registered. She probably never heard Mrs. West. . . .

She met Martha with feverish animation, and the sight of her, a shade of the woman Martha remembered, was such a shock that Martha looked quickly away and talked in a torrent about the cabin. It was a charming tiny hide-away, built, Perry said, by a famous artist. Perry felt lucky in being able to get it all summer. And she had been painting. . . . It was wonderful, at last, to have time to paint. . . .

She showed Martha a few of her canvases with a gentle air of hospitality. As if fully aware of the blow her appearance was, and giving Martha time to recover. For the most part, Martha kept her eyes averted, welcoming the distraction, and examining, as they talked, the delicate water colors of birches and maples, and a rich oil of sunlight on a brook.

MRS. WEST brought a tray, gurgling that "We have a little snack always in midmorning, and surely our guest would be glad, after her flight, of a cup of cocoa?"

Martha swallowed the stuff carefully and ordered herself not to get ill. She tried not to watch as Perry ate automatically, with a sort of somnambulistic obedience, the full quota of buttered scones and cream cheese. Until Martha became accustomed to the celluloid texture and color of the skin, the deep cavities that held the blue eyes that seemed larger than ever and fevered with patience. Yes, she could at last accept with surface ease all the marks of Perry's doom. The blue streaks of veins in her long neck and down her thin arms, even the relentless beat of one blue point in her temple.

Great difficulty? Martha caught her breath. This girl, misshapen, her body more pronouncedly contorted than if she had sufficient weight, had no doubt written truly when she put on plum-colored paper that pride could not be afforded. And when Mrs. West had taken the tray and closed the door, Martha leaned forward with disarming humility, and asked, "What can I do? Anything . . ."

Perry did not stir. She sat with her hands in her lap, her eyes intent on the vines that trailed the porch beyond. When she spoke her voice was steady but so low that Martha strained to hear.

"I have reason to believe—that I am not going to live through this."

"Now, you mustn't—" began Martha breathily. But Perry turned on her one glance of those blue eyes that quieted her, and after a moment continued with the speech which Martha felt was so rehearsed that it was no longer painful to deliver.

"I may, of course," Perry admitted tonelessly. "But it doesn't seem likely. The point is, my child may live. I hope so. And I wanted to ask you—if you would take him."

Martha tried to answer. She couldn't. The blood was rushing to her temples and swarming to her eyes and ears. She tried to tell herself that she had known this was coming. But she hadn't. She hadn't! She had hoped it was financial difficulties. . . . She had even been prepared for something about Andy. . . .

"If you would take him, as your own," Perry amended carefully, "as some—any baby that you adopted. You could surely manage it some way. Nobody need ever know, really, but you. And me. And my doctor."

Martha went over to the table where she had left her leather flying jacket, and got a cigarette from a pocket. She lit it deliberately and stood staring, as Perry did, at the clematis vine over the porch.

"I don't know exactly when it will be." Perry's voice was a little more hurried now. "I—I imagine it will be before the full time. All arrangements have been made. I go into a hospital—in New York—for an acute appendicitis operation. . . ."

Smoking didn't help. Martha stood with the tears running down her cheeks uncontrolled. She kept her face averted from Perry and let them fall, spattering her silk blouse.

"I've told my doctor you might come to see him—just in case. He would handle everything. He understands."

Martha took a deep breath and fumbled blindly on the table for an ash tray. She crushed out her cigarette.

"I don't expect you to decide right away, of course. But if you would think it over . . ."

Martha turned angrily. "Don't be a damned fool," she blazed. "I don't have to think it over. What sort of person do you think I am?"

PERRY turned her large troubled eyes on her with the look of a trapped animal. And Martha noted the bright red disks that were like stamps on her cheeks.

"I'll see your doctor right away. If it comes to what you fear, we'll work it out—just as you want it."

"Without any one ever knowing—please?"

"I'll never tell. No one will know."

"Thank you," Perry sighed. "I would like him to grow up with Drew. That's all. As a Lane. As his son."

Martha nodded. Marveling that she felt no wave of bitterness. For the first time her mind was able to comprehend what had always seemed like villainous sacrilege. She could comprehend the impossible. Evidently sacred and profane love didn't cover everything. You couldn't classify that easily. It was quite horrible to admit the possibility that a man might truly love two women at once. And that she and Perry could both love the same man so that he was the sum and total of their lives. . . .

She went over to Perry and put her fingers on the thin shoulder.

"Would you like to see him?" she asked softly. "Or talk to him? Would you like to hear from him?"

"No." Perry reached up and squeezed the fingers. "No, I wouldn't want him to see me . . . or have him know that he ever brought me any hurt. He will remember me as everything forbidden. Those memories will be worth any remorse. . . ."

ANDREW LANE did not read about Perry Snow's death. His secretary told him about it, and showed him the item. Acute appendicitis.

It was incredible. Right here in town, and he hadn't known! Right here, for Lord knows how long, and she hadn't gotten in touch with him! He got up abruptly, aware of his secretary's covert scrutiny.

"Will you order flowers for me?" he said curtly. "I'm going to meet old Curtis and have a talk with him. So I won't be back again today."

It was a reasonably well executed exit. Not that he really cared if it caused comment. He closed his outer office door with strange deliberation, and rang the elevator bell. He rode down with a number of strangers, and remembered . . . the night in this same elevator he had met her in her blue suit, and she had told him she didn't believe in marriage because she had met too many husbands. . . .

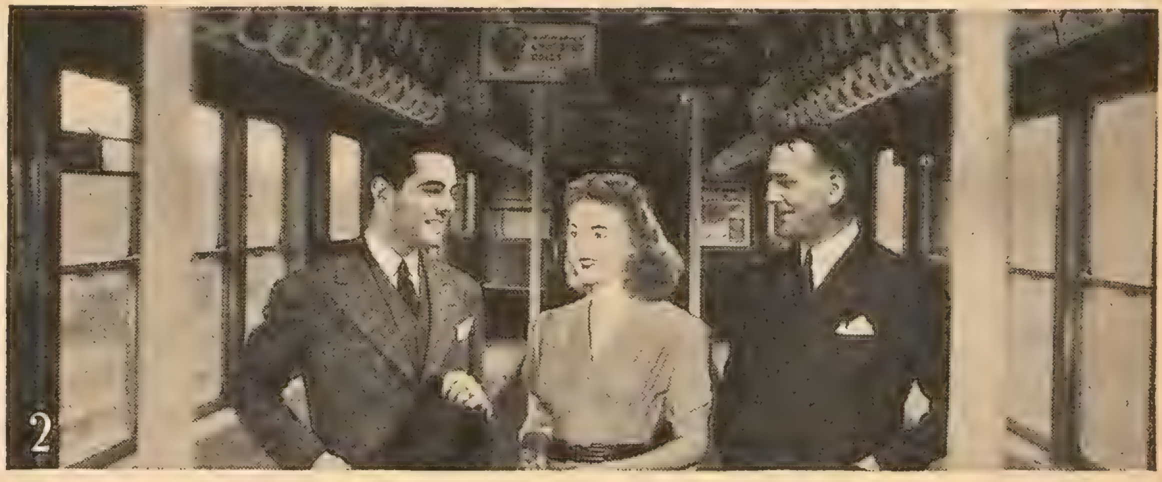
He found himself walking briskly along the streets. The lights were on earlier now, daylight saving was gone. . . . Had she suffered much? Was she alone when they rushed her to the hospital? Would Doug Randolph come on now and take care of things? Her burial—her people somewhere up in New England? Had she thought of him at all—called for him perhaps? And had any one, hearing her sweet fruity voice calling "Drew," tried to figure out who he might be?

He felt chilled. He went into a corner saloon and ordered whisky. And through the mirror back of the bar he stared dully out at the street. She had loved this time of day, too. And he would leave his office to meet her just at this time . . . twilight. . . .

He wondered if Martha knew. If she had seen the story in the papers. And whether she was glad. . . . Of course she'd be glad. . . . Only human. . . . But probably Martha hadn't read it; she was so busy these days she hardly looked at the papers. Queer thing, Martha's obsession to adopt a baby. Women are a little tetched, really. But Martha, he supposed, was seeking to recreate the atmosphere of the early days of their marriage. . . . And what did it matter, if it made her any happier?

Andy sighed and poured himself another drink. It was all very wearying. . . . Perry had lavished her affection on all the pets she had around. . . . Would Doug Randolph take Champ up to his big estate

June Storey, featured in the Republic picture, "Blue Montana Skies", is shown inspecting . . .



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now? Bet that dog wouldn't last two months without Perry. . . . It was right, in a way, that she had died so young. You couldn't go on streaking through life the way she did; and it was nice that she hadn't run up against the brick-walled truths of life. . . . You just couldn't think of a Perry old, slow-paced. You were thankful in your heart, to whatever gods a man has, to remember her in a bronze robe, swinging one foot and boasting that she was gloriously wicked . . . drinking champagne and peach juice. . . .

He went out into the street and pulled his hat low. He would walk to the station; his body felt the need of motion. He would take the train home. Home to Martha, with her idea of a new bid for happiness and interest. . . . Absurdly sweet the way she had a room all fixed up boyishly, and then insisted she still might change her mind and get a girl. Four times already he had been to look at a baby with her, and all four times he had agreed the child was the best possible in the world. . . . But evidently a woman shopped for babies with awesome whim. Only last night Martha had said to him: "Why, I may be another six weeks or even longer in deciding. After all, Andy, it's for life. . . ."

He was sorry when he reached Grand Central. He stopped and bought a newspaper on the corner, and then stood a moment, head tipped back, staring up at a group of roof windows a few blocks away. . . . Yes, some one else was living in Perry's penthouse. Some one else was up there seeing the twilight over the city. . . . Some one else who didn't have the Duchess screaming, or little green lovebirds chirping, or Champ. . . .

He wished he had Champ. He and the dog would have understood each other and been of comfort. . . .

DOUG RANDOLPH motored up to the rented cabin a few days after the funeral. He had Perry's keys and Perry's letter. The deserted little house spoke of her to him in a thousand ways. But Doug paid no attention. With the help of his chauffeur, he worked swiftly, silently. For the most part, she had left everything boxed and labeled. Her jewelry. Her clothes. Her cameras. "Send these to Azalea. . . ." "Give to the Salvation Army. . . ."

Doug was very careful packing up her paintings. No use studying them now. . . . He had the rest of his life for that. . . .

On the shelf of her bedroom closet he found two clay heads. And he lifted them down and placed them on the window sill. He stood before them, his full lips bunched. No matter how dispassionately you might tackle a given job, there was a boundary to self-control.

There was a head of himself. And a head of Drew Lane. Done early in the summer, no doubt, before Perry started painting. Stuck up on a closet shelf and forgotten. But he could see now what Perry had fashioned with her thumbs and fingers from memory. Drew Lane, idealized. He was no more like that than the man in the moon, but it was what Perry thought of him. Head back, eyes uncompromising, protruding eyebrows, and an impish chin. . . . And Doug himself! Hair unruly, big nose, an indulgent smile. . . . The head of an uncombed father confessor. That's how little she understood him.

A noise beyond roused him. Barking, growling. A large animal streaking through the living room to throw himself on Doug with whines of frantic welcome.

"Take it easy, boy. All right, Champ. Sure, you stay with me."

The chauffeur came to the bedroom door. "Neighbors just brought him over," he said. "I think we're all done, sir. Anything from in this room?"

"Nothing. I'll be right with you."

When the man had gone, Doug took the paper lining out of a bureau drawer and rolled the two clay heads up in it. He would put them on either end of the bookcase in his study. Just to remind him what naïve fools women are. . . .

He climbed into the back of his car and called to Champ. The dog hesitated, looking up and down and back to the cabin. Then he got in quietly, settled with a noisy yawn beside Doug, and put his head on the man's knee.

WINDY was laid up with a freshly broken collarbone when he got a wire from Martha, early in October. He read it several times:

DEAR WINDY MY FEET ARE ON THE GROUND AGAIN AND IM MAKING MY LAST FLIGHT STOP DO YOU KNOW ANY ONE THAT WOULD LIKE TO BUY MY PLANE AS A HOME BODY HAS NO USE FOR IT STOP LOVE AND CONSTANT THANKS FOR ALL YOU DID AND THINK OF ME SOMETIMES WHEN YOURE OVER THE CLOUDS BOO-BOO

Windy folded the wire and put it in his pajama pocket. He said to the red-haired girl sitting by his bed:

"Love note from an old flame. Jealous, sweet?"

IT was almost Thanksgiving before Martha made her final decision on a baby for adoption. And a rather peculiar decision, if you asked her mother or her husband. Because the boy she finally selected had been an incubator baby, and, while it was normal and healthy enough, it just seemed pernickety of her. But nobody could talk Martha out of it, once she had made up her mind; and, after all, it was her doing.

It was rather odd, the christening, with the three Lane children standing near with round excited eyes, and Mrs. Littleton calling herself a sinister grandmother, and Martha holding the boy as he was pronounced Anthony Lane. And the youngster howled properly. . . .

They drove home through a light snow, in a confusion of subdued chatter and laughter, because the baby slept.

Miss Fellows took the child as they entered the house. And Martha and Andy and Mrs. Littleton had a drink to toast Anthony's future. Miss Fellows came back with the child all freshened and a bottle warmed. Because Martha liked to give him the bottle, sitting before the fire.

Andy watched her, moved by the enchanting softness of her face as she talked to the baby. He went over and put his hand on her graying hair, stroking it. She was a born mother. He could remember once his peculiar physical pleasure when he had seen Martha press her face against Teddy when the boy was just a few months old. . . . He chuckled softly now.

"Look, Andy," Martha murmured. "He's smiling."

"Gas," said Andy.

"Oh, you poison me! Here, hold him a minute."

"I've forgotten how." But he took the baby, pleased with his own deftness. The kid did smile, at that.

"Isn't he sweet, Andy?"

"Don't come sweeter."

"No, but I mean it. Really sweet."

"I mean it, too. I do, Martha. I swear I couldn't love the little tyke more if he were my own."

She reached over and took the child, lifting it against her shoulder, wrapping the knitted blanket close around the small round head.

"Kiss your grandmother lullaby," Martha instructed, as she squatted before Mrs. Littleton. Then suddenly she said, pointing to the window, "Oh, look!"

"What?" her mother asked.

"See that little nest out there in the bare branches . . . heaped with snow!"

"So what?" said Andy, amiably enough.

"So nothing," laughed Martha, confused. "I'll be right down to lunch."

He watched her with a fond, amused smile as she left the room. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining. And her head was high as she mounted the steps. He watched until she disappeared at the landing.

She was a woman, his wife.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

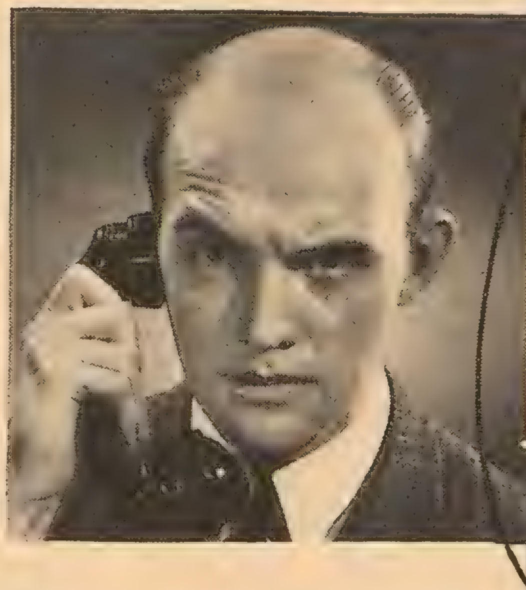
1—Minnie Maddern Fiske.
2—State of Deseret.
3—Empire State Building.
4—Coins and/or medals.
5—Nancy Astor.
6—Edam (m-a-d-e) cheese.
7—Close to the ground, on short stalks.
8—O. Henry.
9—Contralto.
10—Yes—the mandrill.
11—Lawrin.
12—Stores.
13—Mabel Walker Willebrandt.
14—Both are at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
15—Till we meet again.
16—Farley and Hoover.
17—The screech owl.
18—Knitting.
19—Opera house.
20—John J Pershing

HOW TOMMY WON BY A HAIR!

"Sorry, Herman, but I've had a date for weeks that I just can't break" (*but she thought* "That frowsy-headed oaf...if he'd only do something about his hair.")

"Gee, Horace, you called just too late. I'm having dinner with Tom" (*but she thought* "Gosh! he looks like a Gigolo with the sticky concoction he uses to plaster down his hair. They'd think I paid to have him take me out.")

"Tcht! Tcht! You're always just too late, Herbert" (*but she thought* "He's about ten years too late. That bald-pated guy looks old enough to be my father.")



"Oh, hello, Tommy. So glad you called. Sure . . . I'd love to go out tonight. About 9 o'clock". . . (*and she thought* "Would I marry that guy if he'd only ask me!")

P. S. Tommy, you see, uses Kreml every morning. Here's why: a daily dousing with water tends to dry out the hair, make it brittle and may even cause it to fall out. Greasy, sticky preparations, besides making you look like a Gigolo, may very well clog up the pores of the scalp. Kreml checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp. Kreml keeps hair in order without having an artificial, plastered-down look.

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NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PEOPLE are always confusing the word dictograph with the word dictaphone, says Francis Hippolyte Lehman, sales manager of the Dictograph Products Co., Inc. A dictaphone is a harmless machine for taking office dictation, while the *dictograph* is the deadly appliance used by detectives to overhear secret talk. Newest type needs no wiring; may be concealed in a book or other innocent-looking article left behind on your premises by a caller; yet it will blab your most private words to a listener next door, or even as far away as across the street!

Hundreds of wives try to purchase dictographs. Comparatively few husbands do the same. One society lady spent $500 cutting through walls to get evidence by dictograph. Instead of divorcing her man, she broke up the love nest and prosecuted the other woman for alienation of affections. A majority of the wives who do dictograph eavesdropping find their suspicions unfounded. After that they turn extra affectionate at home, which puzzles their husbands. Under ordinary circumstances a dictograph outfit may be installed in less than half an hour, and costs $125—*if* you can buy one. The company does not welcome casual customers, preferring to deal only with reputable detective agencies. "As a matter of fact," Mr Lehman told me seriously, "we're keener now about our interoffice phone business and our acousticon device for the deaf."

I noticed an unmistakable gleam in his eye, though, as he harked back to the dictograph capture of Mme. V——, notorious wartime spy. Then he described how one of the telltale gadgets was dropped down the chimney of Ambassador Count von Bernstorff, and how it helped defeat German sabotage plots in the United States. "A fireplace makes a perfect sounding board for a dictograph," mused Mr. Lehman, not without a slight touch of nostalgia, perhaps, for old hunting days.

While we were saying good-by, an assistant came in from another room with a dictograph report of every word we had uttered. Every single word! It gave me a queer sensation—a kind of naked feeling.

☆ *Dictograph alarms:* Quite a few cagey landlords are now putting dictographs in apartments occupied by tenants who may be planning to skip without paying the rent. . . . Nearly all big hotels now have special rooms with dictographs hidden in them to catch loving couples suspected of not being married as legally as they pretend.

Dictograph consolation: Because of Europe's war jitters, political turmoil, and espionage activity, our export trade in dictographs has boomed during the past six months. At the present time three dictographs are sold abroad for every two disposed of in this country. . . . Another reason why we should hail our happy land!

☆ Latest thing in the line of June wedding presents is a set of hand-printed bed sheets decorated with the bride's favorite flower or the flower of her birth month. The set includes two white sheets and pillowcases made gay by flower garlands in washable pastel colors. Any flower you choose. Two weeks are required to fill an order. A set for twin beds costs fifteen dollars.

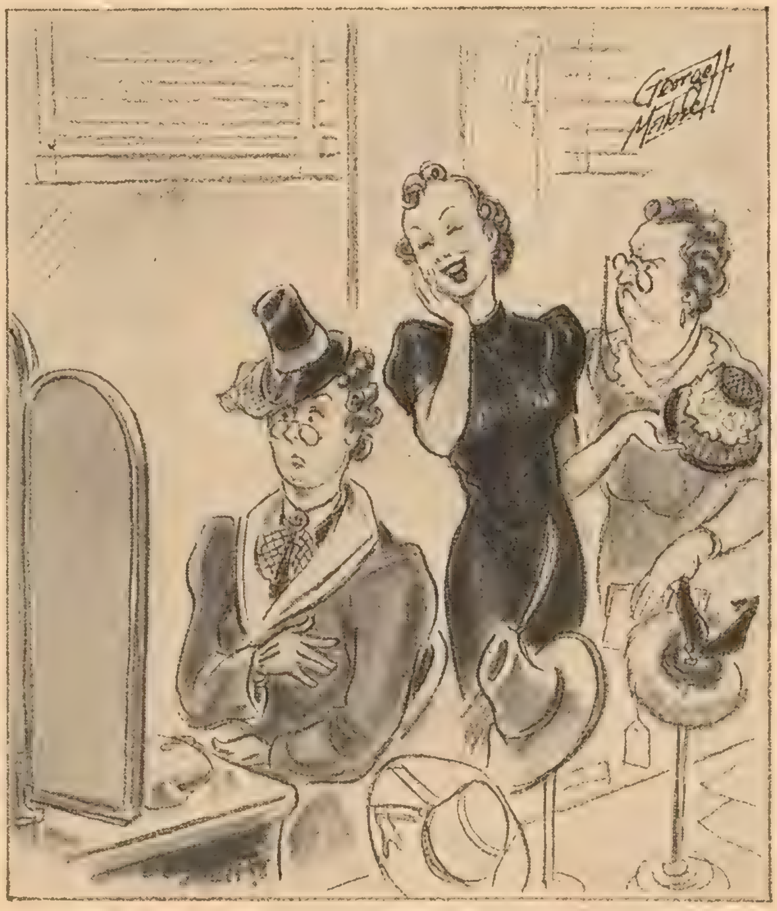
☆ "All the men in the Haggard family have voices like bulls."

That was the beginning of a story told me recently by Georgianna Haggard, wife of Godfrey Haggard, new British consul at New York. He's a nephew of Rider Haggard, famous author of She. . . . "My husband's grandmother," said Mrs. Haggard, "was a delicate little lady with a low, soft voice. Her husband and all her eight sons roared invariably at the top of their lungs when they talked. Some one asked her how she ever managed to make herself heard. . . . 'That's very simple,' she said. 'I whisper. In the Haggard family a whisper is so unusual that every one listens to it with profound surprise.'"

A wise system for quiet souls who live among loud speakers.

☆ Ruth MacKay, former Chicago newspaperwoman, has written an extremely practical book for us in our own female language. It's called Money Without Men: A Guide to Feminine Finance. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ Suggestions for the ripe-cherry season: Kids love a *Cherry Fort,* made by filling the center of a chocolate cornstarch ring with cooked black cherries, then fortifying the chocolate wall with towers of whipped cream. . . . Most men adore *Balkan Cherry Fritters;* prepared like any fresh-fruit fritters, but brought to table with a hot sugar-and-butter sauce flavored with a little cinnamon and a generous splash of the liquor out of a maraschino-cherry bottle. . . . All the ladies I know like this *Cherry Nut Salad,* fixed as follows: Stuff pitted white cherries with a mixture of chopped hazelnuts and cottage cheese. Serve with a sour-cream dressing.



"I resign, modom! This is no place for my sense of humor."

Shining Hours

For brides — The glowing story of a wedding gift that brought lifelong dividends of happiness

BY FRANCES NEWTON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

SO you're going to be married, Frances," he said. "I'm delighted! Marriage is a good business."

Silver-haired, blue-eyed, and charming, this old friend of my father pushed a chair nearer the fire.

"Sit down," he smiled, "and tell me all about this young man of yours."

"He's just perfect," I said, and tried to turn the conversation. My engagement had been announced a few weeks before, and since then, along with the good wishes of my father's friends, had come floods of advice.

I had been swamped with instructions on the best way to engage a cook, the care of blankets, the first quarrel, budgets, insurance, home laundry.

I wondered, as I listened to them all, if marriage was only humdrum domestic detail. I looked at my old friend fearfully. Was he, too, going to advise me?

"My wife will be in shortly," he said. "She is going to give you her recipe for curry. It is one that has been in the family for a long time."

I stood up. If I stayed any longer, I would probably learn how to plant rhododendrons or pickle pears!

"Dad is giving a small tea tomorrow to announce my wedding date," I said. "We hope you will both come."

"I'm afraid not," he said. "But perhaps I should tell you why. . . . Thirty-three years ago I asked my bride-to-be what she would like as a wedding gift.

"'I'll think about it,' she answered, 'and tell you later.'

"But it was not until our wedding eve that she came to me. 'I want you to give me something special as a wedding gift,' she said. 'A present that will last me all the years, that can never tarnish or grow old.

"'I want your promise,' she said, 'that each anniversary of our wedding day is to be set aside for our two selves as a holiday, to be shared by no one else.'

"I made the promise gladly.

"Our first anniversary was spent picnicking on a hill overlooking an Italian lake; our second in the Canadian woods. Our third was delightful. Our son was six weeks old, and it was the first jaunt Nancy had had since his birth. We enjoyed a luncheon and a matinee.

"Our fourth was spent in London. Our fifth . . . We drove up into Vermont and had five punctures on the way. Tires were not then what they are today. The nearest village was six miles away. I wanted Nancy to remain in the car while I got help, but the girl wouldn't leave me. 'You're all mine on this one day of the year,' she said, and she walked every inch of the way.

"My father died the following year, and when the estate was settled, we found the business was in bad condition. Capital was needed. We put all we had into the business, sold our house and moved into a smaller one. In the middle of all this confusion, Nancy reminded me of our anniversary. I suggested postponing our celebration. Nancy just looked stubborn, packed a basket, and, as I was leaving for the office, got into the driver's seat and turned the car away from town.

"Nancy wouldn't leave me. 'You're all mine on this one day,' she said, and she walked every inch of the way."

"That was a difficult day. I felt Nancy was making a fetish of our anniversary, sacrificing an immediate business problem to a sentiment, and I said so.

"We fought it out, had our picnic in a little wood, and argued ourselves hoarse. But by nightfall I was refreshed by my day away from business, I had recalled

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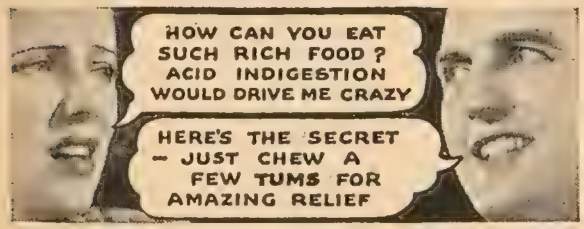
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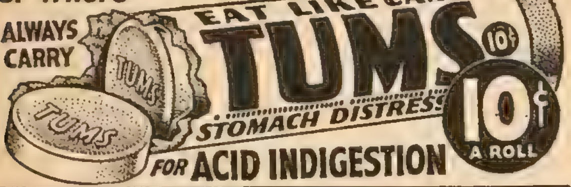

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my promise, and we came home feeling that we had something more precious than just a successful business.

"The next years were hard. The twins were born, the business struggled, expanded, and finally we were safe. Those next anniversaries were gracious things . . . a trip to the sea, a day in town together, hunting for some desired household treasure, motoring in the South, a week in Bermuda. Finally the children came to know about our anniversary and for weeks ahead they would be busy planning for us.

"And then October, 1929, came.

"In a week we were wiped out. I don't know how I could have stood up against it if it had not been for that anniversary day I spent with Nancy just before the Crash. We had lunched at a famous inn and spent the afternoon lazing in the warmth of the Indian summer sun. . . . We had renewed old vows and recaptured the sense of high adventure that a wedding day brings. We were at the crest of our lives . . . and then the Crash!

"Again we sold our house. On our next anniversary we muffled the telephone, scrambled some eggs for ourselves, and went to a twenty-five-cent movie in the afternoon.

AND so it has gone. Sometimes good years, sometimes bad. And now neither of us is young, except for one day in the year. Now that I am old, I can see the wisdom of her ways. She's been a bit deceitful, and perhaps a flatterer, but on each anniversary day she has, with her loving skill, made me feel invincible again, made me feel that the mistakes of the past year were the mistakes of youth, and that, out of all the world, no young and lovely girl's bridegroom is so dashing, so desirable as myself."

My old friend laughed gently. "I wouldn't trade my memories for your youth," he said, "and I hope your bridegroom can say that to you some day."

The door behind us opened. A little woman with faded blue eyes came toward me. "I've just been talking to your father, Frances," she said. "I'm sorry that we shan't be able to attend your party tomorrow, but we have an engagement of long standing."

They smiled at each other, this little gray-haired woman, this white-headed old man, with all the tender pride of a youthful bride and groom.

My eyes filled as I looked up at the old couple standing before me.

And suddenly I knew that they had given me the most precious wedding gift of all . . . the knowledge that in my hands lay the preservation of our wedding day . . . the special fragrance, the special happiness, the shining hours, that not even time could touch.

This would be my wedding gift to my groom . . . our wedding gift to each other . . . *that each anniversary of our wedding day be set aside to be shared by no one but ourselves.*

THE END

IS JOE LOUIS UNBEATABLE?

The author: "You can't bamboozle fight fans and get their support."

BY TOM SHARKEY

A scorner of "modern cake-eaters" ponders a parallel out of the past

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

AND now to line up the old-time heavies against the present set-up; to the time when boxing was a sport and not a built-up racket.

To parallel the present-day heavyweight situation, I will cite 1910, when Jim Jeffries was called from his retirement to regain the championship of the world for the white race. At that time there was no good contender for the title, any more than there is now. A search for a contender to meet Jack Johnson brought to light such men as Gunboat Smith, Carl Morris, Al Palzer, Bill Brennan, and Frank Moran. They were good men, but not good enough.

What contender is there that can beat Joe Louis? Louis butchered Braddock and whipped Tommy Farr, Nathan Mann, and Harry Thomas in succession. He topped this off with one-round knockouts over Max Schmeling, John Henry Lewis, and Jack Roper. Is Louis unbeatable?

Any contender for the heavyweight crown should keep in training continually. Fifteen rounds are too short for a title fight. A championship battle should be twenty-five rounds or more, as it was years ago. This would force heavies to train for endurance and leg power.

When I trained to fight the heavyweight champions of the world I hit the highways for ten to fifteen miles of road work every day for three months. I also boxed ten rounds or more daily with my sparring partners, and several times a day punched a heavy bag. So it was only natural for me to run the hundred barefoot in eleven seconds. This same feat was performed by many of the best heavyweights. I worked for years to build up my speed, training all the time like a horse. I always had from three to four important fights a year, as well as three or four lesser ones. I put in ten years of the toughest kind of plugging before I got my shot at the title. When I fought James J. Corbett, the champion of the world, in San Francisco, I was trained to the minute. Corbett was not. If the police hadn't interfered I would have licked Corbett. Corbett was not caught out of condition again. Because I kept in top condition I could throw just as many punches in the twenty-fifth round as in the first.

Training and more training. Take Jess Willard, who never cared much about training, who didn't take his Toledo fight with Dempsey seriously, depending on his height and strength. So what? Dempsey was trained to the second and had the punching skill of a champion. Willard lasted three rounds, then his seconds threw in the towel.

How many heavies train today? Can stamina and power be shown in fifteen rounds? The heavies now train for a fifteen-round boxing match, not a real fight. I'll warrant that if the championship battles were to go the limit there would be plenty of training.

Sports writers tell me they are having difficulty in building up public interest in any heavyweight fighter who only fights once a year, and fifteen rounds at that. Promoters know this and don't like to gamble on the gate. The promoters are right. Give the public good clean fights of twenty-five rounds or more, and you will awaken an interest that is drooping like a wet towel.

The old-time heavyweights held the fight fans because they delivered the goods. After hard training, the old-time heavies fought all comers and challengers for twenty-five rounds or more. They were a five-to-one shot over today's heavy plugs. You can't bamboozle fight fans and get their support.

People continually ask me: Why can't something be done to build back the fighting game? There must be good men somewhere. What's holding up fistic sport? I tell them it is the State Boxing Commissions and the lack of public confidence. Too many things are framed. Then there are the sob-sister excuses of the heavyweights when they make a poor showing, or no showing at all. No red-blooded young man should enter the ring if he has lily-white hands and doesn't want to get messed up and put to sleep now and then by a fast one to the button.

A man can be as good a boxer as ever stepped through the ropes, and such ringcraft may be of immense value to a boxer in saving himself, but it is never enough in itself, as some people seem to think, to defeat an opponent in a real fight. Boxing is no substitute for condition, or for punching power, or for stamina. No fighter should ever get into the ring without being fit.

Three months of hard training is of more use than the combined experiences of half a dozen good boxers.

When a fighter is in the pink of condition he should know: How to save himself. How to tire an opponent. How to find out all about his opponent quickly. How to prevent the opponent from finding out anything about him, and how to miss no chance in slipping over the deciding punch.

Road work and more road work. For, in fighting, the whole value of a man's work depends upon what he does with his feet. A man who is slow on his feet is slow with his punches. A man who is tired on his legs is tired all over. A man who is quick and fresh on his feet and uses them in the right way will be first to the punch and most effective with it.

The best of the old heavy champs knew all this. They trained for it. How about your modern cake-eaters?

THE END

MEDICAL MUSSOLINI

New York, N. Y.—Congratulations upon Mr. Macfadden's editorial and Frederick Lewis' article recently upon socialized medicine and the monopolistic American Medical Association.

I wish every Liberty reader whose eyes were opened and whose curiosity was whetted by those two articles could read an astounding book that I came across recently. The book is Medical Mussolini; its author, Morris A. Beale, former editor of Plain Talk.

Medical Mussolini tells the inside story of how the once idealistic A. M. A. has become, under the dictatorial rule of Dr. Morris Fishbein, the wealthiest and most arrogant medical trust in history.

Every thinking reader will be shocked and astounded by its many charges and revelations, some of which are:

That Dr. Fishbein, high-powered dictator of the A. M. A., never practiced medicine for a single day.

That despite this handicap he syndicated a "health advice" column by which every man could "become his own doctor."

That the "nonprofit" A. M. A., through its sales of advertising, medical journals, membership dues, supplies, books, emblems, etc., has accumulated a gigantic reserve in bonds, real estate, and cash. (For what purpose?)

Every thinking doctor, whether in or out of the A. M. A., will wonder why he should continue paying dues often as high as $35 a year, plus $7 a year for a "Fellowship" to an organization that, with reserves of at least $4,000,000, could well afford to give its doctor members substantial refunds by this time instead of continuing to grab more dues.

Doctor readers of Medical Mussolini will wonder, too, whether Dr. Fishbein, who receives a whacking good salary to edit their Journal of the American Medical Association, turns over to the A. M. A. the whacking good extra money that accrues from his sale of books, articles, and syndicated "health" columns. That would seem ethical and equitable, since the A. M. A. is a nonprofit organization whose high standards frown upon self-exploitation and advertising in the case of any individual physician.

All in all, it is a provocative book which succeeds in giving its charges and black-and-white statistics a mule's-kick jolt, and I'd recommend that you and your family doctor read and discuss it as soon as possible.—*J. L. R.*

CATFISH DERBY

Medford, Ore.—Reverting to the doubt as to whether there is anything new under the sun, we believe there is, and it is the National Catfish Derby held annually at Medford.

It brings together a large number of contestants and spectators, the former vying for prizes for the largest catfish catches.—*Frank DeSouza.*

NEGRO BOY ON PRAYER

San Francisco, Calif.—Mildred Reed asks why Liberty doesn't print one unanswered prayer for each granted one (April 22 Vox Pop).

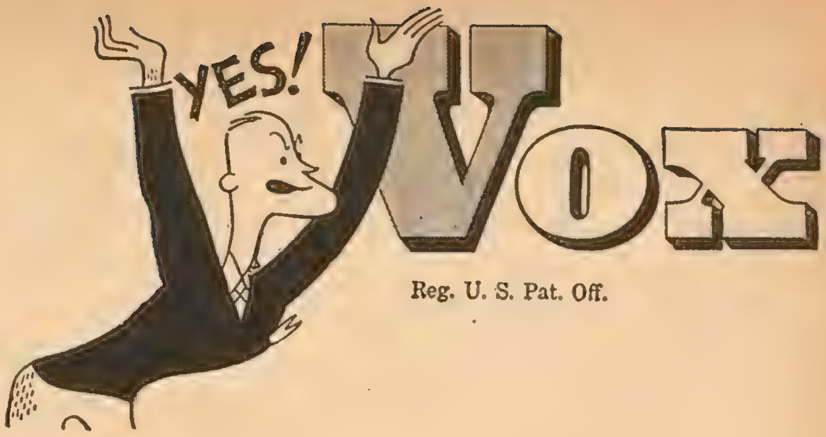
I heard this question very ably answered by an eight-year-old Negro lad when a "wise guy" (myself) tried to perplex him about unanswered prayers.

"God always answers one way or another," he replied in faithful sincerity. "Just like when I asks my mom and pop for something, God either does for yes, or don't; then I knows he means no."—*Ray Burkett.*

JUST FIGURED OUT

Arthur, Ill.—After looking at Bernarr Macfadden's pictures, lo, these many years, I have just figured out why

his hair always stands on end—he reads his own editorials. —*Chick Chandler.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SCHOOL OF THE OZARKS

Point Lookout, Mo.—There are some very interesting facts in connection with the School of the Ozarks here. Such facts as: No graduate of the school is on relief; when the Wassermann test was given to every student in the school, the entire 200 registered absolutely negative; boys and girls of high-school age are learning here to do skilled work and at the same time are securing regular high-school training; during the eighteen years I have been president of the school, obligations have been met from day to day solely through the generosity of people interested in the work. The school has received no government aid, but gifts have come voluntarily.

It is our aim in this little school to develop boys and girls into self-supporting, dependable citizens. For instance, we give them nothing without their giving labor in return. When a student needs clothing or supplies of any sort, he is allowed to work so much time for them.

The school has no paid solicitors. Yet all of its work, all of its buildings are made possible by the gifts of friends. At this time we are erecting a fireproof modern canning factory. Another friend is making possible the erection of a dormitory which will house 112 girls.

The buildings are erected by the boys out of native stone quarried on the school grounds. In connection with the school there are shops, a dairy, canning factory, farm, and many activities whereby the students earn their way and are taught a trade.—*R. M. Good, President.*

CLIVEDEN SET EXISTS

Summit, N. J.—Upton Sinclair has my sincere thanks for An Open Letter to George Bernard Shaw about Lady Astor (April 22 Liberty) and to you for printing it.

I have always regretted that, in her theatrical expression of horror at divorce, Lady Astor neglected to mention her own firsthand experience, her obscured eldest son, and the fact that her niece is married to the present Queen of England's brother and favorite relative.

The Cliveden set exists most unhappily for the world. —*H. Hetherington.*

DUMMY BATTLE BEGINS

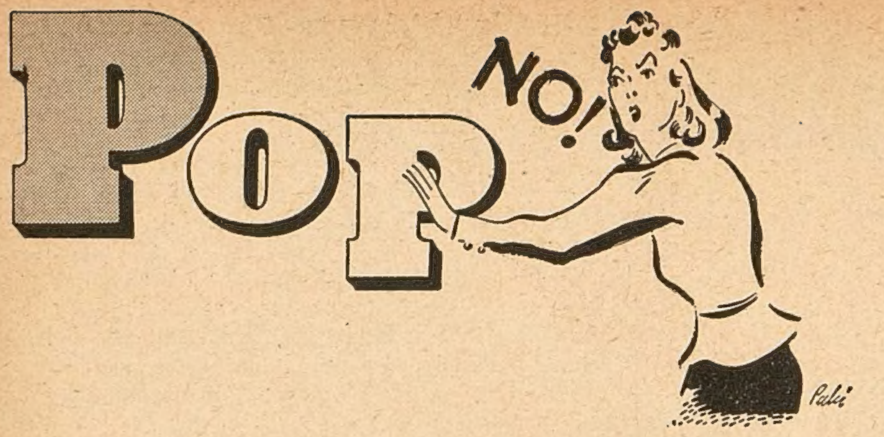
Sumter, S. C.—I see that country bumpkin from Missouri, Ambrose by name, is sounding off about politics and the government, etc. (April 1, 15, Vox Pop). Now, if you really want the lowdown on politics, why not ask me?

Don't you know I was almost elected senator from Kentucky? Barkley beat me only couple of hundred thousand votes.

If I should run for President in 1940, my platform will be way ahead of California's "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday." Mine will be "Sixty Dollars Every Tuesday." That's twice as much money and you get it two days sooner.

Have also made a careful research into the WPA and find that the average WPA worker is 5 foot 8½ inches tall. I can't prove I'm right, but you can't prove I'm wrong. You never saw one standing up, did you?

Anything you want to know, ask me!—*Windy Higgins.*



WINDOW-PECKING ROBIN

ALLIANCE, OHIO—From the April 11 Cleveland Plain Dealer I quote:

“Four times the Nooks have moved in eight years, and each time they have barely moved into the new home before the rat-a-tat of a window-pecking robin began.

“Today they moved into a Lake Road house two miles from their residence.

“They were putting up the curtains when the familiar tattoo sounded.”

Perhaps some of the readers of Vox Pop can explain; but if not, then it may be a case for a Psychic Detective.

Wonder if Horace Leaf, F. R. G. S., could lay the ghost of a robin? One of the many radio “bird imitators” might help him understand bird language. Certainly Mr. Robin should have a good talking to.—*Robert Cotton.*

PEACE GAME NEEDED

MIAMI, FLA.—Psychologists and especially child experts agree that our ideals, likes and dislikes, and even character itself, are formed at a very early age, and the ideas behind the games that children play often tend to form their tastes in after years.

It seems to me that a game to be played in the open air in which there is plenty of healthy exercise could be invented for children of seven to fourteen before they are old enough to play baseball and football. It should take the place of cops and robbers and prisoner's base.

This game could be called the peace game — it should plant in the youngsters' minds, through action and competition, that warring on their fellow man is futile and barbarous. It should teach respect for the land, animals, trees, rain, etc., and that coöperating with one another brings understanding and peace.

Why don't you offer a substantial prize to any one who could think out a peace game? It would greatly tend to impress children with the needlessness of war, the importance of preserving nature's vast resources, and the universal brotherhood of man. —*Mona Morgan.*

MAKING FACES

ALLEGAN, MICH.—In Michigan we have three pet pop-offs — Bernarr Macfadden, Clare Hoffman, and Dizzy Dean. Now comes P. Edwin Thomas (April 15 Vox Pop), whom I strongly suspect is Bernarr Macfadden via alias. That stuff reads strangely like one of Mr. Macfadden's ninety-per-cent-bluff editorials.

Yes, human life is cheap to a thug, a drunken driver—and to P. Edwin Thomas as he defends a great “fundamental principle.” But a human life is usually the most precious thing on earth to a mother, wife, or child.

I say, gratefully, that in his handling of the sit-down strikes Frank Murphy made history. In this glorious democracy you can always find a few people ready to make faces. — *Irving M. Noone.*

[Mr. P. Edwin Thomas may be amused or astonished to learn that he is Bernarr Macfadden. We await his comeback.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THE POPE'S INFALLIBILITY

HARTFORD, CONN. — So as not still further to misinform your million non-Catholic readers regarding the Pope, it would be well for you to employ only writers who know what they're talking about.

In April 22 Liberty, René Kraus says in connection with the Reich concordat, “. . . owing to the doctrine of Papal infallibility there is of course no expressed criticism among Catholics.”

The truth of the matter is that even the most obtuse Catholic knows that the Pope is infallible only on such subjects as faith and morals.—*Mary A. McCarthy.*

ORANGES AS EARLY AS 1575

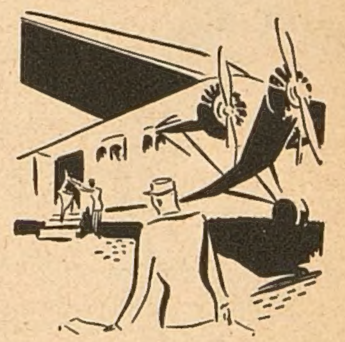
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—In February 18 and April 15 Vox Pop local historians take orange culture back to 1704. However, the historical fact is: orange trees were growing and bearing fruit in Florida as early as 1575, according to the colonial records of Spanish Florida.

Pedro Menendez (nephew of Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who founded St. Augustine), in a letter to the Audiencia of Santo Domingo, dated St. Augustine, April 2, 1579, mentions: “There are beginning to be many fruits of Spain in St. Augustine, such as figs, pomegranates, oranges and grapes in great quantities, and there are many mulberries.”

It may be safely inferred from this information, which was first published by the Florida Historical Society, that the great-granddaddies of these fruits in the United States first saw the light of day in the Peninsular State. —*Alfred E. Newman.*

BONER IN COVER?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Why I do not know, but I write you to complain about the April 15 cover of Liberty. I studied art myself, being in the same art class with Murat (Chick) Young of “Blondie” fame. Ask him.

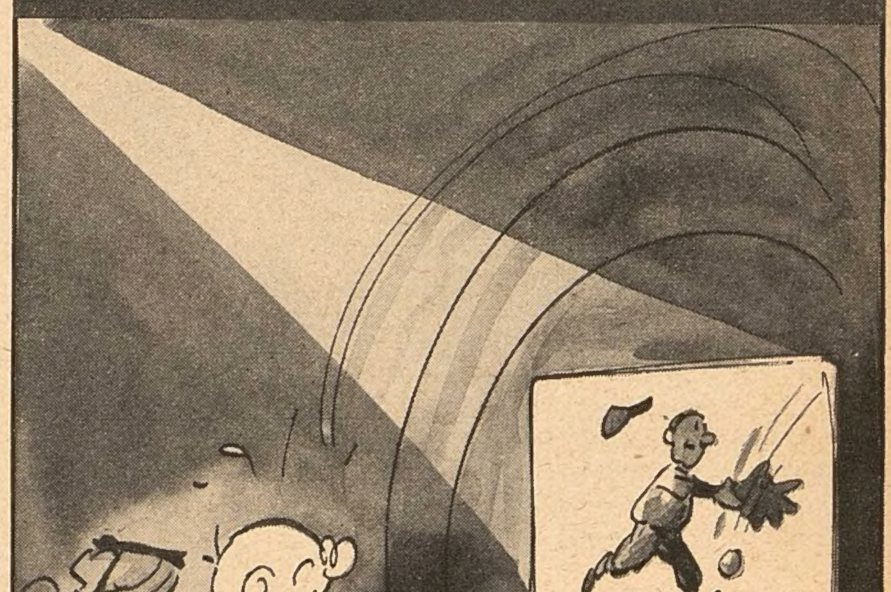


The boner in this picture is that ruler in the young man's pocket. If we used it, the young man would be slightly over three and a half feet tall, and his wife smaller still. Considering the ruler to be twelve inches long, it would cut a nice hole in the bottom of his pocket.

Please understand, I am not complaining. But did you ever try to hold a playhouse in one hand and paint it with the other?

Personally, I would not be responsible for the paint job. —*John C. Simpson.*

“HARDTACK”



"Butter fingers!"

About a Lady Whose Husband Was Rejuvenated

FULTON OURSLER

PERHAPS we should say reactivated, which is the proper word, apparently, in the patois of that modern mystery of surgery and invisible rays by which the body is made stronger—seemingly younger. On several occasions we have told the stories of men who underwent the magical treatment and what they thought it had done for them. Next week we give you a new angle on this picture: what the wife of such a man thinks about it all. The authorship is, perforce, anonymous, but it is a genuine document. Young and old will find food for thought in what this lady has to say.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE has an excellent table of contents, including two remarkable stories: Mr. Pope's Thoroughbred, by Walter Brooks; and Old Dan and the Highfalutin Lady, by Samuel W. Taylor. Among the articles are This Democracy, by H. G. Wells; Are Colleges Any Good? by Frederick L. Collins; Wings Over Miami, by Joe Wiegers; and Their Home on the Range, by Captain Walter Archer Frost. In addition to the short stories and articles, there will be, of course, our regular serials and features.

FROM A BELOVED FRIEND who is a Catholic priest:

It is good to know who " Envoy " is. I was enjoying immensely the article by Kraus on the new Pope and the Nazis, when I was shocked by the following: " . . . owing to the doctrine of Papal infallibility there is of course no expressed criticism among Catholics . . ."

Papal infallibility is a very limited thing and very definite. It is limited to questions of Faith and Morals, and even then only when the Pope makes it perfectly clear that he is defining something which is extraordinarily rare. To think or say that Papal infallibility extends itself to Papal *policy* in dealing with the nations or in other matters is to think and to say an absurdity.

H. H. VAN LOAN, Hollywood writer, adds an interesting side light on the Becker murder mystery. He covered the case as a reporter for the New York Morning Telegraph. Becker was embittered, Van Loan recalls, because he felt he was being railroaded. He refused interviews to all reporters except Van Loan, who, it turned out, was the last newspaperman to talk to him. Crying bitterly, Becker shook Van Loan's hand through the jail bars of the Tombs and said:

" I am no more guilty of this murder than you are, Van Loan."

Mr. Van Loan writes further:

Becker said the newspapers, with the exception of the Telegraph, of which I was assistant City Editor, had given him a dirty deal. Irving Lewis, our Managing Editor, brother of Bill Lewis, the Editor, was a friend of Becker and prevailed upon him to grant us an interview. Lewis sent me down to the Tombs and I had a long talk with the condemned man. He continually emphasized his innocence to me. With tears running down his cheeks, he said, " Van Loan, I am absolutely innocent." I have always believed the man spoke the truth, and have repeatedly voiced my sentiments to others during twenty-seven years. Your recent exposé verified my belief.

Although I haven't seen you in many years—the last time being when we shared a table at one of the annual dinners of the Authors' League—I am a regular Liberty reader, and one of your biggest boosters.

Sincerely yours,
H. H. VAN LOAN.

HERE'S A LETTER from an excited author, Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson. You will remember her story, Old Shoes for Luck, in our issue of April 15. We wrote Virginia and asked her if she didn't have more stories about Red Malloy, the little red-haired hostess who told the yarn in Old Shoes for Luck. In reply:

I should apologize for not having written sooner, but I had a really good alibi. I sat down on my own wrist. Yes, it can be done. Not by every one, of course, but for a native San Franciscan it is a feat of no moment. Because—we have hills. And cable cars. You go around a curve, thinking of other things, and you come to—sitting in the lap of a perfect stranger. Usually, nobody minds this, as it simply means you've made a new friend. But in this instance I missed the lap—and sat on the wrist—my wrist. So I couldn't type, and therefore couldn't reply sooner to your letter.

And we *are* going to have more stories about Red Malloy.

MR. ARTHUR O. DIETZ, president of the Commercial Investment Trust Corporation, has sent me a copy of a book which should be read by all city and town officials and by every one who is concerned with reducing death upon our highways. The name of the book is Seven Roads to Safety, by Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Automotive Safety Foundation; and it provides a practical and workable program which should help to make motoring safer and more pleasurable.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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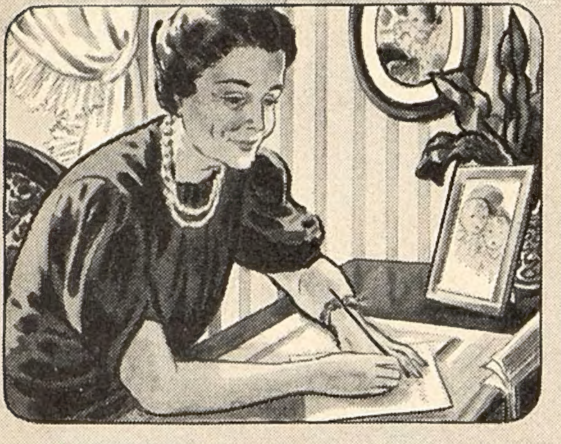
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

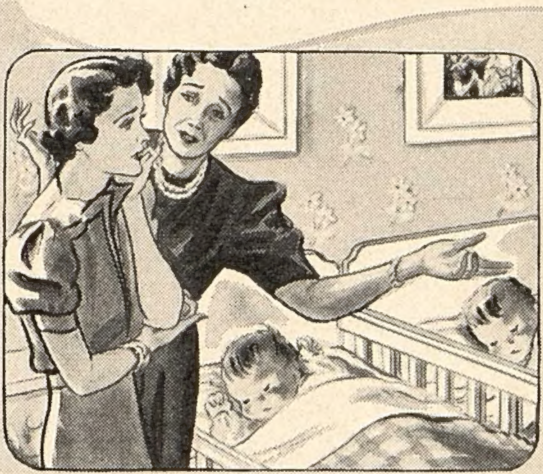
COVER BY
PAUL DUVAL

"What . . . take 6 months old twins on a 2,000 mile trip?"

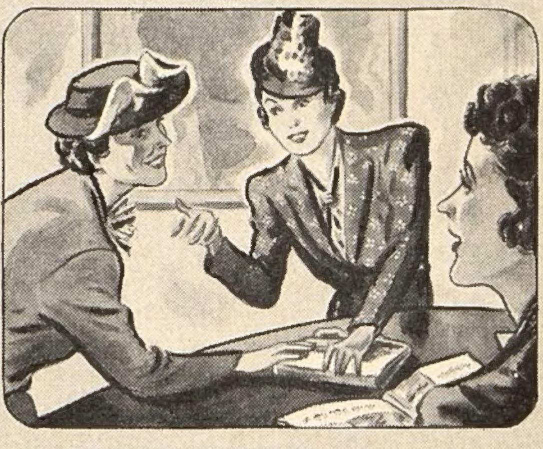
"IT HARDLY SEEMED POSSIBLE"
wrote their grandmother, **"UNTIL . . .**



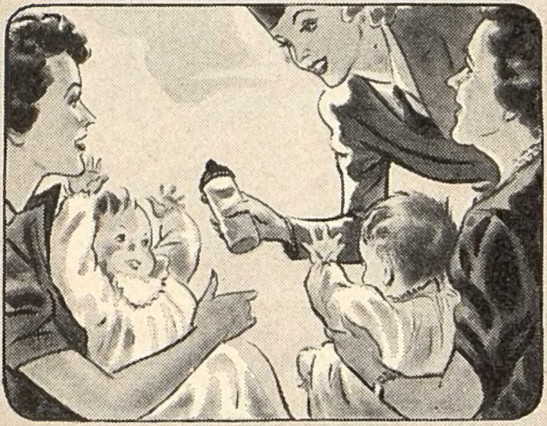
"RECENTLY," WRITES MRS. RALPH COOK of Oak Park, Ill., "I was visiting my daughter, Mrs. G. F. Worthington, who lives in Bakersfield, California. She was very anxious to return to Oak Park with me, but her twin babies . . . at that time only six months old . . . presented a very serious travel problem . . .



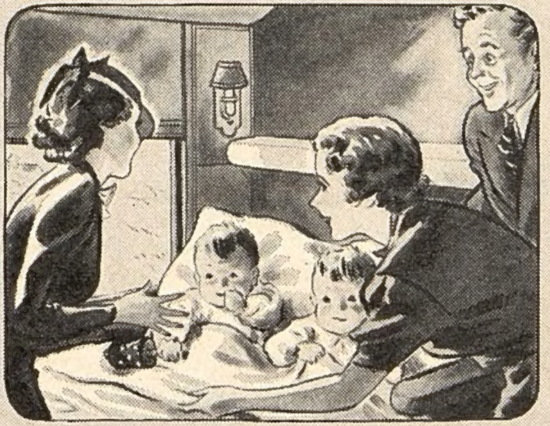
". . HOW COULD WE GO the safest, easiest way, that was quick? Considering the length of the trip and the inconveniences, highway travel was out of the question. How could dust and dirt be avoided? How could the babies' formula be prepared and bottles sterilized? It seemed impossible, until . . .



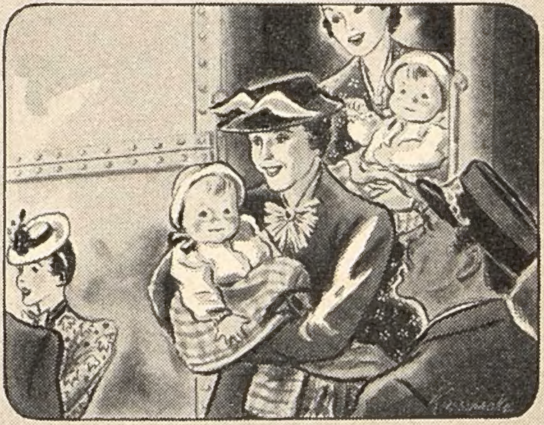
". . WE MADE INQUIRIES and found that Pullman was the answer! It was fast and certainly the safest way. Your well-ventilated cars, which we were told were given a sanitary cleaning after every trip, solved the problem of dust and dirt—and would safeguard the babies' health. As for their formula . . .



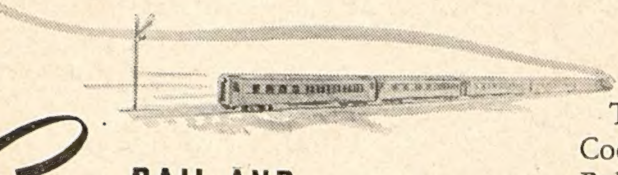
". . BEFORE WE WERE even settled in our section, a stewardess-nurse came and asked us all about their feeding. She took the bottles and came back at every feeding time, with the milk perfectly prepared! Between feedings it was kept in the dining car refrigerator. I understand that this splendid service is now available on some other trains . . .



". . OUR SECTION (we also had a lower berth across the aisle) was kept made up during the day, so the twins could have their naps. And they slept like kittens! Of course they were the center of attraction, and people went out of their way to be helpful. We found all the Pullman employees most courteous and obliging at all times . . .



". . IN FACT, we had such a comfortable, carefree trip, that it was with a feeling of genuine regret that we left the train at Chicago! For anyone traveling with children I would certainly recommend Pullman every time! It is almost unbelievable how much real service, convenience and pleasure can be had for so surprisingly little cost!"



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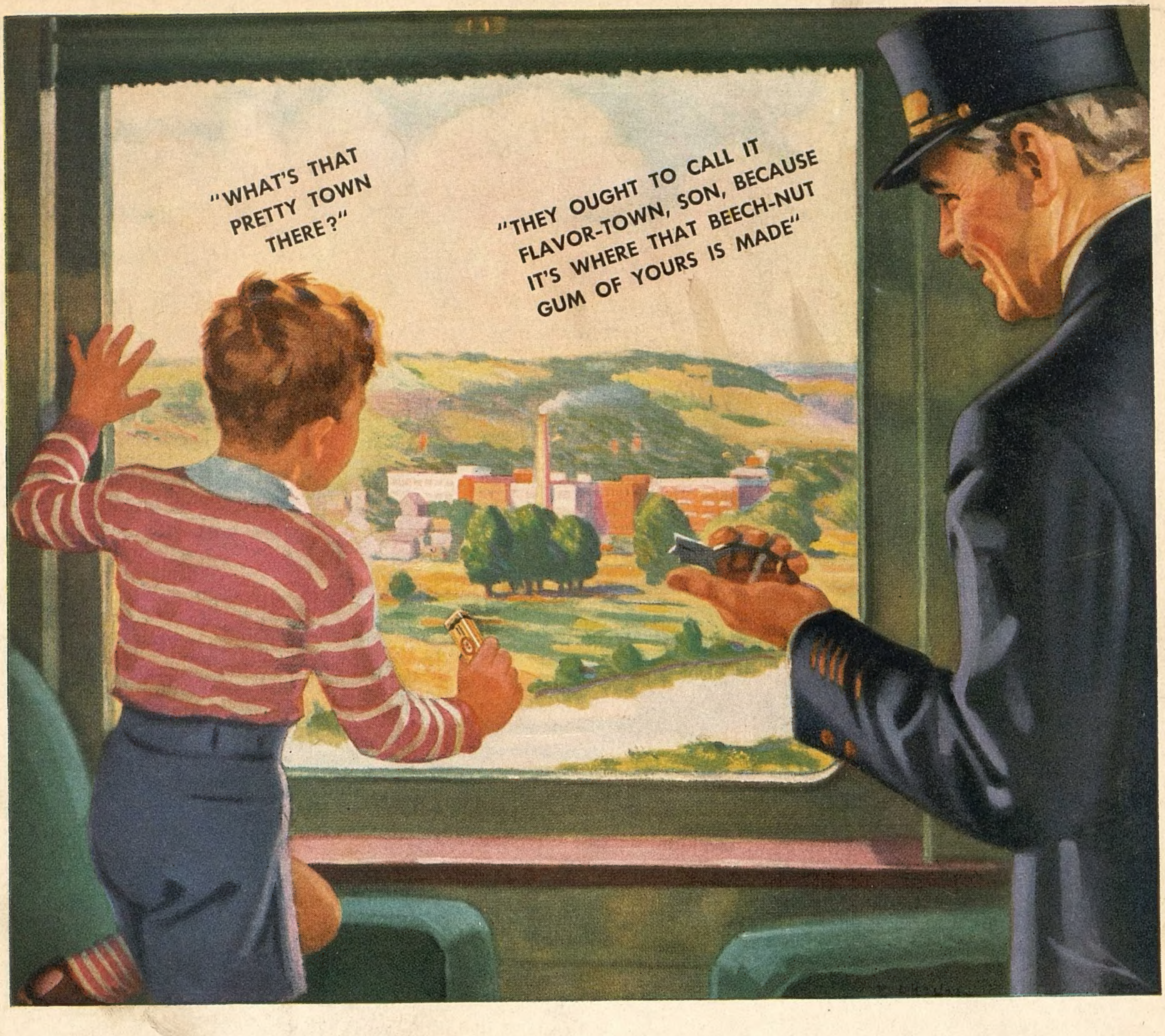
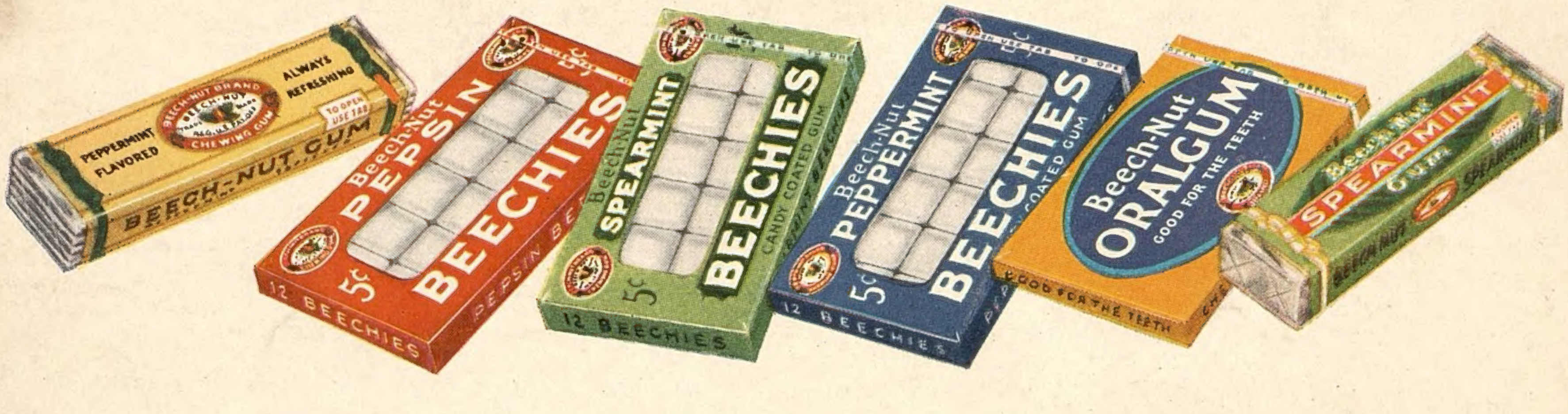

"WHAT'S THAT PRETTY TOWN THERE?"
"THEY OUGHT TO CALL IT FLAVOR-TOWN, SON, BECAUSE IT'S WHERE THAT BEECH-NUT GUM OF YOURS IS MADE"

Beech-Nut Gum

made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town, *(Canajoharie)* N.Y.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ALWAYS REFRESHING
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Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT BEECHIES
Beech-Nut ORALGUM
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Beech-Nut SPEARMINT GUM

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